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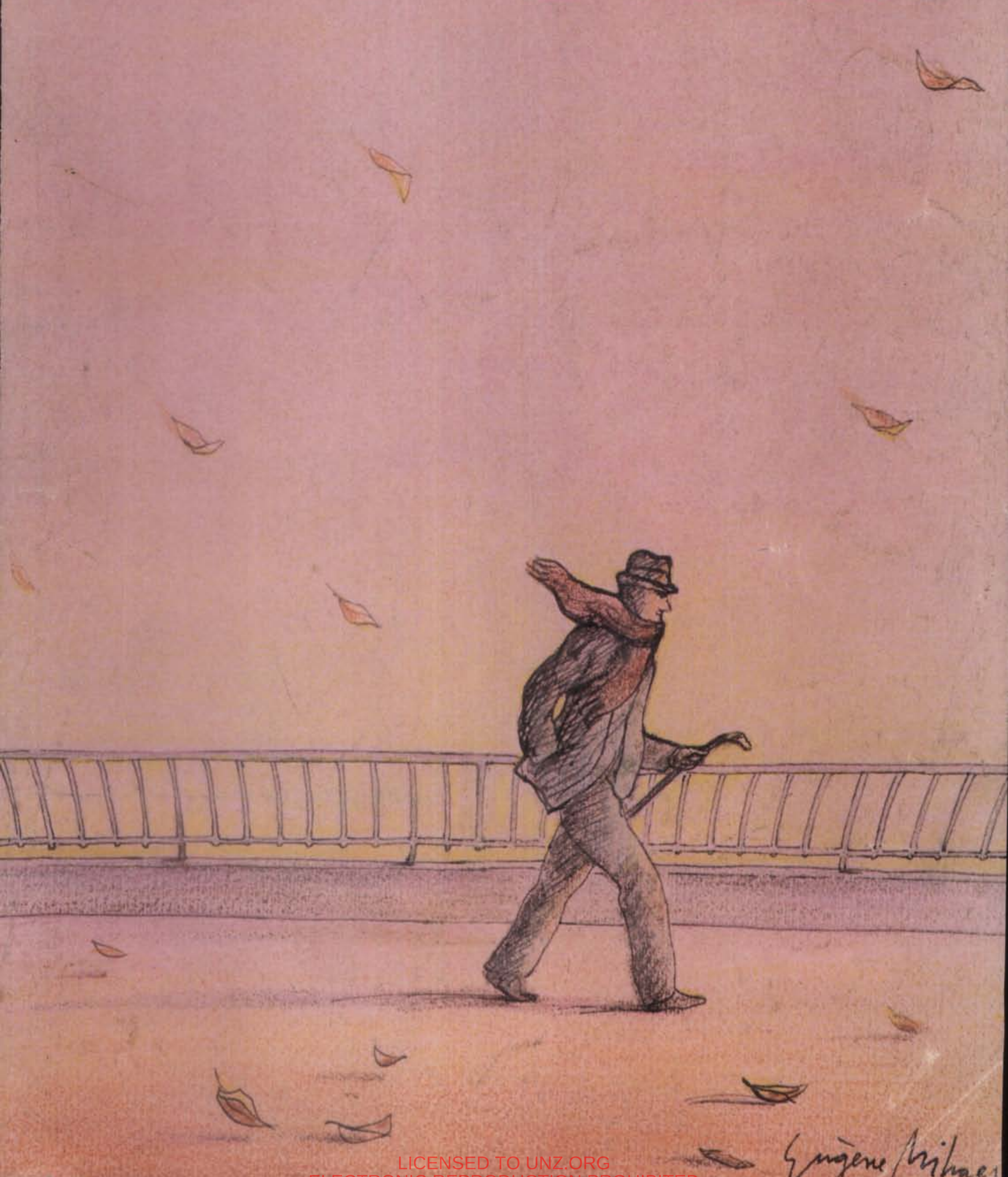
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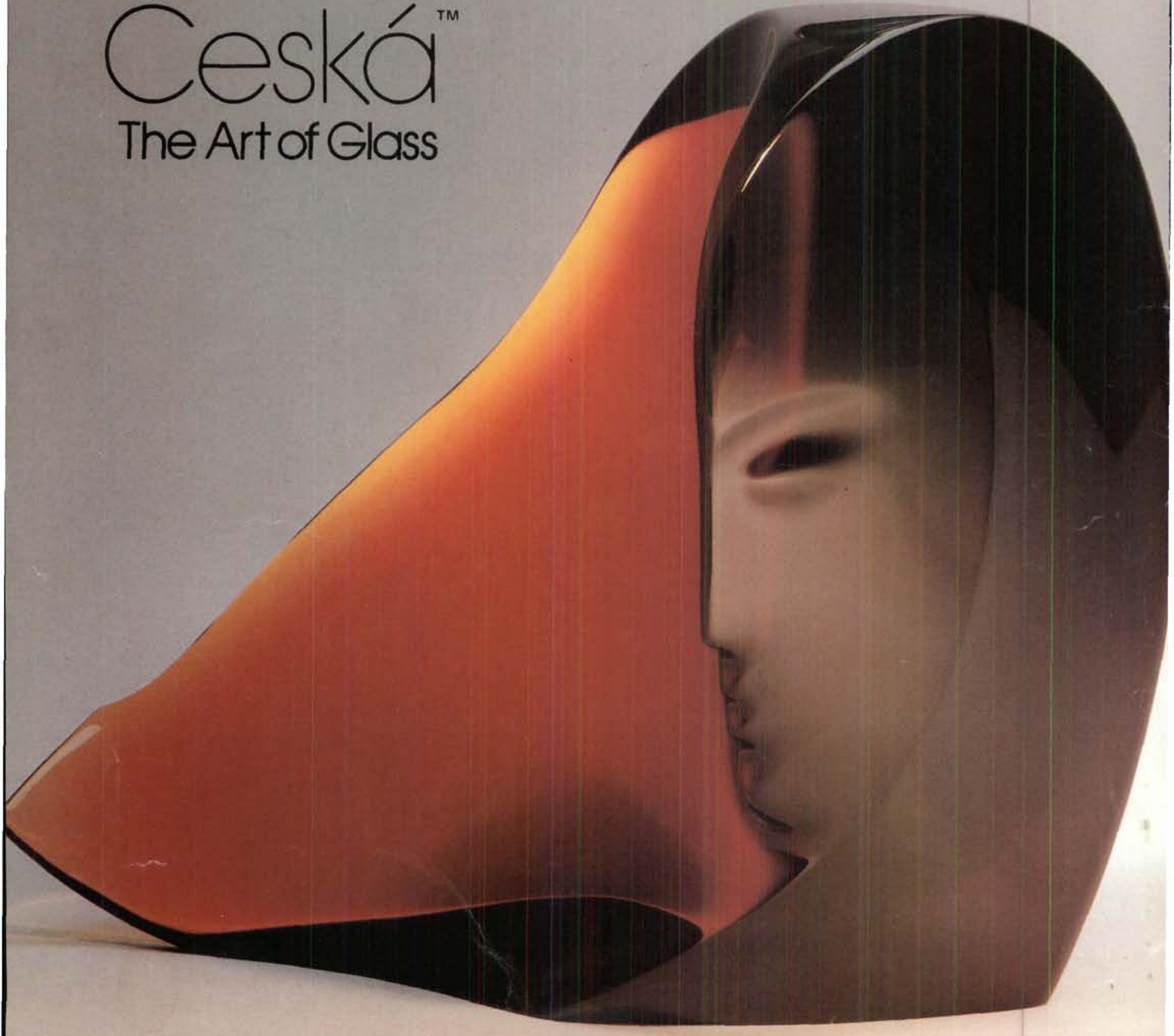

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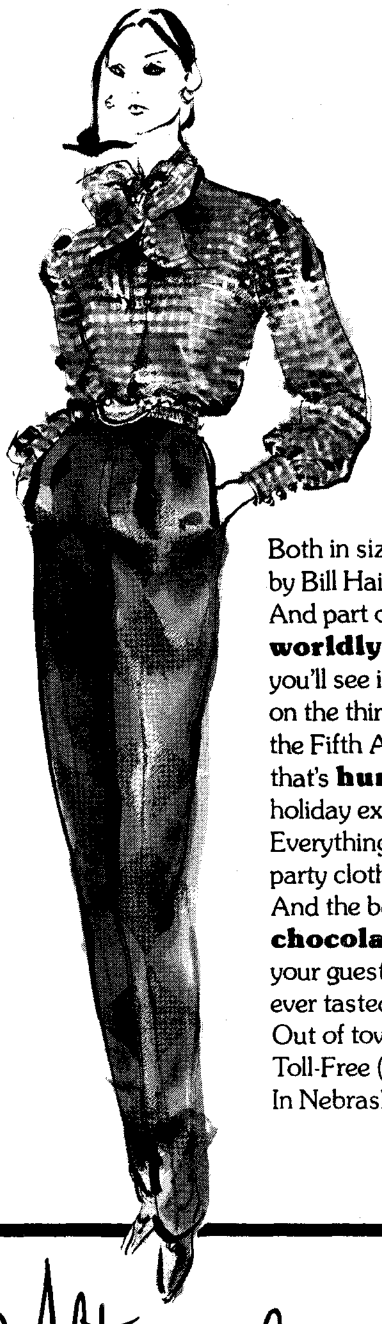

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The American Clock—A play by Arthur Miller. It was inspired by Studs Terkel's book "Hard Times," and will have in its cast Joan Copeland, John Randolph, and William Atherton. Directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 20. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5438. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Bacchae—Is it possible to say that Euripides doesn't wear well? On Broadway it is, and on Broadway he doesn't. Irene Papas is the star. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—A one-man show, starring a story-telling banjoist named Stephen Wade, who is said to be a big hit in Chicago. He is young, and his stories are old, and the banjos he employs are both young and old. (11/3/80) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. (Frank Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Brigadoon—The songs in this 1947 Lerner-Loewe musical are immortal, but the book is not. The cast is headed by Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." The cast is headed by Penelope Allen, Frank Bara, John Heard, Stephen D. Newman, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—Robert Steinberg and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. The dramatist is twenty-three. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Thursday, Nov. 20.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Sondheim-Gelbart-Shevelove musical **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except

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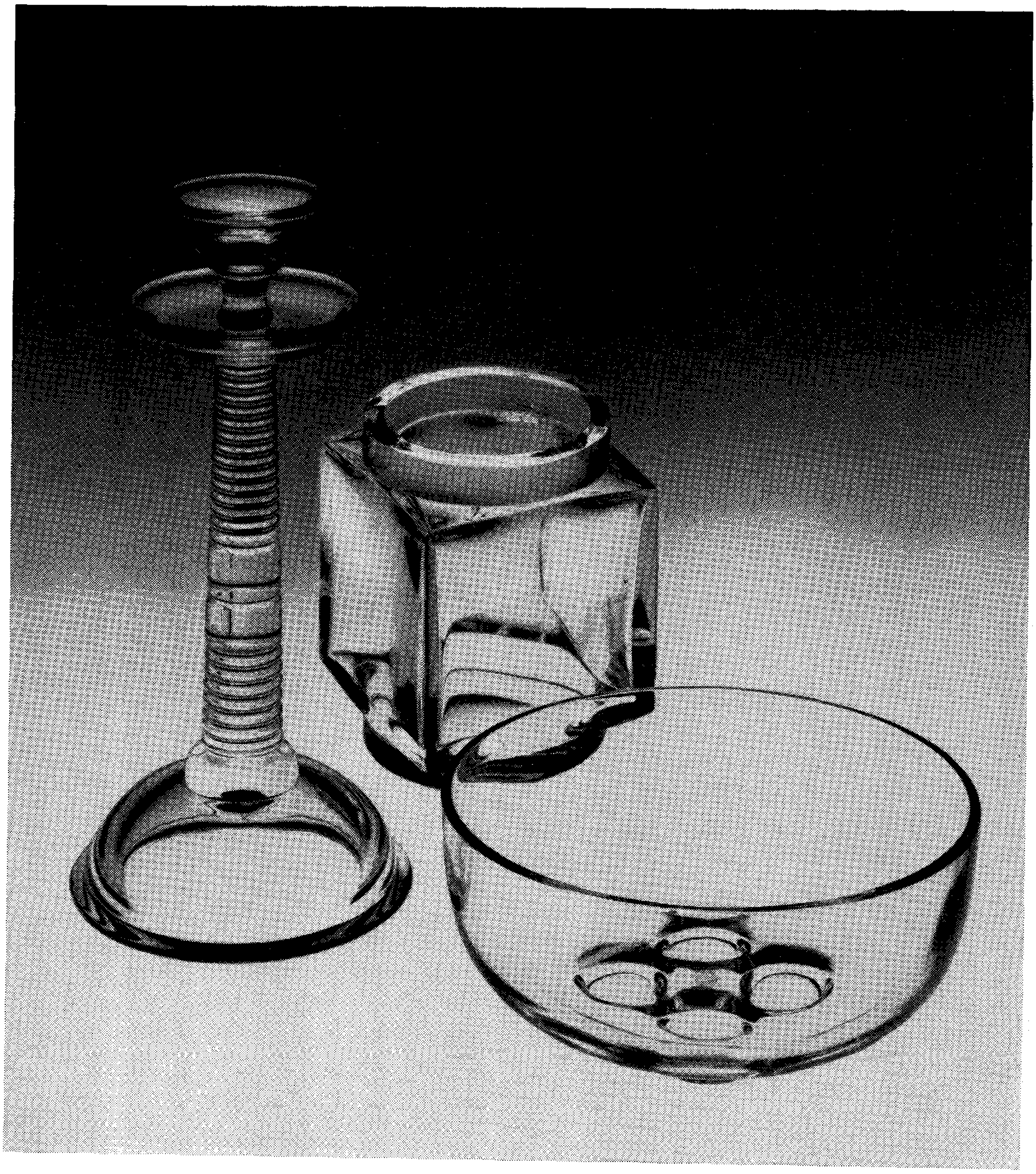

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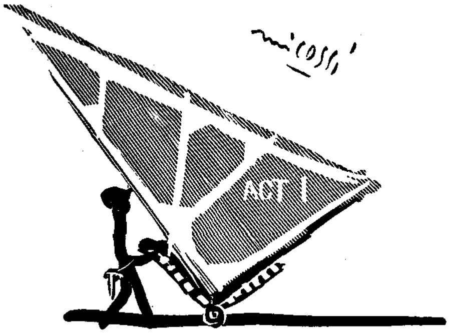

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Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Frimbo—A musical celebration of our Rogers E. M. Whitaker, lover of trains and the good life, and based on "All Aboard with E. M. Frimbo," which he wrote with Anthony Hiss. The theatre, a transformed waiting room at Grand Central, is certainly appropriate. Larry Riley, who conducts the good band and plays an assortment of conductors and stewards on any number of trains, is a lively and worthy celebrant indeed. The songs are agreeably sung. But the book, deliberately free-form, is nonexistent, and there is hardly a hint of the wit of one of the nimblest writers who ever graced these pages. With Richard B. Shull as Frimbo, and Deborah May as a glamorous countess. (Grand Central Station, in the waiting area adjacent to Tracks 39 to 42, Vanderbilt Ave. at 43rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 687-4895.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi work very hard and well, in vain. Starting Monday, Nov. 17, Dick Latessa will replace Mr. Macy. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Judgement—Philip Anglim in a one-character play by Barry Collins. Staged by Ellen Burstyn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 18-23, at 8.)

A Lesson from Aloes—A play by Athol Fugard (who also directed), with James Earl Jones, Maria Tucci, and Harris Yulin. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 17. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Nightly, except Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 19, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life—Like any true Irishman, Hugh Leonard is able to write with humor about aspects of domestic life on the Ould Sod which make the inhabitants of the House of Atreus seem downright jolly. A fine play, flawlessly acted. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, with Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. Mike Nichols is the director. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 12. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Tiger to a Hill—A play by Sharon Pollock. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 13, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philadelphia Story—Blythe Danner, Frank Converse, and Edward Herrmann head the cast of a revival of Philip Barry's play. Directed by Ellis Rabb. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 14. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Seagull—An adaptation by Jean-Claude van Itallie of Chekhov's drama. Elizabeth Swados did the music, and Rosemary Harris and Christopher Walken are the stars. The director is Andrei Serban. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Suicide—A Russian comedy, written by one Nikolai Erdman in 1932. It pokes fun at the Soviet bureaucracy and has never been performed inside Russia. With Derek Jacobi as its miserable hero. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tintypes—A five-person cast, full of talent and high spirits, singing with verve the songs of our turn-of-the-century ancestors, who had something to sing about. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Vikings—The Vikings are a middle-aged widower, his son and partner, and his old father, all of Danish stock. Steve Metcalfe's play is on the right track every step of the way, but unfortunately, it seldom takes off. It is well acted by Tom Atkins, Boyd Gaines, and William Swetland, and by Sheila Allen, who provides some romantic interest; and it is very well directed by Lynn Meadow. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who *can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy* notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant *Man, Donal Donnelley is his attending* surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,544 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées

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Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. *Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 12: "Apollo," "Lille Suite," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "Allegro Brillante," "Sonatine," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "La Source," "Walpurgisnacht," "Other Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 15: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "Allegro Brillante," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.) . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 16: "Apollo," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 16: "Allegro Brillante," "Sonatine," "Raymonda Variations," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 18: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Orpheus," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 20: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 21: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Nov. 22, at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Helena," "Monotones II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7: "Postcards" and "Relache" (American première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-7300. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Celebration," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Postcards" and "Relache." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," and "Relache." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: "Helena," "Postcards," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Postcards," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Parade," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Relache." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Night," and "Relache." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Fanfarita," "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 23.)

NUREYEV AND THE BOSTON BALLET—In a full-length production of "La Sylphide," with Ghislaine Thesmar. (Uris, 51st St. West of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3: Through Sunday, Nov. 23.)

LOS ANGELES BALLET—A four-day engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Beethoven Variations," "Poème Electronique," "Tarantella," "Fantasies," and "Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8: "Pastorale," "St. Paul's Suite," "Les Amants," and "Charleston." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET—Appearing for two performances. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Song Without Words," "Adagietto," "Family Scenes," and "5 Tangos." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Pulcinella Variations," "Belong," "Napoli," "A Dance for You," and "Four Last Songs." (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833.)

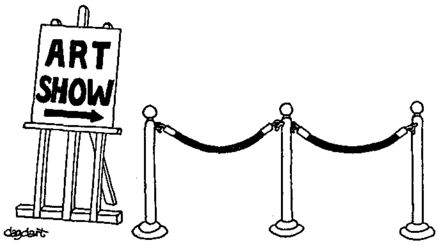
RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Nov. 12, and Friday, Nov. 14, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2. . . . **IRENE FEIGENHEIMER AND COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 20, Saturday, Nov. 22, and Sunday, Nov. 23, all at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Composer Don Elliott plays mellophone and vibraharp with his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 16; on Tuesday, Nov. 18, cornettist **WARREN VACHE** will start work with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes (the management has brought in over the past few years Elvis Costello, Peter Serkin, Philip Glass, and the late Bill Evans), and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, New Riders of the Purple Sage and Bill Chinnock's blues-rock outfit; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, Beaver Brown, a rock quintet; Tuesday, Nov. 18, flutist Dave Valentine; Wednesday, Nov. 19, Texas folkie Delbert McClinton and New England folkie Kate Taylor; Thursday, Nov. 20, rock singer Jimmie Mack; Friday, Nov. 21, female impersonator Craig Russell; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and his quartet and percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and **RED MITCHELL** form the piano-bass duo through Saturday, Nov. 15; on Sunday, Nov. 16, **RED MITCHELL** will take up with guitarist **JOE BECK,** who plays understated, easy chord solos; and on Monday, Nov. 17, composer and pianist **RAY BRYANT** will move in with his bass-playing associate **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A place—the Café Carlyle—to which one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of Bobby Short's trio. **MR. SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

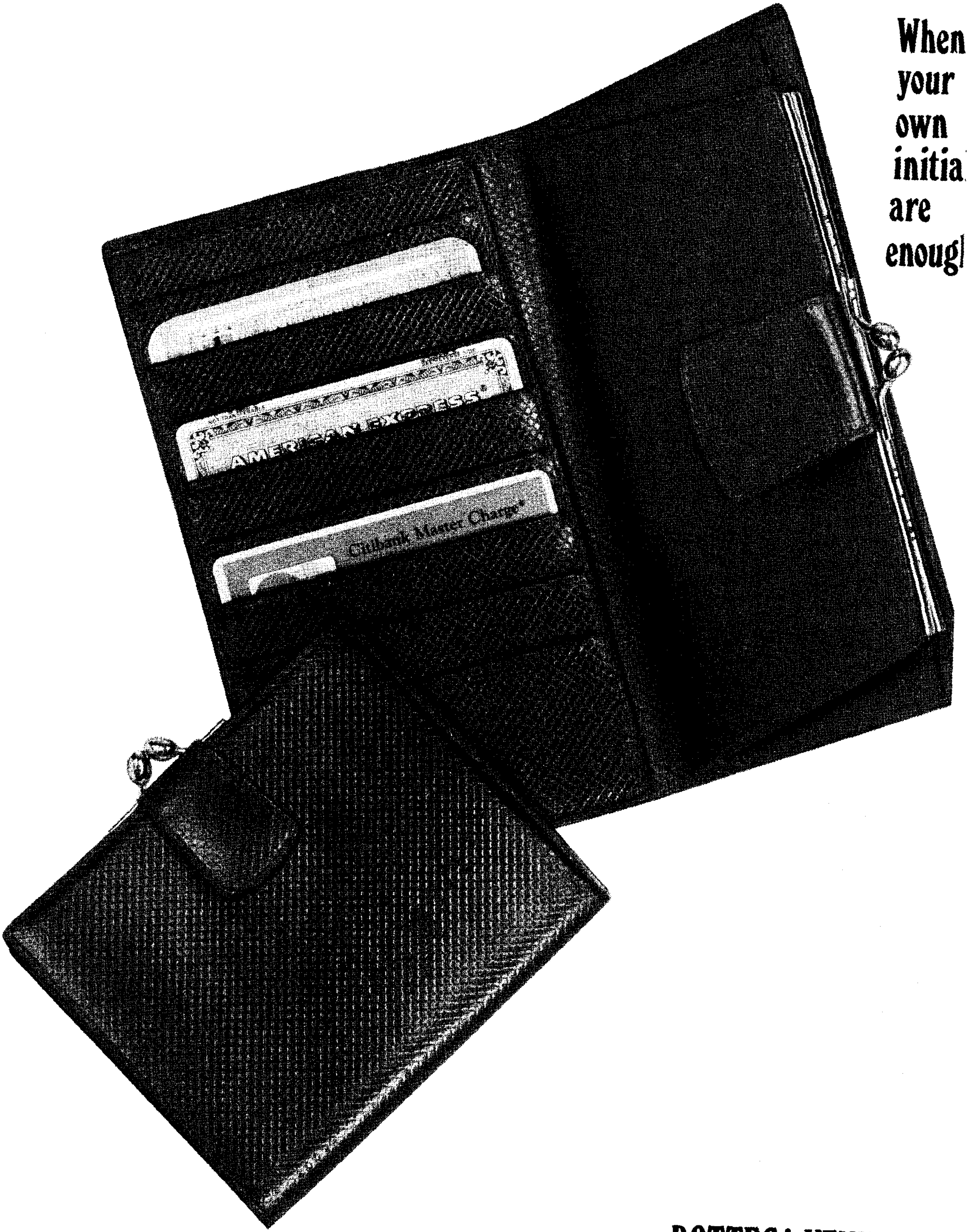
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Nov. 12, the Front and the Buicks; Thursday, Nov. 13, the Volts, Bob Savene Band, and the Extras; Friday, Nov. 14, the Nitecaps and Donny Fury & the Splits; Saturday, Nov. 15, Neighbors & Allies and the Strain. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that extols Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who is also a very good pianist, sings from an exceedingly large repertoire of American pop music, with assistance from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays and Mondays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—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BOTTEGA VENETA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The traditional-jazz house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Sunday, Nov. 16, has been reserved for pianist **JOHN BUNCH** *and his quintet, which will* begin performing at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. **BETTY CARTER,** whose vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? Miss Carter and her trio are on hand through Sunday, Nov. 16. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, high-tech tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS,** who, in addition to his solid-state, gizmo-reliant reed work, plays keyboards and sings bluesily, will move in with a quartet. Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square room with mirrored columns and two levels of tables and chairs. **SARAH VAUGHAN** in a club! Those who manage to get in will be part of perhaps the most emotional audiences this side of Luciano Pavarotti and Jerry Garcia. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, an overhanging second-story balcony from which one can survey the club, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this SoHo club. **DAKOTA STATON,** a singer who comes across best on swinging, up-tempo blues-tinged numbers—her ballads suffer from vibrato overload—is present on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 18-20, Marion Cowings sings with backup from pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ;** and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, **SONNY FORTUNE,** a driving, hard-edged alto player, will work with a combo. On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with bassist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** on Nov. 17, trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY** will sit in with them. Music every night after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** collaborate; Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** *trio is present; and Wednesdays through Sun*days, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays, from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got **DAVE MC KENNA** hunched over the keyboard, playing pumping, swirling solos. Music in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 12, Devil Dogs with Lydia Lunch; Thursday, Nov. 13, 2 Yous; Friday, Nov. 14, Brave Combo and Fabulous Fuzztones; and Saturday, Nov. 15, Raybeats. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying the nearby Flatiron Building. The guest musicians are mostly Brazilian: trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and singer-guitarist **AMAURY TRISTÃO** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, **DAVID AMRAM**—he's not Brazilian, but he plays a good deal of Brazilian music—and his quintet, which will feature percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** and alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION,** a longtime Amram associate. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style band that specializes in Brazilian jazz. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by *trumpeter* **CLAUDIO RODITI** *and saxophonist-pro*prietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** who begin co-piloting a quintet at about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** continue to draw many admirers during their stay here, which lasts until Saturday, Nov. 15. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and super bassist **RON CARTER,** who does magical things for pianists and good listeners, will join forces. Sundays and Mondays are the property of **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY.** Music nightly from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and it starts at eight-thirty. The lineup includes Commander Cody and Floyd Domino on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13; Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Nov. 16; Gene Watson on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 17-18; and **WILSON PICKETT** on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden. **HELEN O'CONNELL** has moved in to sing, among other numbers, "Tangerine," "Green Eyes," and "Amapola." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Major Thinkers, Reverse, and Suburbs on Wednesday, Nov. 12; Brenda Bergman, Tymon Dog, and Groceries on Thursday, Nov. 13; Lenny Kaye Connection on Friday, Nov. 14; Von Lmo and Nasty Facts on Saturday, Nov. 15; Bounce, Startoon, and Features on Sunday, Nov. 16; Knots, Kooties, and Bobby Stewart & the I.D.s on Monday, Nov. 17; and Eddie Dixon, Rubber Rodeo, and Blue Fox & the Marines on Tuesday, Nov. 18. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Carolyn Leigh sings some of the songs she wrote the lyrics for through Saturday, Nov. 15. They include "Hey, Look Me Over," "I Gotta Crow," "When in Rome," and "Witchcraft." On Tuesday, Nov. 18, Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (of composer Arthur Schwartz), will take over. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club. R. & B. and jazz players form much of the music. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, percussion and Latin-jazz wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will head up his band; and Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 19-22, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his quintet will be on hand with a guest vocalist, **MIRIAM MAKEBA,** who hasn't performed in New York in some time. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. All sorts of music are currently slotted: Thursday, Nov. 13, White Fire; Friday, Nov. 14, Ballistic Kisses and Wide Pants; Saturday, Nov. 15, Manhattan Project and Casual T-Ease; Tuesday, Nov. 18, Grover, Kemble & Za Zu Zaz; Wednesday, Nov. 19, Junk Rock; Thursday, Nov. 20, Romeos; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, Robert Hunter. Shows *most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on* Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. Wednesday, Nov. 12, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play duets; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, will belong to singer Janet Lawson's quartet; on Sunday, Nov. 16, pianist and, lately, actor **AL DAILEY** (he's in the new production of "The Connection") will perform with a quartet; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 17-19, will be claimed by bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** drummer **BOB MOSES,** and vibraharpist **DAVE FRIEDMAN;** and on Thursday, Nov. 20, pianist and composer **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will move in with his group for a three-night visit. The first set begins about ten. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** Friday,

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SEIKO GOLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 14, Elektrics and Soldier; Saturday, Nov. 15, Carlene Carter and Elektrics; Monday, Nov. 17, Code Blue; Wednesday, Nov. 19, Gang of Four and Pylon; Thursday, Nov. 20, **JERRY LEE LEWIS** and Rockats (shows at eight and eleven); Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, Average White Band. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. One will find there a revue, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," which is as uninspired and graceless as its title. The performers are Annie Jo Edwards, Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca club, with its picture windows that face west, is, if you get there early enough, a good place to watch the sun set. It's a good place for jazz, too, but much later in the evening. Trumpeter **DANNY MOORE'S** hard-bop quintet performs through Saturday, Nov. 15; on Tuesday, Nov. 18, the hard bop will continue with a quintet co-piloted by tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN.** Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 12, **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a wonderfully bluesy guitarist, and his group; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, the **BRECKER BROTHERS,** a quintet headed by co-proprietors **RANDY** and **MICHAEL;** Sunday, Nov. 16, **JOE LEE WILSON,** perhaps the best non-famous male jazz singer around; and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 20-23, a quartet that will include pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS.** Music nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. Pianist and occasional singer **BOB DOROUGH** leads a trio through Saturday, Nov. 15, and on Tuesday, Nov. 18, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** will take charge. Mondays are showcase nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his consistently satisfying bluesy jazz quintet are present through Saturday, Nov. 15; on Tuesday, Nov. 18, **MILT JACKSON,** the great blues vibraharpist, will move in. On Sundays, **CHRIS CONNOR** sings with her backing crew, and Mondays are session nights for four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio. Sets from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides. Drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads a trio every night but Sunday and Monday. On Sundays, the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio—that's drums, piano, and bass—works out; on Mondays vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with bassist **RICK LAIRD.** On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, pianist and composer **VALERIE CAPERS** and her trio will alternate with the Lewis trio. Music from about nine, give or take a half hour.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It's even sparser than before, with no more banquettes, just tables and chairs and blues bands—what more could one ask? The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 12, the Blues Busters, a reggae band; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, **LONNIE BROOKS,** a Chicago-blues guitarist, and his band. Shows usually begin at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: **BUZZ & THE FLYERS,** an energetic rockabilly band, and Davitt Sigerson on Wednesday, Nov. 12; Street Kids and J.P. on Thursday, Nov. 13; 4 Out of 5 Doctors and Blue Angel on Friday, Nov. 14; **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER,** a moving dissonance-and-blues guitarist, on Saturday, Nov. 15; Adrenalin on Monday, Nov. 17; and Sunbelt Millionaires and Robert Athis & Skywire on Tuesday, Nov. 18. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A lot of clubs bill themselves nowadays as rock *discos—which indicates that there is dancing* to rock music. This may or may not be the first jazz disco; it's a good place, at any rate, to practice the lindy, one of the relatively undiscovered pleasures of the past. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** leads his Jazz Sultans opposite guitarist **AL CASEY'S** Swing Trio; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** will occupy the stage. Music after ten on Fridays and after midnight on Saturdays. On Mondays, there is big-band salsa from nine. And on Tuesdays, one will find jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio playing in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting guitarist **PAT METHENY** and his three stalwart sidemen—bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** drummer **PAUL MOTIAN,** and tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN**—through Sunday, Nov. 16. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet will take on the music duties. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four swing through Friday, Nov. 14; Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 16-18, have been set aside for pianist Gene Rodgers and his combo; and on Wednesday, Nov. 19, **AL CASEY,** a first-generation swing-music admirer and a historic guitar player—he recorded with Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, and Teddy Wilson—will begin a four-night stint with his quartet. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Stevie Wonder—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Doobie Brothers—With Le Roux. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

Patti Bown, Valerie Capers, and **Jill McManus**—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-3900.

Yellow Magic Orchestra—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Dire Straits—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Jon Lucien—With Herbie Hancock. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Randy Weston and **the Baikida Carroll Quintet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 10.

Molly Hatchet—With the Michael Schenker Group. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Siouxsie and the Banshees—With 999 and Athletico Spizz 80. (Palladium. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30.)

Tom Waits—Palladium. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Rudolfo Alchourron Sextet—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

Mark Murphy—With a trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Kansas—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, at 8.

Vic Damone—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.

Teddy Pendergrass and **Stephanie Mills**—With Ecstasy. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Ray Charles—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Roy Orbison—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 242-1664.

Pat Benatar—With Gamma. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Jimmy Cliff—With Kid Creole and the Coconuts. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Bluegrass Festival—Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver and the Yankee Rebels. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S., and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

Claude Lawrence, Sirone, and Dennis Charles—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Abdullah—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 9 and 11. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Irving Plaza—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14: Gang of Four. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15: Slits. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows start about 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Nov. 13: Andy Gonzalez and Alfredo de la Fe. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14: Bone-Works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15: Davey Williams and LaDonna Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16: Joe McPhee and Yutaka Salki. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30; on Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Eleanor Antin—Currently, this protean artist has transformed herself into the ballerina Eleanora Antinova, and her memoir of life with the Diaghilev troupe is set forth in her own handwriting, accompanied by delicate wash drawings and antique-looking photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Dina Gustin Baker—Abstract oils. Through Nov. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Wolfgang Behl—Fanciful figurative sculptures in wood and bronze. Through Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Strange constructions involving antique building blocks, mannequin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

heads, brass bells, old toys, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

François Boucher (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings, and tapestries by an artist said to have set the fashion in interior decoration in eighteenth-century France, and who when reproached by contemporaries for not working from nature responded that nature was "too green and badly lit." Through Dec. 19. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alexander Brook (1898-1980)—A retrospective of paintings by an artist best known for his portraiture—of Raphael Soyer, Peggy Bacon, and others in this show. Through Dec. 6. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Bush (1910-77)—Paintings in which two or three large, simple abstract forms are distributed on the canvas and painted in contrasting colors. The artist was a Canadian. Through Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—Portrait sculptures of important figures of the artist's day—George Bernard Shaw, Albert Einstein, Gertrude Stein, and Mussolini. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—New paintings in the Ocean Park series, these numbering 117 to 125. Through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

William Dole—Orderly collage paintings accented with words (often in a language other than English). Through Nov. 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Small, meticulously executed egg-tempera paintings of such diverse subjects as the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, Moran tugboats, and Luciano Pavarotti. Through Nov. 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961)—Impressionist figure studies and landscapes painted during the first two decades of the century by this Boston artist. Through Nov. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Panels with the imprints of sponges and of bodies, paper scored with raindrops, actual sponges on sticks—all in blue. Through Dec. 3. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Koch (1909-78)—A retrospective of the realist works of a painter whose interior settings were often his own Central Park West apartment. Through Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Lane—A maternity dress, a harlequin, and a hummingbird (a recurring figure in the artist's works) are reduced to barely recognizable abstractions in these large new paintings, done mostly in dark gray and an almost black indigo. Through Nov. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

William C. Maxwell—The Weiner gallery is showing paintings, drawings, and prints by this artist in two locations: at 21 E. 73rd St. and 112 Greene St. (the Greene St. hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, 1 to 5). Both shows through Saturday, Nov. 22.

Robert Natkin—Large paintings by an artist who saturates various fabrics with acrylics and presses them against a canvas, so that they leave a pattern when they are removed. A different pressing for each color, of course, and a final touching up with a brush. Through Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Neel / John White Alexander (1856-1915)—Recent paintings by this artist who, at the age of eighty, shows no signs of mellowing in her honest appraisals of her fellow-citizens. / Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, who specialized in idealized, Whistlerian figures and was enormously popular in his lifetime. Through Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Antoine Poncet—New sculptures. Through Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

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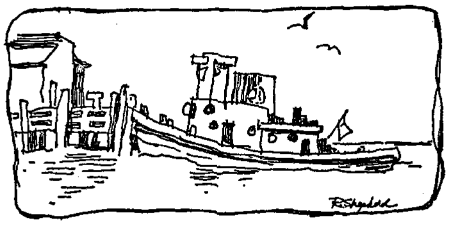
George Rickey—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Dec. 13. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Ann Sperry—"Wall Flowers," a series of welded-steel sculptures daubed with paint. Through Nov. 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils and works on paper. Through Dec. 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—Paintings of the Wild West by this master of the hell-for-leather genre—bronco-busting, Indians on the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **A. M. Adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: European masters are represented in this exhibition of thirty or so recently acquired drawings, among which the works of Pascin and Picasso stand out. Through Jan. 10. . . . **Art Latitude,** 29 E. 73rd St.: Richard Artschwager, Sylvia Mangold, and Joel Shapiro are among the fifteen artists represented in a show of paintings called "The Image Transformed." Through Nov. 29. . . . **Davis & Long,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Seventy-five watercolors by English painters, dating from the eighteenth century on and including works by Edward Lear, Gwen John, and Wyndham Lewis. Through Nov. 29. . . . **Forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings of figures in groups by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Robert Henri, Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, David Levine, and others. Through Nov. 29. . . . **Fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. . . . **Goethe House,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Forty-four prints and watercolors by German Expressionists (Böckstiegel, Dix, Heckel, Rohlfs, and others) from a private collection. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **Hirschl & Adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Another theme show, this one dealing with buildings as subjects of early twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Arthur G. Dove's "Slaughterhouse," Elsie Driggs' "St. Bartholomew's," Max Weber's "New York," and seven works apiece by Sheeler and Demuth are included. Through Nov. 29. . . . **Hutton,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, among them Alexej Jawlensky, Gabriele Münter, and August Macke. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Mathes,** 19 E. 71st St.: "American Flower Painting 1850-1950," a survey that includes works by Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Glackens. Through Dec. 6. . . . **Nardin,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Several generations of social-protest works of art make up this exhibition, called "Apokalypsis." Among the protesters are Jack Levine, Leonard Baskin, Robert Gwathmey, Rosemarie Castoro, Anthony Toney, and many others. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **Reed,** 120 E. 78th St.: Self-portraits by Americans. Those on view for the first time are by Alice Neel, Audrey Flack, Warren Brandt, Ben Schonzeit, and Ellsworth Kelly. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **Sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 29. (Opens at noon.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Fernando Botero—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936)—Still-lifes and landscapes done between 1910-12 which reflect the tutelage of his friend Matisse but give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was doing a few years later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Diane Burko—Colored-pencil drawings of the Southwest. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Representational landscapes. Through Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Paintings and prints. Through Dec. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Small-scale city views, some reduced almost to abstraction. Through Nov. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Two exhibits of New York and Maine landscapes by an artist whose vision covers a sweep of about a hundred and eighty degrees. The polished oils are at Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 29), and the working drawings, in pencil, are at Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, Nov. 22).

Jean Dubuffet—New, and somehow more innocent, examples of this artist's "brutal" art, in which he meets head-on the problems of depicting modern life, and does it in the way that a child draws a taxicab or an airplane or a hospital. Through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Clean-cut paintings of the Maine scene—mushroom anchors on the beach, tall pines across the cove—and also of the Caribbean seaside by a veteran realist. Through Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Severely formal abstract works in which rectangular areas of color are worked over, and transformed, by shading done with a hard pencil. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Recent paintings of his familiar Southern subjects—angular figures shelling peas or sewing quilts, and worn-out field hands sitting out their time. Through Friday, Nov. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract designs painted in acrylic on linen canvas and on handmade paper. Through Nov. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) **and Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—A loan show of paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Three huge figure paintings and a sixteen-foot-long landscape of the Green River cemetery near East Hampton. The latter concludes the artist's Killing Cycle series, related to the death of the poet Frank O'Hara, who is buried in the cemetery, along with Jackson Pollock, Stuart Davis, and a number of other art-world figures. Also preparatory drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Sandro Martini—A gala environment in which layers of bright-dyed canvas are hung diagonally from the ceiling, like sails. Working drawings for the layout, plus small abstract watercolors, are also on view. Through Nov. 29. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eliza Moore—Vigorous collages done on shaped canvas or on photographer's seamless paper, using strips of steel, aluminum, and paper as well as acrylic paint. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / August Sander (1876-

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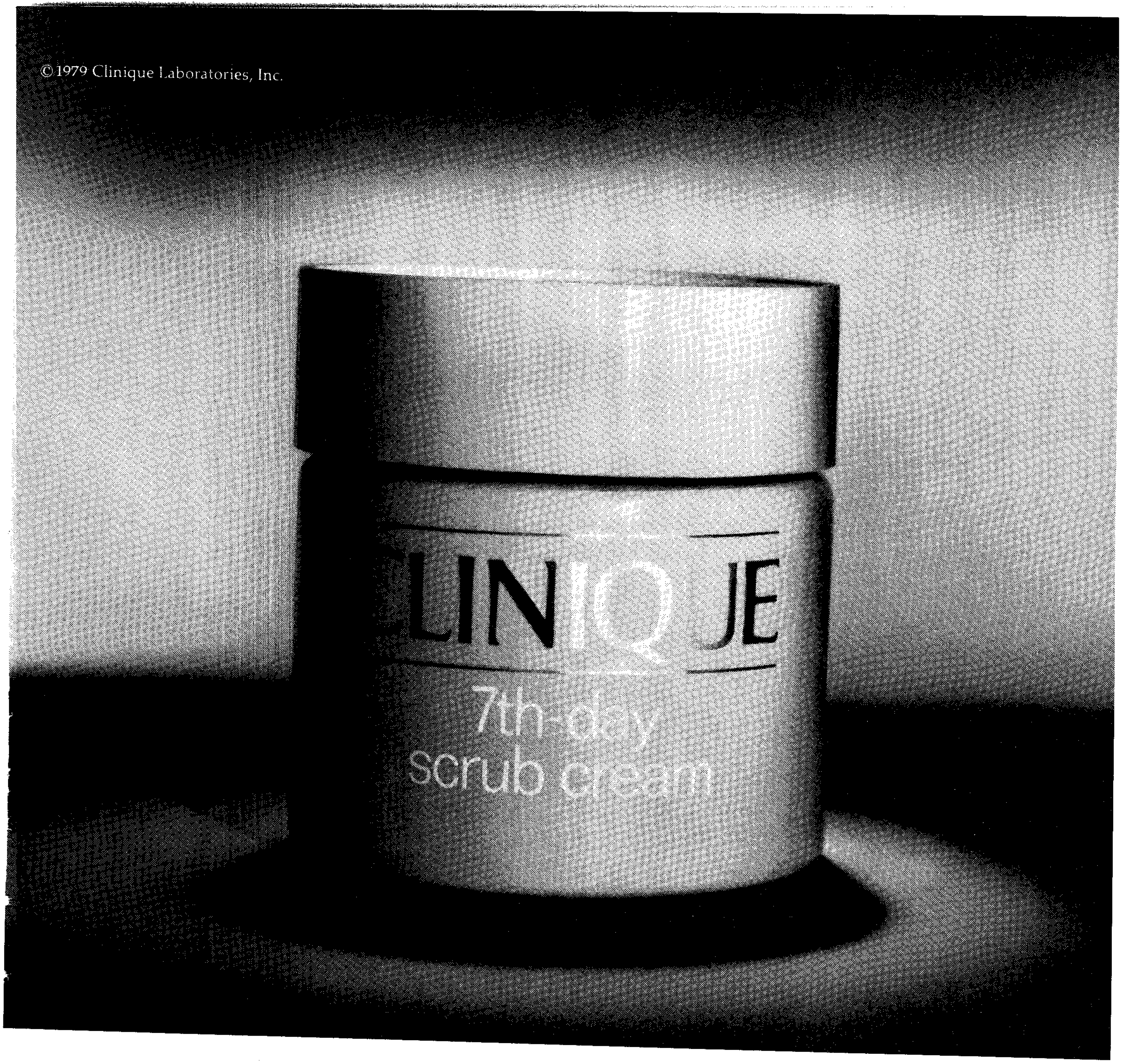

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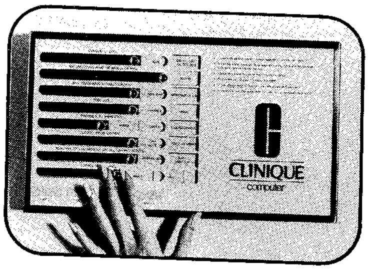

CLINIQUE

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1964)—Odd corners of this English artist's studio are depicted in a lean, precise style on oval, round, and rectangular canvases, and the man himself is seen in a number of small, equally economical self-portraits. / Photographic portraits of German artists, including Mahler. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—A group of his mosaic-like paintings, many of which have simplified figures worked into the pattern. Through Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Large new polygonal canvases painted in solid colors with narrow bright stripes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Obuck—Stylish-looking black-and-white wooden wall constructions, some of them boxed. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Gladstone, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

Steven Sloman—Paintings of compact, weighty-looking abstract forms, done in earthy colors. Through Nov. 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Oil-stick drawings of animal heads, done on paper, and a couple of installations, one of them centered on a rhinoceros head (painted wood and Styrofoam) jutting from the wall. Through Nov. 29. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Forty-one paintings by an artist who had seven works in the 1913 Armory show. Through Dec. 6. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Paule Vezelay—*Paintings*, drawings, and constructions done over the past fifty years by an eighty-eight-year-old woman who is said to have been the first British artist to work in a totally abstract manner. She lived in Paris for years and was a friend of Arp, and there is a similarity in their work. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Vogel—Freestanding and wall sculptures made up of electronic components—photo-electric cells, motors, loudspeakers—that react with musical blips and beeps to the presence of a spectator. Through Nov. 29. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A first show of sculptures; the titles for the major pieces are "Belt Still Life" (enamel on wood), "Dropped Bra" (painted aluminum), and "Smoking Cigarette" (oil and wood on Masonite). Also paintings, drawings, and maquettes. Through Dec. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Abstract paintings and ink drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Nonobjective works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century monotypes, including examples by George Luks, Degas, Henri, and Henry Bertoia. Through Nov. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by seven Los Angeles artists include abstracts done on burnished lead or copper by Joel Bass, and large wall pieces, six feet square, of wood and handmade paper by Anne Flaten Pixley. Through Nov. 29. . . . **de nagy,** 29 W. 57th St.: Small, representative paintings and drawings by Hungarian avant-garde artists of the years between the wars. Among them are László Moholy-Nagy, Béla Kádár, and Hugo Scheiber. Through Nov. 29. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—"J. and Armand Tour the World" is the title of a new narrative work, conveyed in pencil drawings alternating with text. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Baeder / Raymon Elozua—Paintings by an artist at home in the world of the roadside diner and trailer park. / Ceramic sculptures of ore processors and billboards. Through Nov. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

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Linda Bastian—Paintings on paper and silk, usually flowers. Through Nov. 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Ross Bleckner—*Predominately black encaustic* paintings. Through Dec. 4. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Borofsky—A carnival of the artist's fantasies—hanging from the ceiling, drawn on the walls, appearing in leaflets scattered on the floor, and issuing from video installations. He's the one who numbers his works, and he is high up in his second million now: Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Friedberg—Sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Paintings of nudes and of Wellfleet landscapes. Through Nov. 26. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Ronnie Landfield / William Eggleston—Abstract paintings. / Photographs. Through Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—A five-foot structure made of 1,553 wooden cubes painted white, plus wall drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—Outsize paintings, done on unstretched canvas in a sort of neo-cave-drawing style, on which bright-colored lengths of neon lighting are superimposed. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—*Two eerie works: Dangling from* the ceiling is a vast tangle of aluminum tubing, in the coils of which three silver-leafed human skeletons are caught up, and on the wall almost under it is a sort of waterfall of black felt, hung on a steel frame, which contains another human skeleton, painted black. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

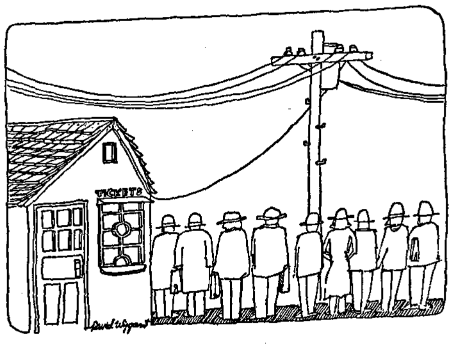
Graham Nickson—Huge, strange paintings (one is thirteen feet long) of figures in mysterious settings, which the artist says are archetypal landscapes, blending Italian, Balkan, and American scenery. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ann Norton—Craggy sculptures hacked and sawed out of big blocks of cedar. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Lynton Wells—Paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Drawings, models, and plans for houses designed by Emilio Ambasz, Peter Eisenman, Vittorio Gregotti, Arata Isozaki, Charles Moore, Cesar Pelli, Cedric Price, and Oswald Mathias Ungers. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **marino,** *489 Broome St.: Works* by ten artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Beth Ames Swartz, and Rosalind Archer, in which fire is the subject and quite often, the medium (words scorched on paper, or holes burned in it). Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Opens at noon.)



OTHER GALLERIES

Ruth Ann Fredenthal / Allen Ruppersberg—Oil paintings that at first glance appear to be monotones in variations of gray reveal, upon study, glimmerings of other colors that have gone into the layers of underpaintings. / An installation devoted to the Fountain of Youth. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs. Through Friday, Nov. 21. (La Maison Française, Columbia University, East Hall, Broadway at 116th St. Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5.)

Peter Gourfain—Semi-abstract watercolors and ink drawings of the sea—off Block Island, in the stormy mid-Atlantic, in the Channel, off Coney Island. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (*Rentschler, in a penthouse at 450 W. 24th* St.)

Thomas A. Rose / Larry Clark—An enclosure, built with wood and hardware cloth, that holds ladders, chairs, toys, and so forth. / Photographs of teen-age habitués of Forty-second Street. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Elfi Schuselka—Gauzy abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Kurt Vonnegut—Fifty felt-tip-pen drawings: semi-abstract figures, faces, and objects. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St.)

Frank Young / Alan Kikuchi-Yngojo—Paintings and sculptures that refer to recent events: Mt. St. Helens, for instance. / Polaroid photographs (with added bits of wood and film) of *the artist's hand and torso.* Through Nov. 25. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Show—An exhibit that includes a forbidding black structure, twelve feet high, called "A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lauren Ewing. Through its windows one can watch messages flashed on a video screen ("Clash and Recoil" or "Identical Gestures"). Other artists represented are Agnes Denes, Vernon Fisher, *Stephen Prina, and David Reed.* Through Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—A survey of figure sculptures of the seventies: Arlene Toonkel (cast-paper portrait), Louise Kruger (a life-size movable figure in wood and brass), and Howard Kalish (a figure in an interior in painted resin) are among the exhibitors. Through Nov. 25. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 will be mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Builder Levy—Twenty-five photographs of Appalachian coal miners. Through Nov. 28. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.)

Hans Namuth—Photographs of Jackson Pollock in his studio in 1950-51. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Walter Rosenblum—Documentary photographs of the schools, hospitals, streets, and citizens of the South Bronx. Through Nov. 26. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Stephen Shore / Harold Jones—Color prints of landscapes. / Enlarged photographs modified with spray paint and drawings, plus a series on Arizona. Through Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Keiichi Tahara—Photographs of views from Paris windows. Through Friday, Nov. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photo-

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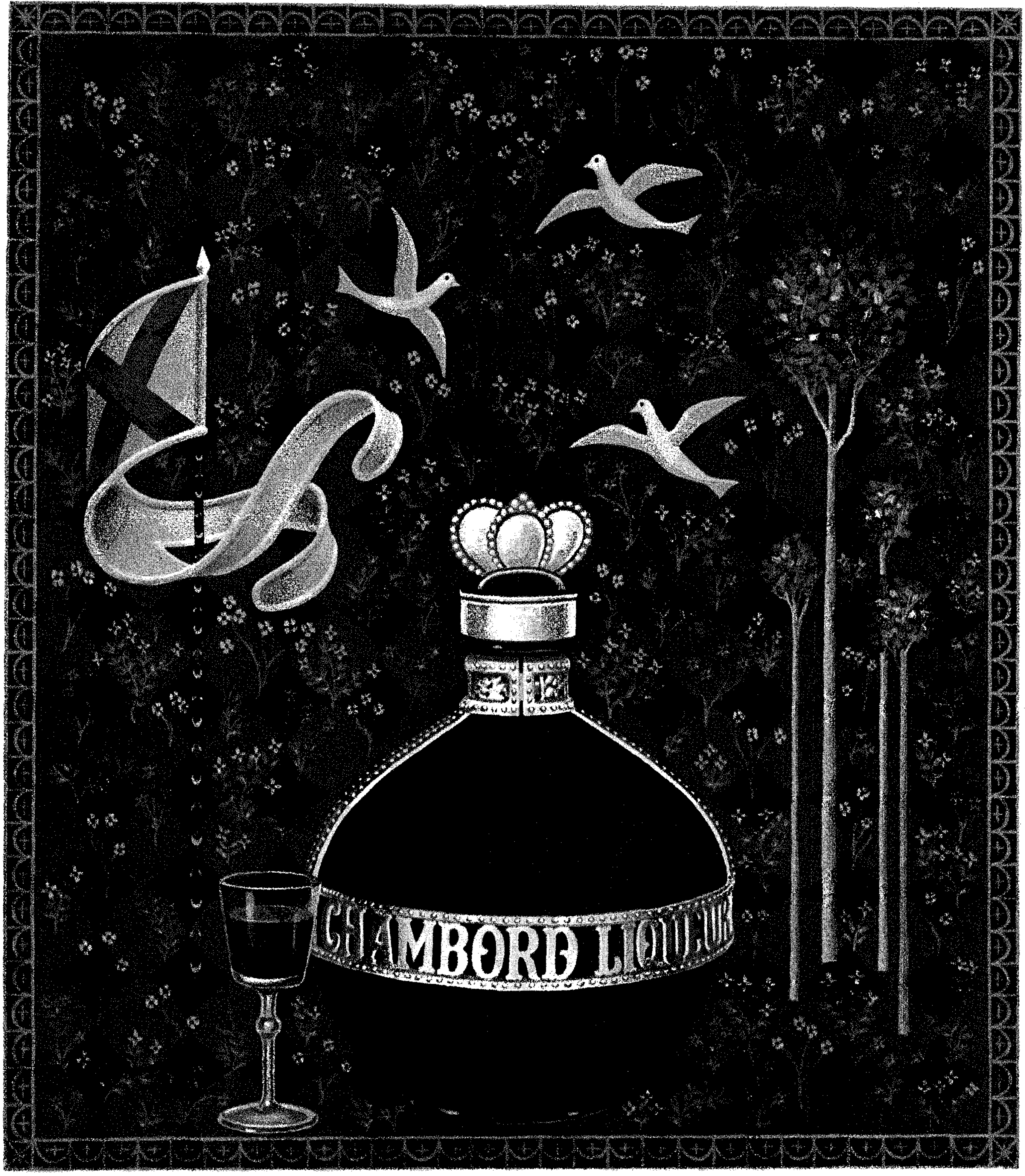

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

graphs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of landscapes in Maine, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Degas, Prendergast, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Motherwell's graphics. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Starts Friday, Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China taken in 1979. Starts Saturday, Nov. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Arnold exhibit opens at 1:15 on Wednesdays and closes at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of silver pieces from the permanent collection—two eighteenth-century works are Claude Ballin II's candelabra and Thomas Heming's rococo tea urn; Joseph Angell III's claret jug made its début at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 at 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of American landscape paintings, selected from the permanent collection. The bulk are from the second half of the nineteenth century, but three (by Anne Poor, Paul Resika, and Wolf Kahn) were painted as recently as the seventies. Kensett, Church, Cole, and Durand are among those represented. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A show of three-dimensional paintings (by nine artists, including Stuart Diamond, Betty Parsons, and Frank Stella) that date from the past five years. Through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographs by seven artists; Kevin Noble has gold and silver painted photographs of drawings of couples, and David Kulik has color works that simulate electron photomicrographs. Through Dec. 20.

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—The former police station that is the new and permanent location of this organization has inspired an introductory exhibit of a number of pertinent on-site installations. In one (by Mimi Gross Grooms), a papier-mâché woman figure is leaning on the bannister of the imposing raised sergeant's desk; others (by Lucio Pozzi and Sandy Gellis, for instance) are set up in cell blocks. Through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Dec. 17), the other of copies of *291*, *Dada*, and similar publications from the years 1909-29, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (through Nov. 29).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ericka Beckman and Michael Oblowitz (films), Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Takehisa Kosugi (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30; French video, Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; photographs of the human torso by Ron Cooper, through Dec. 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bel Canto Opera—Jeanine Bryan conducting four performances of Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne," staged by Neil McKenzie. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Nov. 15 and 22, at 7:30, and Sundays, Nov. 16 and 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30: With Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30: With Clifford Curzon, piano.

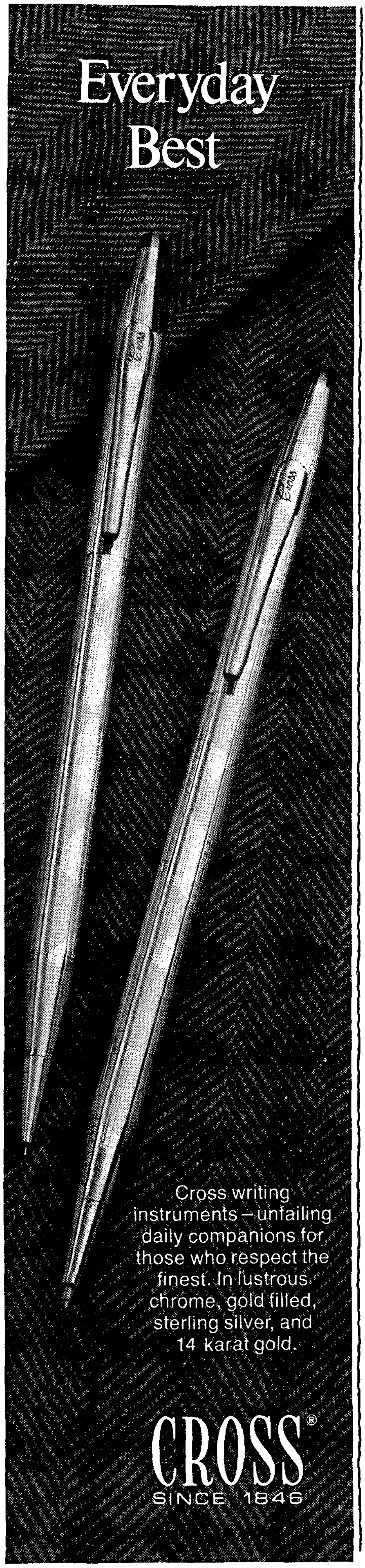
Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing a Mozart-Scriabin program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Jon West, tenor; and the Chorus of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Kraemer conducting, with James Galway, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Julius Rudel conducting. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8, with Tedd Joselson, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3, a program that includes Mahler's "Das klagende Lied," with Esther Hinds, soprano; Ortrun Wenkel, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Evans, tenor; Andrew Walker Schultze, bass-baritone; and the Cornell University Chorus and Glee Club.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Grace Bumbry, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Carlo Maria Giulini



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

I Musici—An all-Vivaldi program by twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Jaime Laredo conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one consisting of two one-act opera premières—Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Egg" and John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Shura Cherkassky, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

New York Sinfonia Orchestra—Dirk-Holger Bambeck conducting. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Verdi-Bloch program, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 7:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing, with Berenice Lipson-Gruzen, piano, and the Canticum Novum Singers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program of Christmas music first performed at the royal court in fifteenth-century Cambrai. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 8, with Lee Luvisi, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Alexander Jenner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Music From Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Katherine Ciesinski and Kristine Ciesinski—Mezzo-soprano and soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music—André-Michel Schub, piano; Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2.)

Lee Hoiby—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times building.)

Concord String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

Boehm Quintette—A program entitled "The Classical Period." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Jane Adler—Flute and mime. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3.)

Borealis—A wind quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 5:45.)

Philippe Lefebvre—Organ. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano in an all-Brahms program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Igor Kipnis—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Baroque Mondays—The first in a series of four concerts, this one involving Sandra Miller, baroque flute; James Richman, harpsichord; and Mary Springfels, viola da gamba. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

David Hollander—Piano, presenting the complete Chopin nocturnes. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Seoul Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Boccherini-Mozart-Brahms program, performed by Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Walter Trampler, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 18-19, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Michel Piguet, baroque oboe and recorder, in an all-Telemann program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Joseph Villa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Figueroa Duo—Guillermo Figueroa, violin, and Yvonne Figueroa, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Joan Patenaude—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—An all-Bach program performed by Hermann Prey, baritone; the St. Thomas Choir; Theodore Arm, James Buswell, and Sung-Ju Lee, violin; Jodi Levitz, viola; Ronald Thomas, cello; Joseph Tamosaitis, bass; Leonard Arner and Stephen Taylor, oboe; Jane Cochran, horn; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Viola da Gamba Trio of Basel—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

League-ISCM—An Otto Luening-Henry Brant program, performed by Judith Bettina, soprano; Curtis Macomber, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to English music from 1250 to 1550. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Daniel Domb and Patricia Parr—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Judith Blegen, soprano; Ik-Hwan Bae and Hamao Fujiwara, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Barbara Bogatin, Charles Curtis, Bonnie Hartman, Jennifer Langham, Carol Morrow, Leslie Parnas, John Sharp, and Fred Sherry, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Leonard Arner, oboe; Edward Carroll, trumpet; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord, piano, and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

James Galway—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Musicians of Swanne Alley—A six-member ensemble performing a program of early music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Franz Schubert Quartet—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—A program of traditional Chinese music. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—A program of six of his new works, performed by members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and guest soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Copland—A free thirteen-hour marathon of music, dance, theatre, and readings celebrating Mr. Copland's eightieth birthday. With, among others, Richard Young and Rolfe Schulte, violin; Gilbert Kalish, Joan Tower, and Ursula Oppens, piano; Sheila Schonbrun and Rosalind Rees, sopranos; Paul Sperry, tenor; Laura Glenn and Gary Lund, dancers. At 9, the birthday boy will conduct a performance by the Harmonie Ensemble. A number of composers contemporary with Mr. Copland will also be on hand, to perform their own works; among them are Elliott Carter, Virgil Thomson, William Schuman, Morton Gould, and Jacob Druckman. To say nothing of Maureen Stapleton and Ruth Ford and others like *that*. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Nov. 22, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.) As a preamble, on Friday at 7, Mr. Copland will talk about writing music for the movies, and at 7:30 the movie "Something Wild" (1961), which contains his favorite film score, will be shown. Admission: five dollars.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 15: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. West Virginia, at Piscataway, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 22: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 16: Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Sunday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 19. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 22. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 15, and the Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Skating—Peggy Fleming, John Curry, and others, in an exhibition of figure skating, for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Thursday, Nov. 20, at 6, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 6 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Women's quarter-finals, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarter-finals, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Derek Walcott reading from his own works. (City University Graduate Center, room 207, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-second annual exhibit will feature special showings by the British Postal administrations, the Faroe Islands, and Portugal. First-day issues from the United Nations and from Nevis Island and St. Kitts will go on sale Friday, Nov. 21. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 7; Friday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 22, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 23, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 13-15, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-8460. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 17, at 10:15 and 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including Thomas Eakins portraits, Brancusi's study of his sculpture "The Golden Bird," and Richard Avedon's print of Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 10:15: Photographs and equipment from the Cecil Beaton studio. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 14. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 2: Art Nouveau. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: French furniture and other European works of art, owned by the Marquesa Margaret Rockefeller de Larrain. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorative art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 13, at 2: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1131. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 2:30, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau furniture and Tiffany glass. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 13, at 1: Photographs from the nineteen-twenties and thirties, including works by Atget, Kertész, and Moholy-Nagy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 6: Photographs by Stieglitz, Steichen, and other members of the Photo-Secession. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 10: European and American paintings. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Tuesday, Nov. 18.

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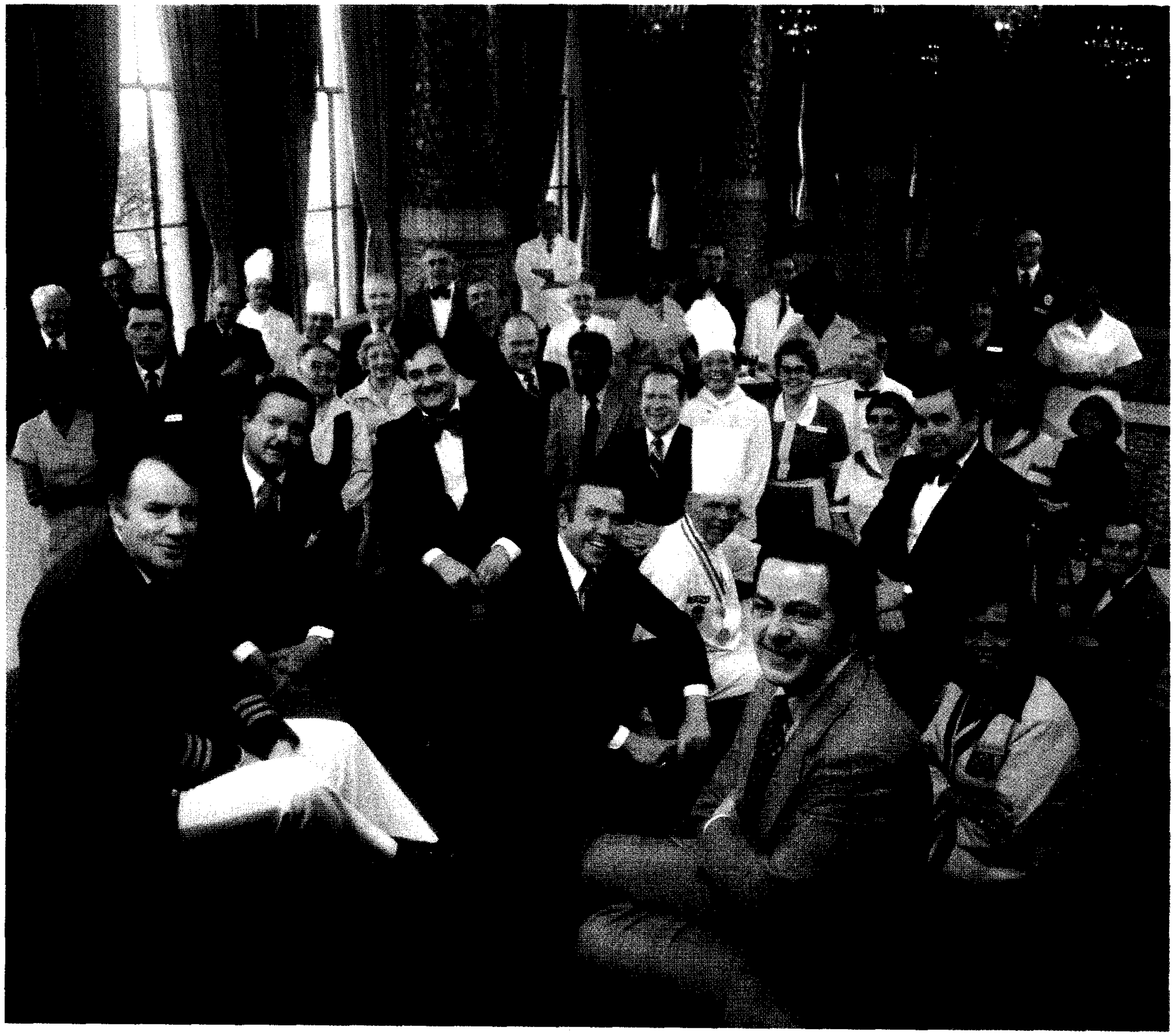

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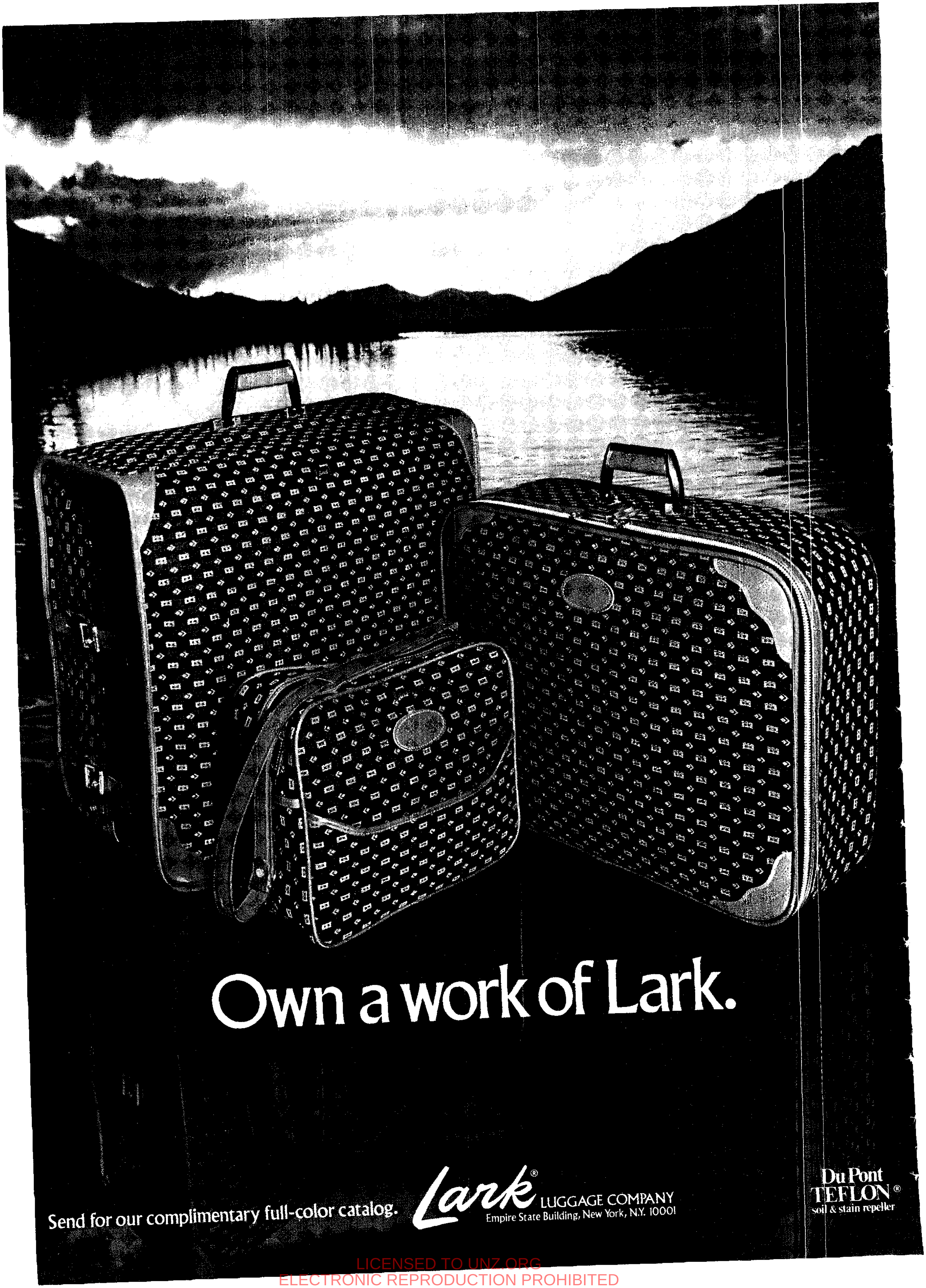

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Nov. 17.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 18: "Madame Rosa" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From Nov. 19: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 13: "Oh, God! Book II" and "Just Tell Me What You Want."
Nov. 14-20: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" and "Bread and Chocolate."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 13: "Oh Heavenly Dog."
Nov. 14-20: To be announced.
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"It's My Turn."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 13: "The First Deadly Sin."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 13: "Oh Heavenly Dog."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 13: "Private Benjamin."
From Nov. 14: "Raging Bull."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Gloria."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Nov. 12: "Worlds Apart."
From Nov. 13: "Private Benjamin."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 13: "Divine Madness."
From Nov. 14: "The Great Santini."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Nov. 16: "Touched by Love."
Nov. 17-18: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 19: "Heaven's Gate."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Nov. 20: "The Elephant Man."
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 13: "The Awakening."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Resurrection."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Nov. 13: "It's My Turn."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Nov. 13: "The Stunt Man."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Nov. 13: "Ordinary People."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 13: "The Great Santini."
Nov. 14-20: "Somewhere in Time."
From Nov. 21: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Gloria."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 13: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
From Nov. 14: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 13: "The First Deadly Sin."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 13: "The Awakening."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 13: "Hopscotch."
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 13: "Halloween." Nov. 14-20: "The Day Time Ended" and "Laser Blast." From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gloria."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Private Benjamin."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith." From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 13: "Halloween." From Nov. 14: "Melvin and Howard."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 16: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
From Nov. 17: "Space Movie."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Times Square."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Nov. 18.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 13: "Hopscotch."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 20: "Divine Madness."
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Gloria."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 13: "Airplane!" From Nov. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 13: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty." From Nov. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 13: "Private Benjamin." From Nov. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 13: "The Awakening." From Nov. 14: To be announced.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Nov. 13: "Children of Babylon."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 13: "Fame" and "Foxes."
Nov. 14-20: "Divine Madness" and "Roadie."
From Nov. 21: "The First Deadly Sin" and "Mad Max."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "Divine Madness." (†)
Theatre 3: "Hopscotch." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 13: "Oh Heavenly Dog." (†) From Nov. 14: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Gloria." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fists of Fury" and "The Chinese Connection."
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: "Fade to Black."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Black Hole" (†) and "Sleeping Beauty." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 13: "Ordinary People." (†)
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Nov. 13: "It's My Turn." (†)
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Nov. 13: "The First Deadly Sin." (†)
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 13: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From Nov. 14: "The Idolmaker." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 13: "Psychic" and "Beyond Evil."
From Nov. 14: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Nov. 13: "The Awakening." (†)
From Nov. 14: "Raging Bull." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 13: "Halloween." (†)
Nov. 14-20: "The Day Time Ended" and "Laser Blast."
From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 12: Three films by Gabor Body, in Hungarian, with English subtitles—"American Torso" (1975), "Four Bagatelles" (1975), and "Psycho-Cosmos" (1976). Mr. Body will be present at 8:35.
Nov. 13: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Nov. 14: "Lisztomania" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.
Nov. 15: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1978), *in French, directed by* Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.
Nov. 16: "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1980), directed by Bruce Ricker, a documentary about Kansas City jazz, with Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner; and "Lady Sings the Blues." (†)
Nov. 17: "Gates of Heaven" (1978), a documentary, directed by Errol Morris.
Nov. 18: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha.
Nov. 19: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Nov. 20: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Nov. 21: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
Nov. 22: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein, with The Who; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary about punk rock.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 12: "Iphigenia" (1977), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas and Costa Kazakos; and "The Trojan Women" (1971), directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas.
Nov. 13: "The Wild Duck" (1977), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer, with Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz; and "La Paloma" (1974), in French, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Peter Kern. Mr. Kern will be present at 7:45.
Nov. 14: "Sternstein Manor" (1975), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer, with Peter Kern; and "False Movement" (1975; "The Wrong Move"), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Volger and Peter Kern. Mr. Kern will be present at 7:15.
Nov. 15: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Nov. 16: "The Gay Divorcée" (†) and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle." (†)
Nov. 17: "It Was Night in Rome" (1960), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. At 9:45 only, a showing of "The Gay Divorcée." (†)
Nov. 18: "Group Portrait with a Lady" (1977), in German, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic, with Romy Schneider; and "Three" (1965), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Mr. Petrovic will be present at 7:40.
Nov. 19: "The Master and Margarita" (1972), in German, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic; and "I Even Met Happy Gypsies" (1968), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Mr. Petrovic will be present at 7:30.
Nov. 20: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero.
Nov. 21: "A Story from Echijo" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Imai; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.
Nov. 22: "The Music Lover" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 13: Two Russ Meyer films—"Vixen" (1969) and "Supervixens" (1975).
Nov. 14-15: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.
Nov. 16-17: "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (†) and "Passages from Finnegans Wake." (†)
Nov. 18: "The Mouse That Roared" (†); and "The Smallest Show on Earth" (1957), directed by Basil Dearden, with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Peter Sellers, and Margaret Rutherford.
Nov. 19-20: "Blood Feud" (†); and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
Nov. 21-22: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Divine Madness." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Nov. 12: "East Side, West Side" (1949), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin; and "A Hatful of Rain" (1957), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray, and Anthony Franciosa.
Nov. 13-14: "Morning Glory" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou; and "Break of Hearts" (1935), directed by Philip Moeller, with Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, and John Beal.
Nov. 15-16: "Mark of the Vampire" (1935), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allen; and "The Mephisto Waltz" (1971), directed by Paul Wendkos, with Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset.
Nov. 17-18: "The Happy Ending" (†) and "Live for Life." (†)
Nov. 19-20: "What Price Hollywood" (†) and "The Legend of Lylah Clare." (†)
From Nov. 21: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 12: "Edison, the Man" (1940), directed by Clarence Brown, with Spencer Tracy and Charles Coburn; and "The Magnificent Yankee" (1951), directed by John Sturges, with Louis Calhern, Ann Harding, Eduard Franz, and Philip Ober.
Nov. 13-15: "In Old Chicago" (1938), directed by Henry King, with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche; and "The Sisters" (1938), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, and Donald Crisp.
Nov. 16-17: "Modern Times" (1936), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown.
Nov. 18-19: "The Reivers" (†) and "Jeremiah Johnson." (†)
Nov. 20-22: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†) and "Little Big Man." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 12: "Road House" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornell Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Not Wanted" (1949), directed by Ida Lupino and Elmer Clifton, with Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle.
Nov. 13: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Lionel Barrymore; and "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou and Van Johnson.
Nov. 14-15: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard.
Nov. 16: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Mashiko Kyo.
Nov. 17: A program of Betty Boop and Popeye cartoons and a program of Second World War cartoons.
Nov. 18: "Club de Femmes" (1937), in French, directed by Jacques Deval, with

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Danielle Darrieux; and "Pit of Loneliness" (1951), in French, directed by Jacqueline Audry, with Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon.

Nov. 19: "The Bigamist" (1954), directed by Ida Lupino, with Lupino, Edmond O'Brien, and Joan Fontaine; and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful!" (1951), directed by Ida Lupino, with Claire Trevor, Sally Forrest, and Robert Clarke.

Nov. 20: "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles Brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Nov. 21-22: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 12: "Wonder Bar" (1934), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and Dolores Del Rio; and "Go Into Your Dance" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, and Helen Morgan.

Nov. 13: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

Nov. 14-15: "The Garden Murder Case" (1936), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Edmund Lowe, Virginia Bruce, Benita Hume, and Nat Pendleton; and "The Casino Murder Case" (1935), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Paul Lukas, Rosalind Russell, Alison Skipworth, and Donald Cook.

Nov. 16: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Little Women." (†)

Nov. 17: "Back Street" (†) and "Magnificent Obsession." (†)

Nov. 18: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd; "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Hot Water" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd.

Nov. 19: "Rio Rita" (†) and "Sunny Side Up." (†)

Nov. 20: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; and "The Woman in the Moon" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Fritz Rasp.

Nov. 21-22: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of films from Scandinavia, with English subtitles: Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Me and Charly" (1978), in Danish, directed by Morten Arnfred and Henning Kristiansen, with Kim Eduard Jensen and Allan Olsen. . . . Nov. 13 at 6: "Father's Estate" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Hrafn Gunnlaugsson. . . . Nov. 13 at 8:30: "Homeward in the Night" (1977), a Finnish/Swedish film, directed by Jon Lindstrom, with Lasse Hjelt and Gunvor Sankvist. . . . Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Sven Klang's Combo" (1976), a Swedish film, directed by Stellan Olsson, with Henric Holmberg and Eva Remaeus. . . . Nov. 14 at 6: Two films from Denmark—"Shall We Dance First?" (1979), directed by Annette Olsen, with Lene Gürtler and Erik Wedersøe; and "Dreams Don't Make Noise When They Die" (1979), directed by Christian Braad Thomsen, with Kaj Holm, Asta Esper Andersen, and Irm Hermann. . . . Nov. 15 at noon: "Grandma and the Eight Children" (1977), a Norwegian film, directed by Espen Thorstenson, with Anne-Cath Vestly. . . . Nov. 15 at 3: "Sven Klang's Combo.". . . Nov. 15 at 5: "The Score" (1978), a Swedish film, directed by Christer Dahl, with Anders Lönnbro and Bodil Mårtensson. . . . Nov. 16 at noon: "Grandma and the Eight Children.". . . Nov. 16 at 2:30: "If Music Be the Food of Love" (1980), a Norwegian film, directed by Hans Lingren, with Nils Sletta and Sigrid Hunn. . . . Nov. 17 at noon: "Himnahurden Breid?" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Kristberg Oskarsson, with Kjartan Olafsson and Ari Hardarson; an opera, with no subtitles. . . . Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Shall We Dance First?". . . Nov. 18 at noon: "Dreams Don't Make Noise When They Die.". . . Nov. 18 at 2:30: "The Score.". . . Nov. 20 at 2:30: "If Music Be the Food of Love.". . . ¶ Other, non-Scandinavian, films scheduled during this period are: Nov. 13 at noon and 4:30, Nov. 14 at noon, Nov. 15 at 11 and 1:45, and Nov. 16 at 5: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Nov. 17 at 6: A program of short dance films (1974-79) by Doris Chase. . . . Nov. 18 at 6: "Right Out of History: The Making of Judy Chicago's Dinner Party" (1980), directed by Johanna Demetrakas. . . . Nov. 20 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Nov. 20 at 6: "Return to the Edge of the World" (1978), directed by Michael Powell (who will be present), with John Laurie, Belle Chrystall, and Niall MacGinnis. . . . Nov. 20 at 8:30: "A Canterbury Tale" (1944), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger (who will be present), with Eric Portman, Sheila Sim, Bob Johnson, Dennis Price, and Esmond Knight. . . . Nov. 21 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Return to the Edge of the World." . . . Nov. 21 at 6: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr, and Anton Walbrook. . . . Nov. 22 at noon: "The Silent Enemy" (1930), directed by H. P. Carver, with Chief Yellow Robe and Chief Long Lance. . . . Nov. 22 at 2:30: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey, and Pamela Brown. . . . Nov. 22 at 5: "A Canterbury Tale." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Nov. 18: "Dachau 1974" (1975), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot, who will be present on Nov. 6 and 13 at 3:30. Showings every forty-five minutes, from noon until 5:15 (6:45 on Tuesdays). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 22: "Text and Commentary" (1977), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot. Showings hourly from noon until five. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 12 at 3: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: "Oktyabr" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: A program of films by Greg Gans, Eugenia Balcells, Scott Anderson, and Robert Polidori. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 11 A.M.: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2: A program of video films by James Byrne. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: A program of films by Gans, Balcells, Anderson, and Polidori. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 8: "Ivan Grosny, Parts 1 and 2" (1945), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 8: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a silent film, directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8 and 10: Fifteen short films (1977-80) directed by Stuart Sherman. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "Made in Japan," a video film by Tomiyo Sasaki. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Zorns Lemma" (1970) and "Hapax Legomena I" (1971), both films by Hollis Frampton.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 13.)

The Awakening—With Charlton Heston, Susannah York, Jill Townsend, and Stephanie Zimbalist, directed by Mike Newell. (Gemini 1, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Nov. 13.)

Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 14-20.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects, but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Embassy 5. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 16.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Cinema Village; Nov. 19-20.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 14-20.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this enormously popular overblown, frolicsome Western from William Goldman's script. With Katharine Ross; cinematography by Conrad Hall. The song "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" is by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Regency; Nov. 20-22.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, *with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.* In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—The director of this Australian film, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

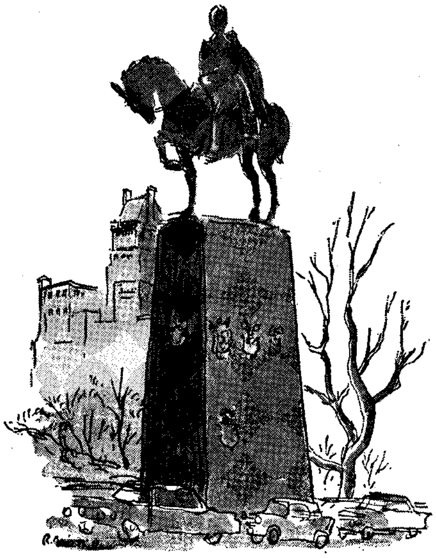
Children of Babylon—A Jamaican film, with Tobi, directed by Lennie Little-White. (New Yorker 2; through Nov. 13.)

Divine Madness—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wail it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; Nov. 14-20.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Festival. No evening performances on Tuesday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 20.)

Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Falling in Love Again—With Elliott Gould and Susannah York, directed by Steven Paul. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Paramount; starting Nov. 21.)



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Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 13.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 2; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 21.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (Olympia; through Nov. 13.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16 and at 9:45 only on Nov. 17.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Manhattan 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

The Great Santini *(called "The Ace" on Home* Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Nov. 14.)

Halloween (1978)—*John Carpenter, who made* this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. "Halloween" keeps you nervous and jumpy rather than pleasurably excited. Yet it has been a huge box-office success, and a lot of people seem to be convinced that it's a classic. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, P. J. Soles, Nancy Loomis, and Tony Moran as the monster. Music by Carpenter; he also wrote the screenplay, with the producer, Debra Hill. Shot in Los Angeles. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Nov. 13.)

The Happy Ending (1969)—Richard Brooks wrote and directed this flamboyantly misconceived story of a Denver lawyer's wife (Jean Simmons) who has gone on pills and booze because her life is empty. It's meant to be a message movie for women's liberation, but this kind of movie never liberated anyone. With John Forsythe, Shirley Jones, and Nanette Fabray. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 17-18.)

Heaven's Gate—With Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt, Sam Waterston, Brad Dourif, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Michael Cimino. (Cinema I; starting Nov. 19.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Cinema 3; through Nov. 13.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and National; starting Nov. 14.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1; through Nov. 13.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Regency; Nov. 18-19.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill, victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (Thalia; Nov. 21-22.)

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (adapted from a teleplay by Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, George Kennedy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. Cinematography by Joseph Biroc; adaptation by Hugo Butler and Jean Rouverol. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 19-20.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Regency; Nov. 20-22.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver as Aunt March, Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg, Spring Byington as Marmee, of course, and Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, John Lodge, Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, and Nydia Westman. Directed by George Cukor (for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy) and produced by David O. Selznick, for R.K.O. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. Screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" in terms of the enjoyable soppy. In French. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 17-18.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

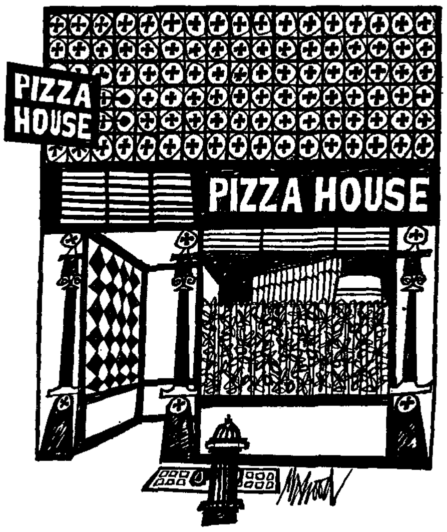
Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Art; through Nov. 18.)

Mad Max—An Australian film, with Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller and Gibson. (Olympia; starting Nov. 21.)

Magnificent Obsession (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men (1979)—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Art; starting Nov. 19.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center; starting Nov. 14.)



The Mouse That Roared (1959)—This is the English comedy in which Peter Sellers—playing a field marshal, an imposingly big-bosomed grand duchess, and the Prime Minister of Grand Fenwick—made his first big impression on American moviegoers. It's about a minuscule mythical country that declares war on the United States, expecting to be quickly defeated and thus eligible for the cash benefits of rehabilitation. Twenty Grand Fenwickians, dressed in armor and toting bows and arrows, set sail for New York in a ramshackle tug. That's about as far as the comedy gets. The film abandons its small, amusing idea and goes off on a wearying tangent about a scientist (David Kossoff) with a big bomb and an ingénue-daughter (Jean Seberg), but it was hugely and inexplicably popular. Leo McKern and William Hartnell are in the cast. Jack Arnold directed; from a novel by Leonard Wibberley, adapted by Roger Macdougall and Stanley Mann. (Cinema Village; Nov. 18.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Art; through Nov. 18.)

Oh, God! Book II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

Oh Heavenly Dog—With Chevy Chase and Benji playing the same part. Directed by Joe Camp. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center; through Nov. 13.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish

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psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Nov. 13.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Cinema Village; Nov. 16-17.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey. John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16.)

A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (4/30/79) (Cinema Village; Nov. 16-17.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honey bunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically, it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Sutton; through the afternoon of Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; starting Nov. 13.)

Raging Bull—The story of the boxer Jake LaMotta, with Robert De Niro as LaMotta. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Nov. 14.)

The Reivers (1969)—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Regency; Nov. 18-19.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2.)

Rio Rita (1942)—For masochists. They get the works in this one: Kathryn Grayson shrilling her songs from that quivering heart-shaped mouth, John Carroll acting virile, and Abbott and Costello acting funny. S. Sylvan Simon directed this pitiful version of a good old musical show. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Olympia; Nov. 14-20.)

Shogun Assassin—With Tomisaburo Wakayama, directed by Kenji Misumi and Robert Houston. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 21.)

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Embassy 5. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 16.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (72nd Street East; Nov. 14-20.)

Space Movie—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild; starting Nov. 17.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Nov. 13.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "I'm a Dreamer (Aren't We All?)," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Nov. 17.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld.)

Touched by Love—With Deborah Raffin, Diane Lane, John Amos, and Michael Learned; directed by Gus Trikonis. (Cinema I; through Nov. 16.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretations on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world of the time. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 19-20.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Manhattan 2; Nov. 12.)

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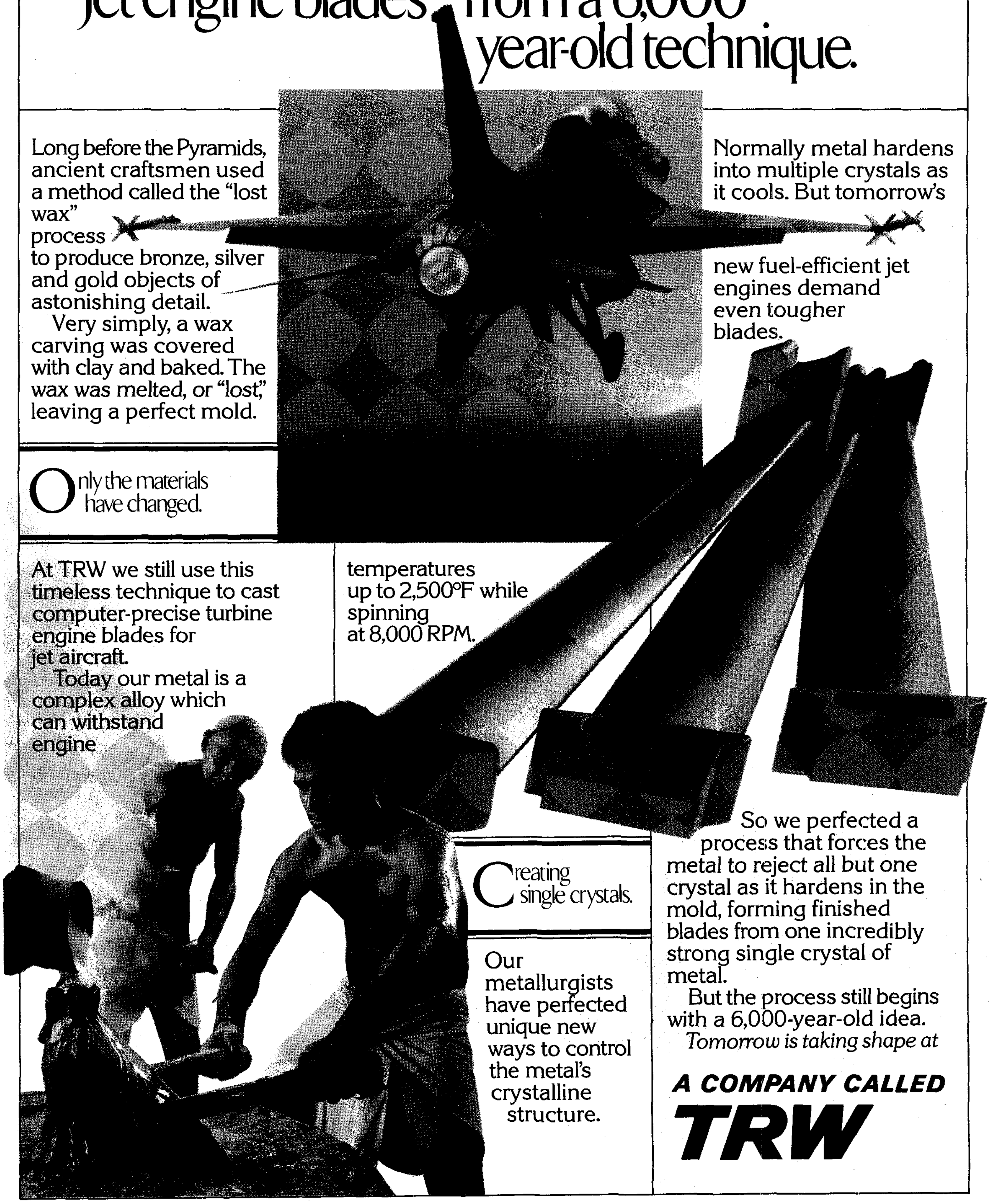

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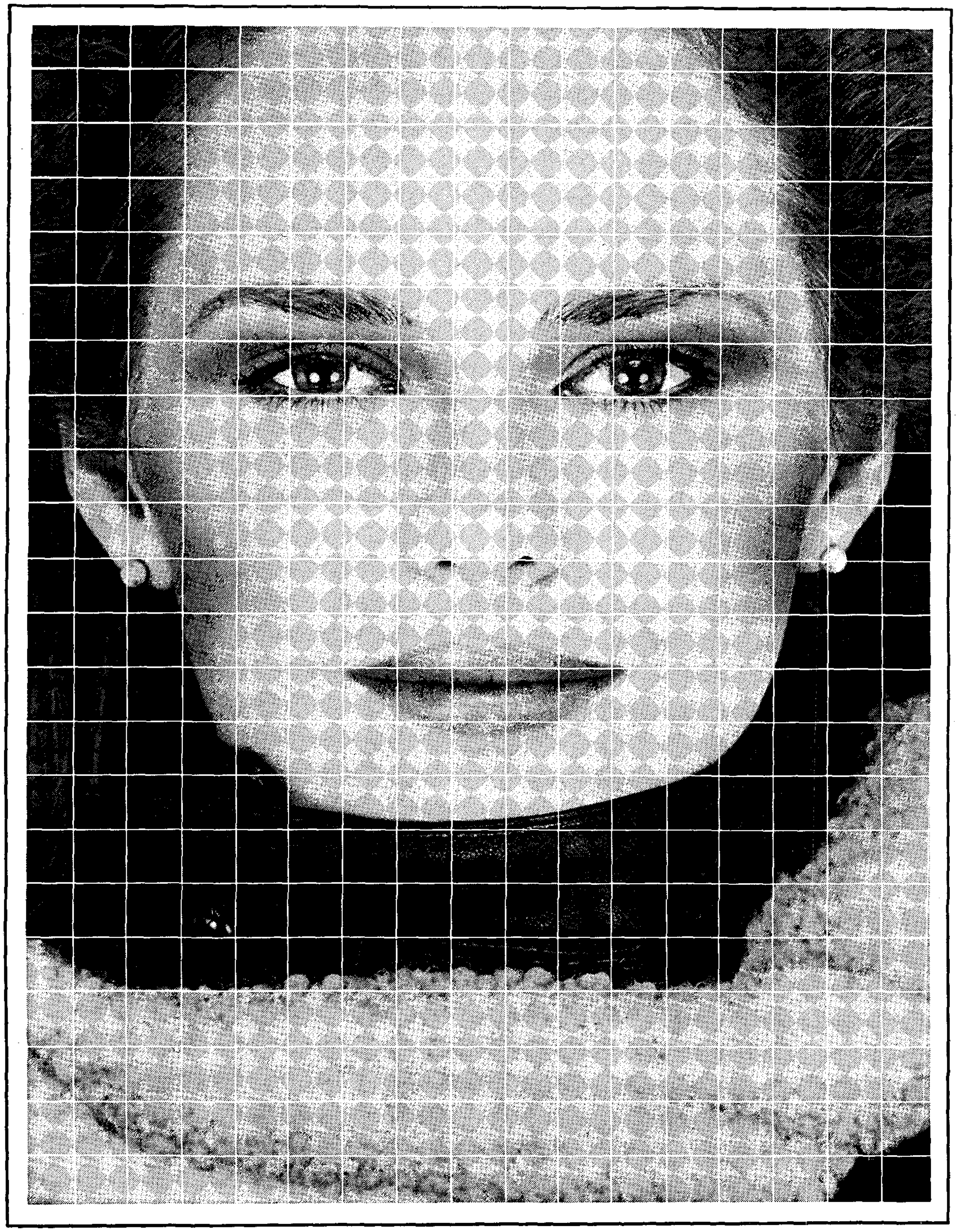

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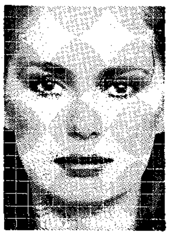

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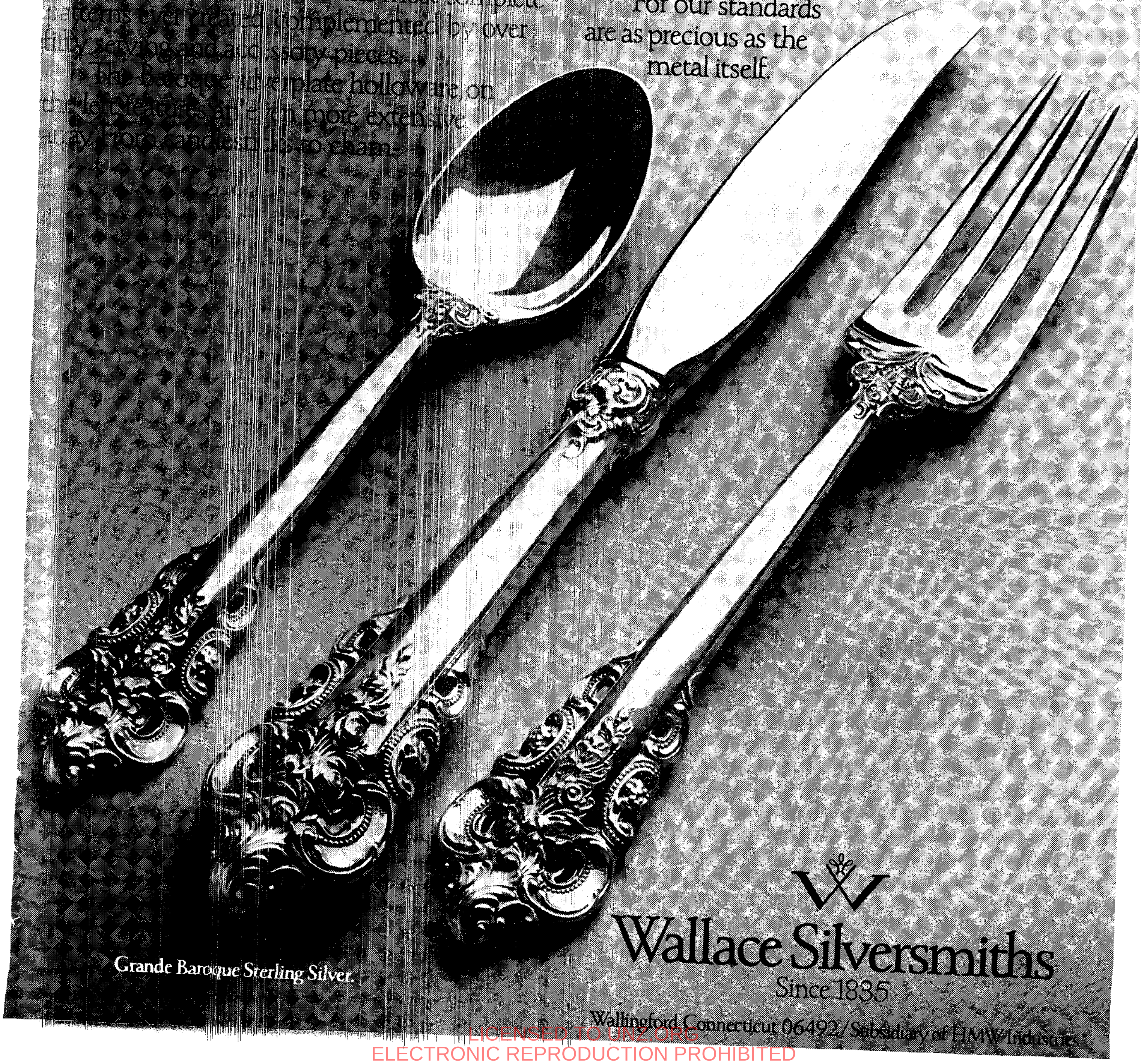

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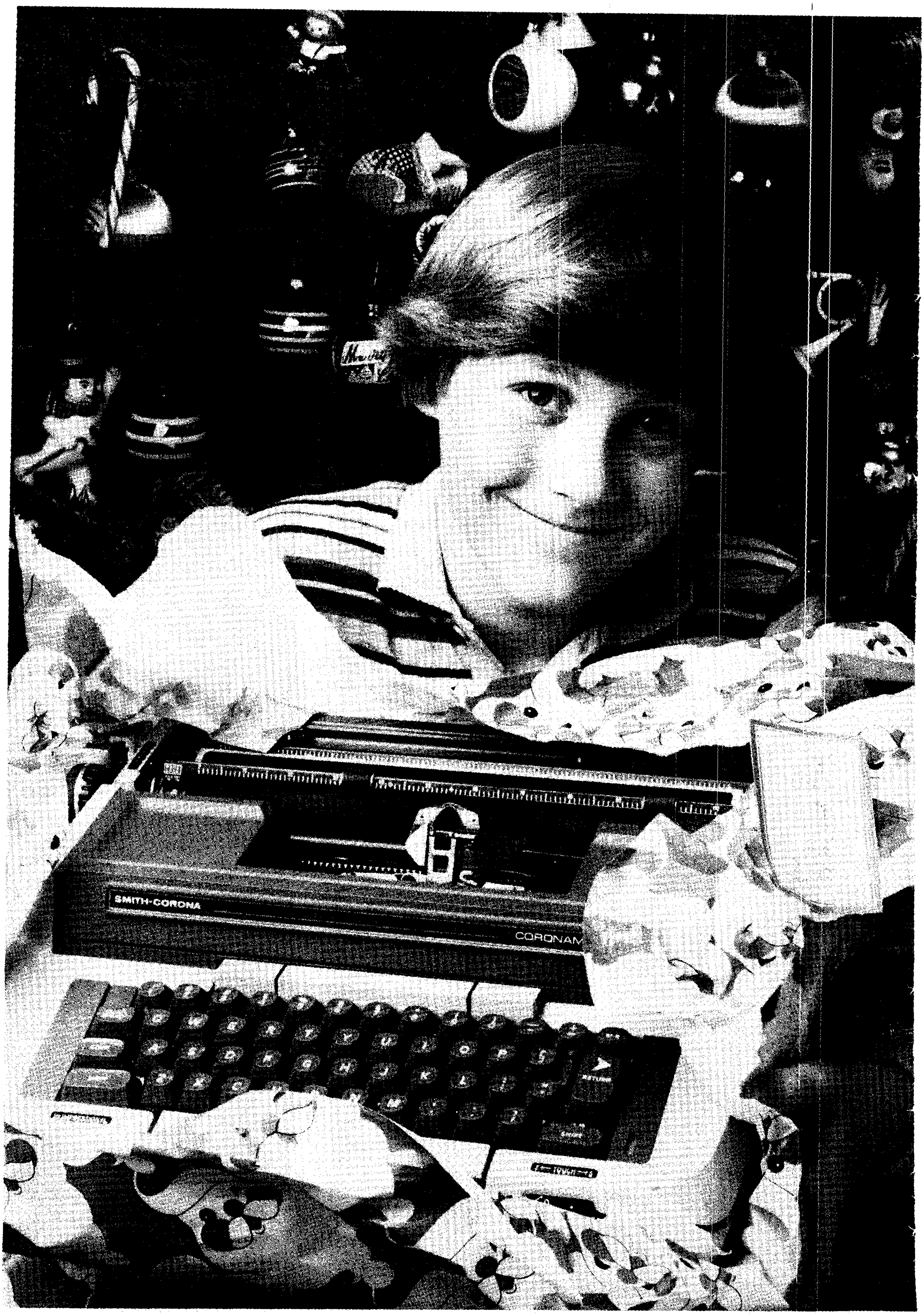
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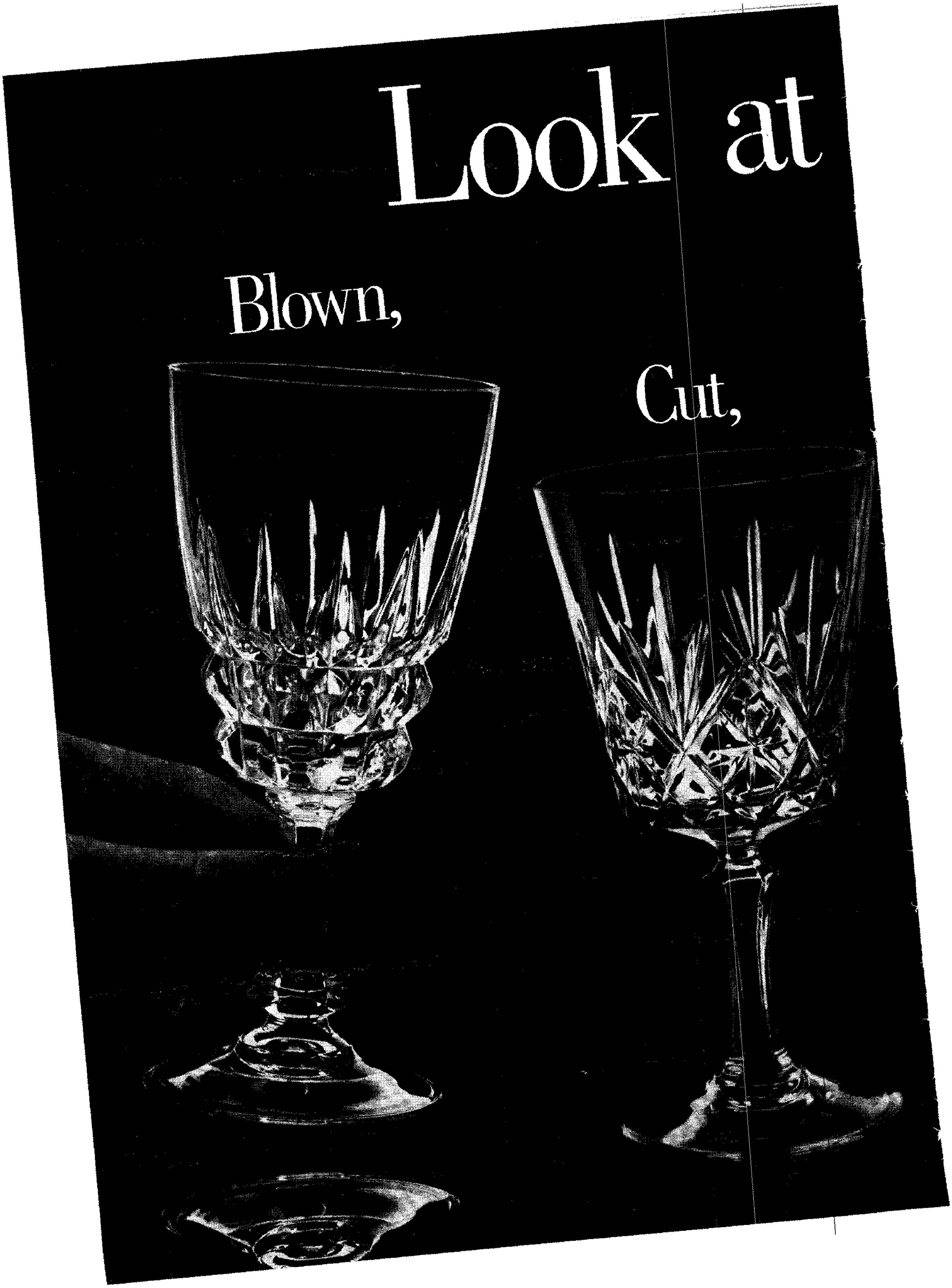
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WEEK or two before Election Day, in the midst of the confused and confusing roar of the campaign—a composite this year of high-pressure propaganda, backed by big money; carefully devised innuendo, based on the most up-to-date techniques of market research; unbridled denigration and euphoric self-praise, hardly constrained either by truth or by sense, from the candidates and their ever-multiplying "surrogates" (a word suggesting that, for political purposes, human beings have lost their individuality and are now considered interchangeable); self-serving "analyses" by campaign strategists; and, throughout, unfunny one-liners, apparently adapted to political use from television sit-coms—an issue of great, even of supreme, national importance did manage to command the attention of the candidates for a few days; that was the so-called war-and-peace issue. In the characteristic mode of the campaign, it had no definite form when it was first introduced—in a speech by President Carter—but there was plenty of substance at hand, and before long some of this was finding its way into the discussion. To begin with, the Republican campaign platform, which had been written by Governor Reagan's supporters, called for "military superiority over the Soviet Union," whereas the Democratic platform called only for "equality." The difference was important, because the former ambition in all likelihood made further arms-limitation agreements impossible, whereas the latter laid the basis for them. In addition, Reagan opposed ratification of the SALT II treaty, which would limit both Soviet and American arms, and had spoken of an arms race as a "missing card" in America's dealings with the Soviets, whereas the President favored ratification of SALT II. However, President Carter, who took Reagan to task for recommending an arms race, favored building the MX missile system—which has been called the largest construction project in all history—while Reagan had reservations about it. (He favored an unspecified modified version.) To confuse things further, it was Carter himself who had tabled consideration of SALT II in the Senate, when the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, and his resuscitation of the treaty had occurred only after the campaign began. Then, in the apparently fateful debate between the two men, Carter pressed his advocacy of the SALT II treaty, and Reagan reversed field, as part of what the newspapers referred to as his "peace offensive." Forgetting about "military superiority," he now wished only for a "margin of safety," and implied that he opposed the SALT II treaty partly because it didn't sufficiently reduce nuclear arms. As if all this weren't baffling enough, Carter, who had signed an executive order only a few months earlier approving the sale of nuclear-reactor fuel to India—a nation that had exploded its first nuclear bomb in 1974—accused Reagan of once saying that nuclear proliferation was "none of our business," and Reagan denied making the statement, although in fact he had made it. Plainly, the internal contradictions in the positions of both candidates together with the differences between them provided the matter for a whole season of analysis and discussion. But just at that moment a thick fog rolled in over the issue, and further detailed discussion was postponed until after the election. Now that Governor Reagan has been elected, it appears that SALT II, the product of more than six years of negotiation, is dead, and not only the American public but the rest of the world, including our European allies and Japan, which all supported ratification of the treaty, are waiting to see what, if anything, Mr. Reagan will come up with in its stead. The campaign, from beginning to end, offered no guide to their speculation.

As it happened, though, the submerged issue may have been touched on obliquely by President-elect Reagan on Election Night. While he was making his victory speech, his supporters handed him a cake in the shape of the United States. For a moment, their grip on it seemed to slip, and this pastry semblance of our country threatened to fall on the floor, but they recovered their grip and the accident was averted. An odd thought then seemed to stray across Reagan's mind, and he said, "When that began to slide, I thought that maybe the world was going out as I was getting in." His apparently unconscious substitution of "world" for the clearly indicated "United States" was especially apt. For, strange as it may seem for a President-elect to reflect aloud that the world might somehow depart or vanish as he arrived in the White House, the thought is in fact an entirely fitting one for our time, in which the world actually can "go out"—like a candle in a gust of wind—if the President and his Soviet counterpart ever use the terrible weapons at their disposal.

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Ceremonies

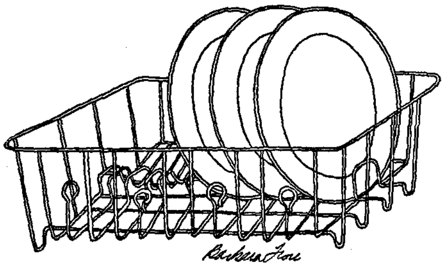
NOT long ago, while Harlemites were still in a foul mood over Mayor Koch's decision to close down their Sydenham Hospital, an event occurred that they could celebrate. This was the opening of a new home for the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, an institution beloved even of those Harlemites who have never used it but have merely heard what's in it. Though the opening of the new building did not take the people's minds off their displeasure with the Mayor, and what they regard as his indifference to the needs of their community, it reassured them that Harlem had not entirely lost its standing as one of the concerns of official New York.

As for the Schomburg Center itself, official attention to it was long overdue. "Nowhere," as the Center states in one of its brochures, "is there a larger or more comprehensive collection documenting the history, literature, and art of peoples of African descent." Yet up until this fall nowhere were archives of such importance housed in worse quarters. The building, on 135th Street just off Lenox Avenue, had been put up in 1905—soon after blacks began moving to Harlem—as a small lending library for the predominantly white residents, and it had decayed to the point where it was letting in rain upon a wealth of rare books. Moreover, it had long since run out of space for the filing and storing of new acquisitions; valuable records were piled up under tables in unopened boxes and bins, or stored in a dank basement, where they gradually disintegrated. There was no air-conditioning, so the reading rooms sweltered during the summer; and during the winter, when, as sometimes happened, the heating system broke down, the building had to be kept closed for days. Readers often arrived to find that half of a total of six microfilm machines were out of order. And on Saturdays, when the library was most crowded, researchers hesitated to go out to lunch, for fear there would be no empty seats when they returned.

All such troubles are now over. The new building eminently accords with the Schomburg's status as a national center for ethnic research—or so we felt when we went up to observe the dedication ceremonies. It is a five-story red brick structure occupying an entire block front of Lenox Avenue, from 135th Street to 136th. It was designed by a black architectural firm, and was erected at a cost of three million seven hundred thousand dollars—provided by the federal government. It is not only about three times as large as the former building but also, in our eyes, three times as handsome.

A spacious and comfortable main reading room looks out, through big windows, upon a quiet back garden. A small art gallery—also looking out through big windows, but upon noisy and preoccupied Lenox Avenue—currently displays paintings and carvings by such important black artists, past and present, as Henry O. Tanner, Palmer Hayden, Augusta Savage, Archibald Motley, Richmond Barthé, Aaron Douglas, and Elizabeth Catlett. A large and airy microfilm and microfiche reading room is stocked with fifteen brand-new machines, none of which should be breaking down any time soon. There are other large rooms for stacks, audiovisual aids, and the Center's collection of rare books and manuscripts. Altogether, the new building holds some seventy-five thousand books, on all aspects of Afro-American history and culture; ten thousand reels of microfilm; ten thousand recordings of black music; complete United States Census records from 1790 to 1900; files of most of the important black newspapers published in this country during the past hundred and fifty years; sixty thousand photographs; thousands of old monographs, leaflets, pamphlets, prints, tapes, and oral-history transcripts; and, for microfiche users, a special-subject file with nine thousand headings.

The celebration of the new accommodations began on Saturday morning, when more than a hundred people—black intellectuals, including academics, librarians, writers, and artists, and some other Harlem folks—filled the main reading room to take part in a symposium titled New Directions in Black Studies. Scholars like John Blassingame and Charles T. Davis, of Yale, and Robert Weaver, of Hunter, reviewed the history of black studies, from the early days of W. E. B. Du Bois—a pioneer in the field—to the present. They also praised the Center's contributions over the years to the development of black writing and Afro-American scholarship.



On Sunday afternoon, when the ceremonies resumed, they were held outdoors. Several hundred Harlemites gathered in front of the library to listen to a program of poetry reading, speechmaking, and music. From just past midday until early evening, the audience, with fluctuating interest and enthusiasm, surrendered itself to a raft of eulogists—City Hall and Albany politicians, Harlem intellectuals and civic leaders, officials of the New York Public Library and the National Endowment for the Humanities, and visiting civil-rights figures, including Coretta Scott King. In what seemed at times like a desert of oratory, the George Stubbs jazz trio was a sweet and refreshing oasis. The gathering was at its raptest when the trio (Stubbs on piano, Bill Davis on bass, and Charles Otis on drums) swung into Fats Waller and Duke Ellington standards like "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Satin Doll," and "Take the 'A' Train."

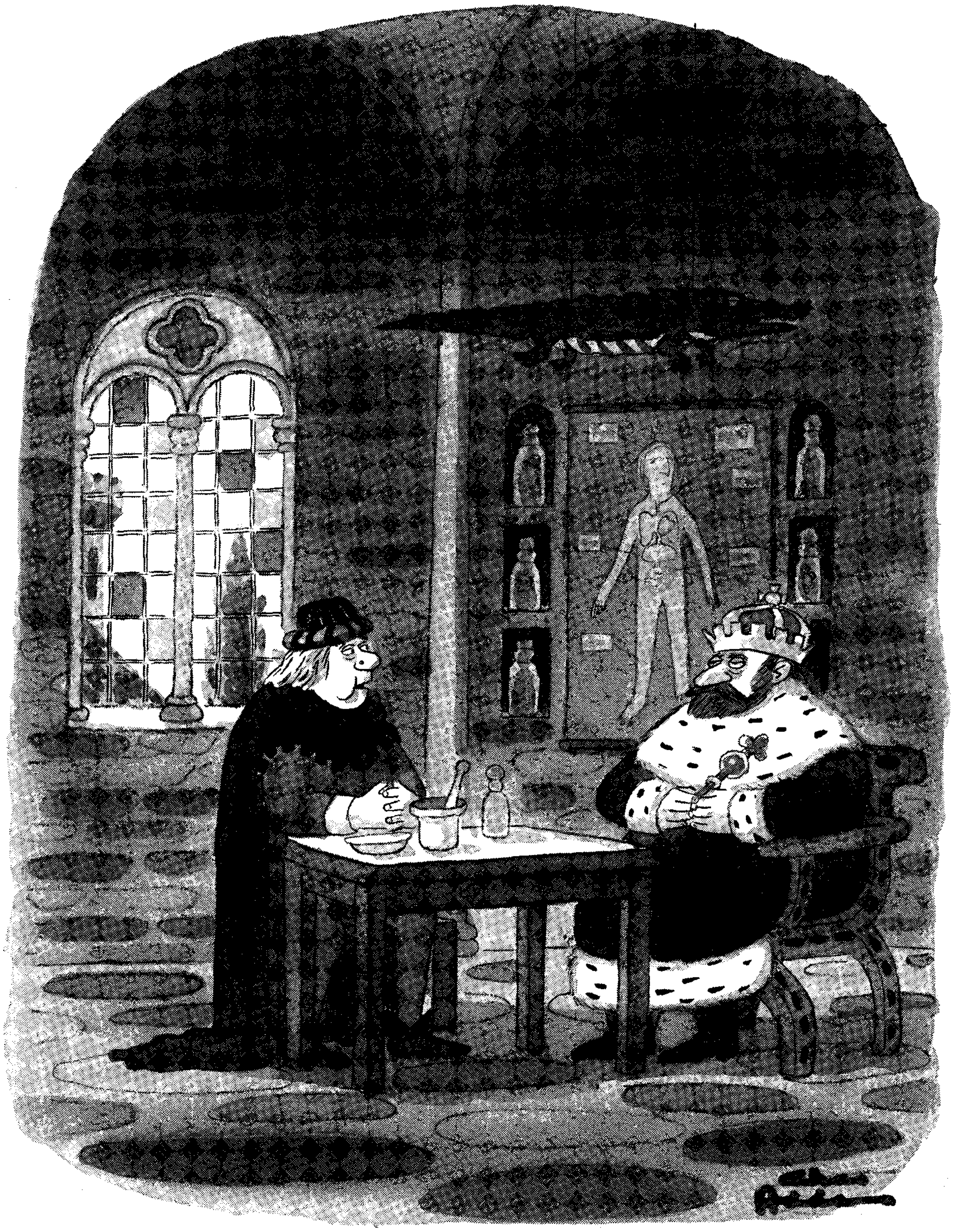
For all that, there was an undercurrent of sullenness running through sections of the crowd. The new Schomburg building was fine, but Sydenham Hospital seemed to be very much on people's minds; it had been announced in advance that Mayor Koch would speak at the Schomburg ceremony, and they were waiting to hear from him—or, at any rate, to accord him a reception of a certain sort. The Mayor never showed up, however. Late in the proceedings, Richard Couper, the president of the New York Public Library, who had spoken his own piece earlier, returned to the microphone to read, he said, a statement from the Mayor. The announcement of his intention was all we were able to hear of what he had to say, for the crowd erupted immediately into boos and catcalls, and that chorus accompanied Mr. Couper's entire reading of the Mayor's text. We learned later that part of it went, "I have been informed that the ceremony may be interrupted by demonstrations directed against me. I would not want to divert attention from this glorious occasion."

Two Wheels Good, Four Wheels Bad

IT might quite easily not have occurred to us to attend the 1980 Eastern Design Engineering Show at the Coliseum recently if in scanning its press release we had not happened to notice that among the new products on display was a bicycle called the Urban—a small-wheeled, folding bicycle designed to relieve the horrors of the rush hour. We confess to feeling warm toward the bicycle in all its manifestations—in its well-calculated efficiency and its silent, patient presence, it is the one machine for which we have developed a positive affection—so it became something of an imperative for us to see its latest embodiment. We therefore took ourself off to the Coliseum, and went looking for our quarry among the stalls on the second floor, which were bristling with mechanical actuators that intimidated us and with new plastics whose names were beyond the power of the human tongue to pronounce. We were diverted momentarily, it is true, by a demonstration of the Polaroid High Speed Recording System, which filmed things that happened too fast for the eye to see, and promised to play them back to us, at a variety of speeds and in color, ninety seconds later. To make the point, an attendant karate expert, properly dressed in his *gi*, emphatically chopped a couple of boards into splinters, and, sure enough, when a cassette was transferred from camera to projector, we were able to watch the boards disintegrate in slow motion. We brooded a bit about how to apply this breakthrough to our present life, but we still had bicycles uppermost in our mind, and eventually we found our way to the *Design News* stand, where a knot of people surrounded a young man with one hand on the seat of a small, neat bicycle, which at first appeared to be not startlingly different from various low-slung, structurally economical models we have admired from time to time—grownup ghosts of the indefatigable scooter bikes of our childhood.

We proved to be just in time, for the bicycle's master, who kept a hand affectionately on the creature while he answered some questions about it, soon lifted the bicycle from its plinth, straddled it, and set off with an effortless whoosh down the alley between the stalls. Managing his mount with a touch like that used on faithful animals, he threaded his way intricately and confidently through throngs of demonstrators and among the nosying public; disappeared round a corner; returned seconds later from the opposite direction; and eventually braked his machine beside us and stepped off, in one graceful flourish.

It is not a simple matter for prose to do justice to the essential grace of a bicycle; and, obviously, the bicycle's rider, who turned out to be Mr. Steven Titcomb, its designer, would rather have had his machine—which he was now restoring to its plinth—answer questions and otherwise speak for him. We waited until the chin-stroking spectators had thinned out, and man-



"*I'm taking you off blackbird pie, Sire.*"

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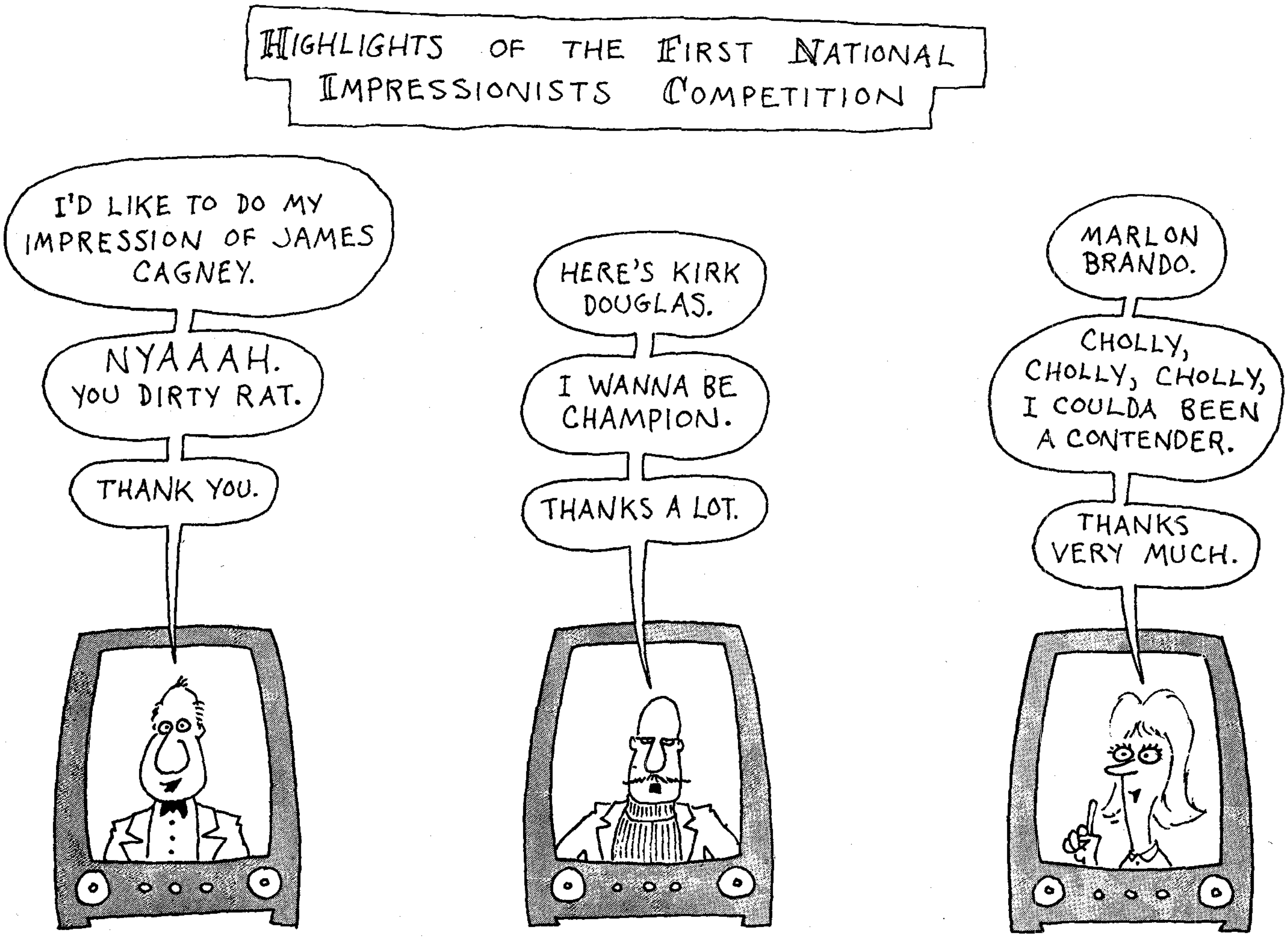
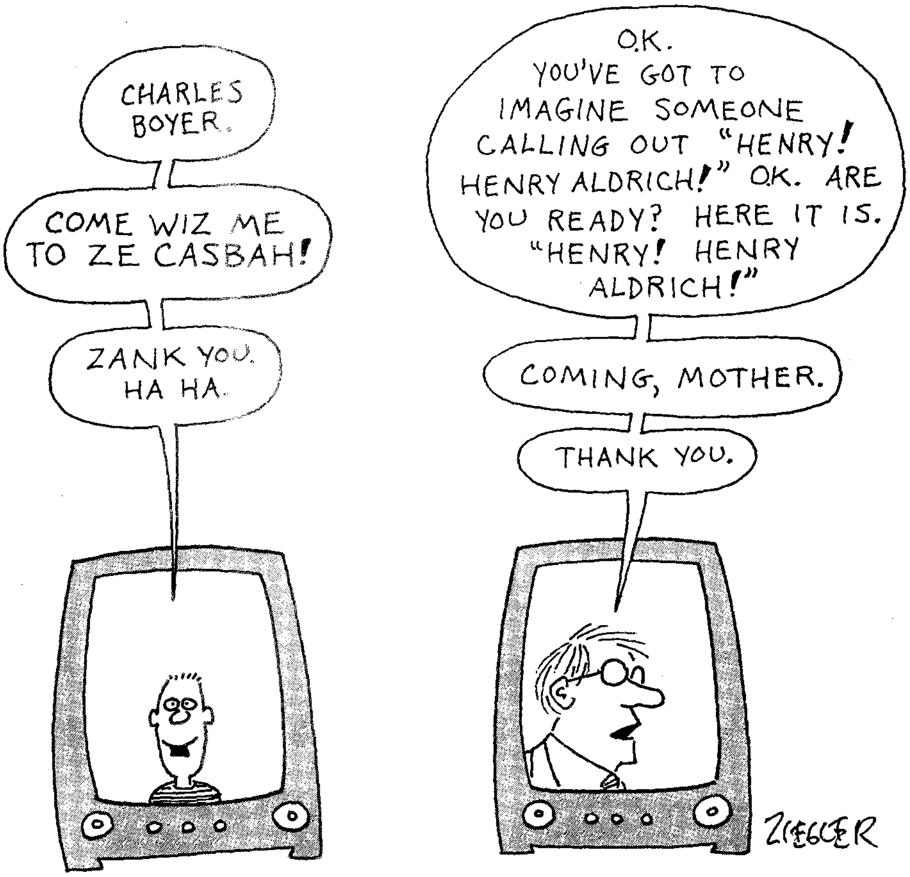

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL IMPRESSIONISTS COMPETITION
I'D LIKE TO DO MY IMPRESSION OF JAMES CAGNEY.
NYAAAH. YOU DIRTY RAT.
THANK YOU.
HERE'S KIRK DOUGLAS.
I WANNA BE CHAMPION.
THANKS A LOT.
MARLON BRANDO.
CHOLLY, CHOLLY, CHOLLY, I COULDA BEEN A CONTENDER.
THANKS VERY MUCH.

aged to separate him from his post long enough to get him to illumine his creation for us. Mr. Titcomb, who was neatly mustached and quiet-spoken, with a laconic twinkle, told us about the emergence of his bicycle. "I've been working on it pretty steadily for the last five years," he said. "I began it as a degree project when I was in my last year at the Massachusetts College of Art, not really knowing where it would take me. I had first thought of a pedal-propelled skateboard, and that got me into propulsion systems. I covered my walls with plans and diagrams of a whole variety of systems until I worked out this one—I used it first to build a self-propelled scooter, and eventually I adapted it for the Urban."

The Urban dispenses with the circular, chain-and-sprocket drive of ordinary bicycles. Its pedals are on levers, parallel to the frame, that do not circle but, rather, exert force simply by being depressed by the rider's weight. A spring returns them to their original position. "I read up on isometric force in the Harvard medical library," Mr. Titcomb continued, "and it became clear to me that downward thrust from what is called the forced-weight position provides optimum power—as when conventional cyclists stand on their pedals to get up speed. I worked out my propulsion system on that motion. Each downward thrust transmits power to the hub of the back wheel by a steel cable. Moreover, the mechanisms of the two pedals are independent of one another, and the bike can actually be pedalled by one foot only. Just the other day, I had an inquiry from an amputee. He wanted to try my bike, and found he could ride it easily. That had never occurred to me."

From where we were sitting, we could see the *Design News* stall, and the little bicycle, on its stand, never for a moment lacked for peerers and prodders, whose manner had a cautiousness about it that could easily be construed as skepticism. "It's strange," Mr. Titcomb said. "People in this country still have a kind of toy approach to bicycles, whereas the bicycle is as efficient a machine as we have ever devised. I really came to the bicycle from thinking about problems of urban transportation more than anything—the horrors of rush hour, and all that. A folding bicycle that took up as little space as possible made a lot of sense to me. I followed all kinds of leads and looked into a lot of experiments, and I came across some weird designs. The Japanese held a bicycle-design competition a few years ago, but many of their designs seemed a bit cosmetic to me. Folding bikes somehow never folded up small enough to go on subways, but the propulsion I devised lets my bike fold up much smaller." He showed us a photograph of something like a rectangular golf bag—a carrying case that holds his bicycle in disassembled form—and told us that it measures only twelve by twelve by forty-seven inches. "I spent two years after college fiddling away at my design—I had a job cleaning bottles and glasses at the Harvard Medical School then—and it began to come clear," he said. "When I was experimenting with early models, I used to ride them up and down the corridors of my apartment house in Boston late at night, keeping it secret in a kind of


CHARLES BOYER.
COME WIZ ME TO ZE CASBAH!
ZANK YOU. HA HA.
O.K. YOU'VE GOT TO IMAGINE SOMEONE CALLING OUT "HENRY! HENRY ALDRICH!" O.K. ARE YOU READY? HERE IT IS. "HENRY! HENRY ALDRICH!"
COMING, MOTHER.
THANK YOU.
ZIEGLER

way. Now, however, my patents are all applied for and pending—imminent, I like to think. The firm I have been working with, Collier-Keyworth, which makes office-chair parts, among other things, helped me build this prototype; I will soon join the Ade Corporation, a company that makes electronic measuring devices. *Design News* first did a piece on the Urban and then decided to include it as part of its exhibition here. I've done quite a bit of pedalling these last few days."

We asked if bicycles were still preoccupying him.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Titcomb said. "I have a lot of things in mind, but I'd certainly like to explore the bicycle further. Quite a number of people have been in touch with me about the Urban—mostly private individuals who feel enthusiastic about it. What has been most exhilarating to me is seeing something I pondered about and thought out over a long period suddenly materialize and make obvious sense to a lot of other people."

We crossed over to the stall as Mr. Titcomb prepared to undertake another sally through the exhibition. "Of course, a lot of things would have to happen before the Urban could appear on the streets or become a habit," he said. "But at least it exists." With that, he swung his leg easily over the saddle and whooshed off. Leaving the Coliseum, we had a brief vision of some future Columbus Circle, quietly crowded with small bicycles, a single lane left for taxis and buses. Outside, the reality provided a gruelling contrast.

Halloween Party

A LETTER has arrived from a woman we know:

My thirteen-year-old son gave a Halloween costume party for a bunch of boys and girls. I became his financier as he talked endlessly about his Count Dracula costume. Count Dracula seems to have been the most popular Halloween costume for the past ten years—a black satin Count Dracula cape ($18.95), Count Dracula fangs ($1.25), clown whiteface makeup ($2), and Zauders stage blood ($2). The menu for the party included fried chicken, spaghetti, Cokes, salad, and cupcakes with orange or chocolate icing (cost per guest: $7). The candy, for visiting trick-or-treaters as well as for the guests, was orange and black jelly beans, sugar pumpkins, Candy Corn, Tootsie Rolls, Raisinets, Almond Joys, Nestlé Crunch, Baby Ruths, Milky Ways, Heide Jujyfruits, Peanut Chews, and Cracker Jacks (total: $38.65). My son also had eight cookies, six inches in diameter and decorated with black cats ($1.25 each); eight little plastic pumpkins full of hard candies, each with a trembly plastic spider on top ($2.50 each); eight orange-colored balloons that blew up to resemble cats (eighty-five cents each); eight orange-colored lollipops with jack-o'-lantern faces (seventy cents each); a large paper tablecloth showing a black witch standing over a black caldron with spiders popping out of the caldron ($2.25); matching napkins ($1.10); matching paper cups ($2); matching paper plates ($1.75); a "HAPPY HALLOWEEN" sign ($1.25); a dancing skeleton ($3.99); something called a Happy Spider ($4); a classic jack-o'-lantern, made of a real pumpkin ($4, plus labor). Total investment in props: $181.59. Total investment of labor in jack-o'-lantern, kitchen cleanup, and laundry: $35. Total investment in emotion and puzzlement: indeterminable.

I watch the guests arrive. The first one, A, comes as Darth Vader, of "Star Wars." B comes as Luke Skywalker, of "Star Wars." C comes as The Incredible Hulk. D comes as a tramp. E comes as a ghost. F comes as a ballerina. G comes, in one of her mother's old evening gowns, as Bette Midler. All are in an advanced stage of hysteria. A pulls at C's costume. G immediately starts throwing sugar pumpkins at E. They've given themselves an hour before they move the party out to ring doorbells and see what they get. They tear into the fried chicken, most of them eating three bites and wasting the rest. They sprinkle jelly beans on the chicken and on the spaghetti. They pick at the spaghetti, which is on the menu because my son said everybody likes spaghetti. They eat it one strand at a time, dropping a strand on the floor for each strand they consume. They gulp down the Cokes, another "must"—their appetite for the caffeine insatiable. And

“Let’s see how it moves.”

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what are they talking about, these eighth graders who are eying each other fishily? They are talking about their *careers*. They are talking about getting into Exeter. They are talking about Yale and Yale Law School. They are talking about how to get in here and how to get in there. They are talking about who makes more money, the president of Chase Manhattan or the president of General Motors. Nobody is talking kid talk. Nobody is talking about the present time and what to do with it. Nobody is talking about learning. Nobody sounds *young*. A, a pudgy boy who tries to find out the marks of every other child in his class, wants to be “a successful corporation lawyer.” He doesn’t say just “corporation lawyer.” It’s success that he’s bent on. He informs my son that he intends to have more money than his uncle, who is a corporation lawyer in Philadelphia. Next, A tells my son that he wants to go to Exeter. Why? “Because Exeter is a stepping-stone to Harvard,” he says. Not Exeter for the wonders of Exeter but Exeter because it will be useful *after* he leaves it.

B, with his mouth full of Almond Joy, is asking the others a question: “Do you want to be a little fish in a big pond or a big fish in a little pond?”

What has that got to do with getting an education? How about the excitement of learning algebra? How about that wonderful grammar teacher who showed you how to recognize the participle absolute? Why aren’t you talking about your French teacher’s getting you to speak French with an accent that would wow them in Paris? I want to butt in with my questions, but I keep my mouth shut.

Now A is talking. His mother, he is saying, has taken him rock climbing, because rock climbing is an impressive activity to put down as his “interest” on the application to Exeter.

“But you *hate* rock climbing!” says D, who is a mischief-maker with the face of an angel under his tramp makeup. “You hate to move your *ass*,” D adds.

All right, who else is here? C, who is wearing a mask of The Incredible Hulk. C is the jock of the group. He has been in training since the age of two in the craft of giving nothing away. He’s wary and tight and already immunized to the teeth against charity for its own sake. He, too, wants to be a corporation lawyer; so do B and D. The girls, though—the ballerina and Bette Midler—both want to be big-corporation presidents. They are both relaxed, being well aware of what women’s lib has done for them. E, the ghost, is the only one with a simple costume, made of a sheet. A, talking to B, points out that E doesn’t have to bother about a costume, because he’s rich, very rich. His grandfather lives in Texas and owns real oil wells—not new ones but very old and very productive oil wells. E wants to be a movie director and has promised to give my son, who at the moment wants to be an actor, a starring part in his first movie. They are pals. Both of them are regarded with suspicion by the ones who want to be corporation lawyers.

What else are they saying? They’re still talking about Exeter. Apparently, A is obsessed by Exeter—it is he who keeps bringing the conversation back to it.

“They ask you to write a ‘personal letter’ to them,” this little busybody says. “They say, ‘This letter should represent you as accurately as possible.’ But then they tell you in the catalogue what they want, so all you have to do is tell it back to them.”

C finally talks. “The way *you* always figure out what the teacher wants and give it right back to *him*,” he says.

D squirts a little Coke at A, and the future lawyers get up and make for the door. They cram their loot bags with the orange and black jelly beans, the Candy Corn, the cookies, the trembly spiders, the balloons, the jack-o’-lantern lollipops, and the rest. They make a big point of thanking me loudly. The girls amble out, smiling knowledgeably at each other. E and my son run to catch up to them. They, too, thank me extravagantly. And they all go off, in their disguises, to do their tricks and get their treats. I am left wondering what it’s all about.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

MY father worked in a paprika factory, and so our house was completely red—not just the walls and ceilings but even the inside of the bulbs. My childhood glowed in a red light, and I remember my astonishment, looking through the rose-colored windows, at the first appearance—my first awareness—of grass. Even through a rose filter, I knew it wasn't red. Going outside, I saw green for the first time, in astonishing amounts. My mother watched cautiously from the doorstep. I began to suspect the Revolution would not work—a thought that had dimly occurred to me when my milk was poured: the only other color I had ever seen. My mother was a superb baker, and with my milk I would often have red-currant tarts, raspberry pie, or—her pièce de résistance—red bread.

My father was political, and he would come home, pour himself a glass of claret, and begin to talk about the injustices of the world. It seemed all right to me, though somewhat monotonous. Cold cherry soup, chicken paprika—even as a child, I longed for variety. Looking back, I realize my only source of Vitamin C was the tomato.

"Imperialist," my father would say, pouring himself another claret, "aggressors."

"Can I have some more milk, Mama?" I would ask, timing my drinks to coincide with my father's. I had my eye on a cranberry cobbler. I was bored. Other than working on my wet-sand collection or gluing the garden down, I had nothing to do. I looked out the window. Fat robins, ungainly in clumps, were vying with the cardinals for attention. We lived near a lake—Lake Mars. Pouring paprika into the glue, or staining the sand with Mercurochrome, I had never thought of blue waves. The sky where we lived was gray—a pink gray, or grayish orange, or a sort of cinnamon-Lavoris, depending on the weather and the time of day. I was not to see blue until I was fifteen, when, on a long-planned vacation trip, I happened to look up. It would be hard to reproduce the emotions of that day. I felt as if I had spent my life in a cramped box and had just been let out. I fell in love with the West. Before I knew it I was reading American books—Sinclair Lewis, Robert Penn Warren . . .

I began to detest red. A pot of geraniums I had nurtured—so much sand, a minimum of water, all the sun possible—seemed to me common. As did rubies and lipstick. Now that I went out a bit I became aware of traffic lights. I opened my eyes at "Go" and closed them at "Stop." Looking at roses made me ill; in order to fend off vertigo, I stared carefully at their thorns. I began to collect bits and pieces of things that were not red, and I would hold my secret hoard—a lavender button, a silver coin, a black stone—in the palm of my hand after my parents had gone to bed. An only child, I was indulged in all sorts of ways. For instance, I used to stay up later than my parents.

In the kitchen, I looked at my father's bottles of paprika, all set out in rows. They ranged from very hot to mild. He had a peasant sense of gaiety, which is not wit, and would sometimes rearrange the sequence of the bottles to fool my mother. We would run from the table, our hands clapped over our mouths, to the kitchen sink for water. My father would laugh and laugh. A desire to break his bottles, to let the powders, rust to maroon, spill out on the floor, took hold of me. I restrained myself. A cool head would be needed for what I had in mind. A defection, and then to devote my life to the obliteration of red. And that included scarlet and cerise.

Emotionally Americanized, I spent some months in Budapest, listening to jazz. In spite of his name, Red Norvo was my favorite—particularly playing "Watermelon Boy" on the bones. I would cry shamelessly at my table at a little café called Le Loup. The proprietor was so gentle that wags had nicknamed it The Little Red Riding Hood. An unpretentious *boîte*, smack in the middle of the red-light district, it offered the best music in Budapest, and attracted a widely diversified clientele. I frequented the place so often that one night I was asked to play the xylophone myself. I stumbled through the "Carmine Blues," a composition of my own devising, but I'm afraid my ineptitude stained it deep purple. I ran, red-faced, from the café, determined never to play the xylophone again. Or even a prepared piano. I was simply not ready for a musical career.

I dabbled in the other arts—the four-dimensional shoeshine (my speciality was cordovan loafers), sand sculpture (my still-life "Canned Salmon" received some notoriety), and stamping wet oatmeal with dyes—but my first exhibition was a disaster. There were no cocktails at the *vernissage*—not even inferior white wine. I'm afraid it was then I took to the red-eye—a joyless compulsion. I was, at seventeen, just another artist drunk on failure. In spite of Thomas Wolfe's negative assertion (I had been reading him in Budapest), I went home again—back to Pinkafeld, scene of my earliest endeavors.

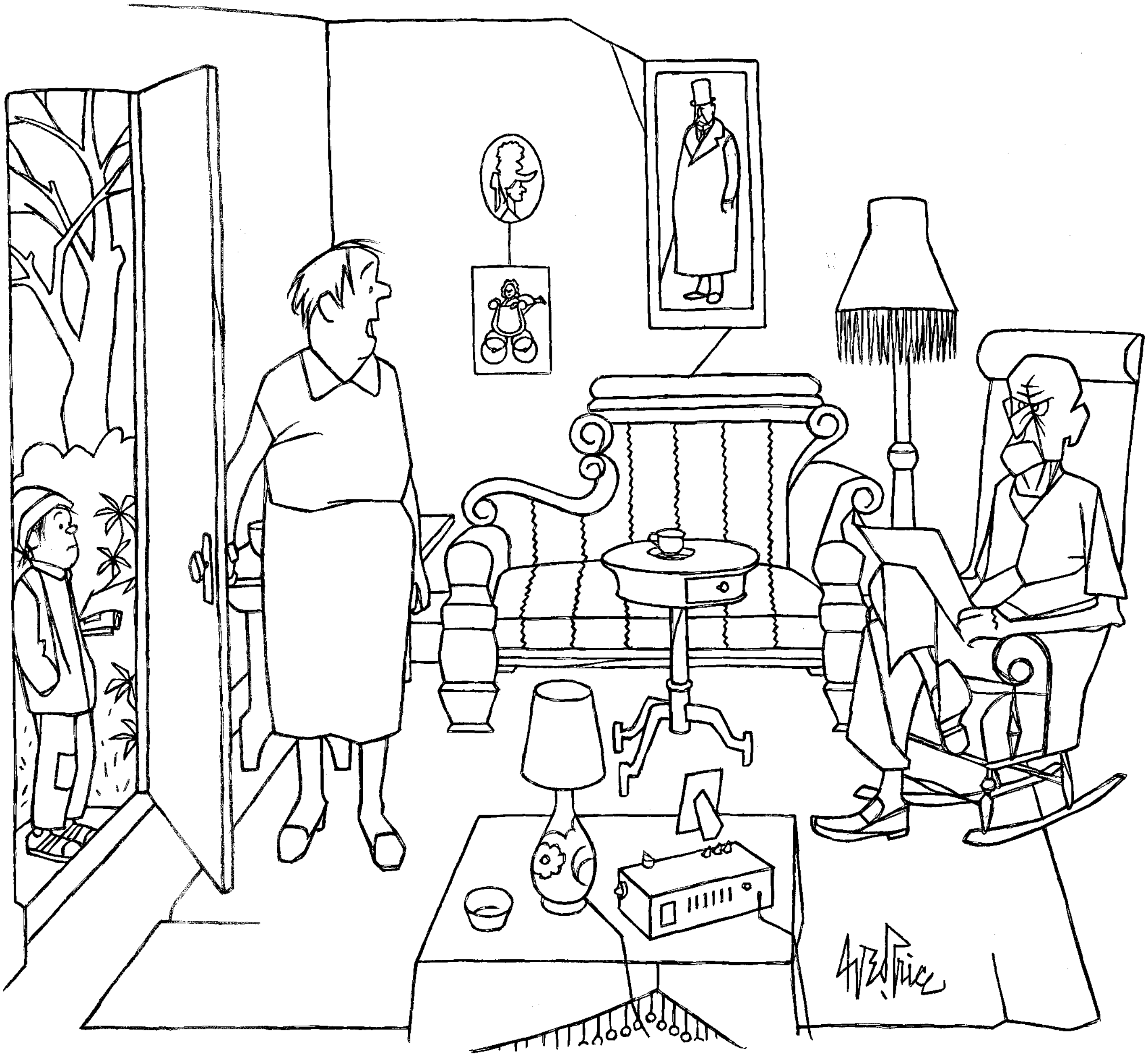
My parents took me in. They always had. At night, in bed, I thought about my defection, staring at "The Battle of Bardolino," a painting that had hung on the opposite wall ever since I could remember. Hundreds of soldiers with their myriad of arms and legs hid behind bushes or stood stock-still against trees—maples mostly. Something about the painting had always bothered me! Could the whole Russian Army, the entire French one have consisted of nothing but carrot tops? I put "restricted palettes" on my list of things to destroy.

I thought about my coming adventure from the first blush of dawn to the sunset's last rubric in the sky. It absorbed my attention as I bent over my plate of borscht. I was obsessed by it in my mother's beet cellar. But I was naïve. In America, fifteen years later, handcuffed in customs at the Baton Rouge airport, I slashed my wrist with a razor. Red, red, red. I had never seen blood. In tears, I knew what I was doomed to be: the son of a worker in a paprika factory—red, inside and out, forever.

—HOWARD MOSS

NEVER BEFORE

Never before
have I gone down
on my hands and knees
and begged the earth to stop turning
in its burning sleep
Never before have I asked the sky
why the rain no longer smears
the eyes of this blind house
why the day never again wakens
with the old washed clarity
in which the green new oranges
bob in their rough skins
toward winter and the coming year
Never before
have I turned my whole road
homeward to this one heart
and asked why I am cinders
why I stand in the dawn winds
and cannot smell the coming of day
why I see the white lip of the Pacific
curling back from land and want
to fall through centuries of uncharted water
toward the frozen center
Will the grass answer
if I bow to it
it is late in the year
and it blows in the autumn chill
blond and careless
the flag of no one
turning slowly to straw or weed
burning in the wasted lot of my life
Never before
have I gone back to the place where I began
and found miles of scattered buildings
rags that were clothes, broken bottles
dishes, yards of burned tires
hills of broken fans, tired motors
dogs, the rubble of lives
that were not lives
and found my own home gone, so much space
filled with the yellow air
we must not breathe
Never before
have I seen in the dark eyes
of children a flame growing slowly
that will scorch first their own hair
and then turn my eyes to fire
never before have I been afraid
as they stood close and not touching
watching me turn back
toward my car and drive away
until the winds whispered *stop*
and I could sit for a moment
remembering what it was
to rise slowly to a world
that seemed at peace on the long
Sunday mornings of lonely first manhood
when I knew nothing
except there was no work that day
When I ask that man
why he wakened in the dark
and dressed himself in the same dirty clothes
that lay on the floor
and drank only cold water
he answers *Monday*
as though that meant
a basket of fresh laundry before his door
or the soil wakening in long rows
to the tiny fists of new shoots
and not the slam of iron on iron
the hands chewing themselves
to rags of blood and loose skin
Never before
have I heard my own voice
cry out in a language not mine
that the earth was wrong
that night came first and then nothing
that birds flew only to their deaths
that ice was the meaning of change
that I was never a child
nor were you nor were my lost sons
nor the sons they won't have
Never before
has dawn streaked the sky
with the purple wastes of iron
has noon turned in the shadows
of small circles of fallen gray leaves
has evening seen the cows
refuse to return
to their long glowing sheds
they shake, they drop their heads
because they must
the hillsides are rusting
the rocks tumble down
so many dull lumps that shatter
into clods of slag
climb higher while the light
still holds out
there is the valley where we came
to rest after turning through water
through generations of earth, through fire,
there is the last dust
rising toward the sun
Never before
have our whole lives
danced in the slow light
of the last hour
never before have I taken
your hand and found
five soiled pages
never before have I taken my own
and found something I had not seen
blood that was heavy and slow
tarnished skin smelling like old breath
bones that laughed
my right arm is
a river that runs toward the heart
bearing no wish
no hope no memory
a river without a name
that began nowhere
and soon will turn back
upon itself
my eyes are deserts



"Would you be interested in becoming an irate subscriber to the Centerville 'Clarion'?"

• •

where nothing is
except the dust clouds gathering
far off in another place
until the sun pales
and they are overhead
and must burst
Never before
has the night come down
around me with the blinking
of an eye and the darkness
spread from me to hide it all
the hills behind me
and the scattered used-up farms below
the stale fields, the one horse
broken and old
already hidden in shadow
the old men womenless since birth
walking the roads
their hands folded behind them
their heads down and hatless
their voices at the old familiar prayers
that they will come back
never or to something else
Never before
have they stumbled on and on
in a language
I have forgotten
bowing and rising over
and over, so many stunted
roadside trees burning
as they hold on
and bearing nothing
never before

—PHILIP LEVINE

GRANDMOTHER

Nowadays, when she looked in the mirror Minnie found herself looking very much the way she remembered her grandmother. Her grandmother had spent her days in a steamy kitchen, cooking and washing for her large and very poor immigrant family, but she had been of a joyful disposition. Under her ugly black clothes, her body had been plump and volatile, and she had Polish-Jewish eyes that sparkled and danced. Minnie looked like her now, because she was of the same type—small, plump, and (thanks to M. Jean, her hairdresser) black-haired. She was also happy, and it showed.

Sometimes it showed too much, and she had to disguise it and pull a longer face than she really felt like. This happened especially when she was with her daughter, Sandra, for Sandra, being miserable herself, often resented her mother's good moods. Everything had turned out wrong. What had been planned for had been Sandra's happiness, not Minnie's. Sandra had had everything her parents had longed for most in life, but it had not been the blessing that was expected. Sandra was heavy and blond and beautiful; she took after her father's Galician family, and, God knows through what intermingling of blood, could have been any Polish peasant girl. Her parents, Minnie and Sam, had sent her to private schools and bought her expensive clothes and everything else anyone could possibly want. All this had enabled Sandra to mix with very good people and to marry Tim, whose family, of combined Dutch and Scottish ancestry, had three hundred years of American history behind it—as Sandra often pointed out. At the wedding, Sam had been as gleeful as when he purchased some piece of antique furniture or a picture that he had been told was valuable.

When Sam died, Minnie very quickly sold off everything that Sandra didn't want and went to live in a hotel on Central Park South. It was to be just a temporary measure, till she found some place suitable to live. Sandra, who was bored and alone most of the time now, occupied herself with selecting apartments for her mother to buy or rent. Sometimes she found houses for her in the country, too, and Minnie, to oblige her daughter, would tramp around with her all day or make long auto trips looking at places she didn't want. These days usually ended badly, with Sandra in tears of rage and frustration because Minnie wouldn't commit herself to anything, and Minnie, dead tired, could hardly wait to get back to the hotel, where she could take her shoes off and phone Ralph to come around quickly and give her a head massage.

"Why do you *do* it?" Ralph remonstrated with her when she was in a state of exhaustion from one of these excursions. "Wearing yourself out for nothing—I don't like to see it."

"I have to have a place," Minnie said. She was lying with her eyes shut on one of the brocade sofas in the living room of her hotel suite while Ralph rubbed her temples with his slim, flat, Oriental fingers. He did a wonderful massage—he had learned it from his mother, who had learned it from her mother, who had been a midwife in Baghdad.

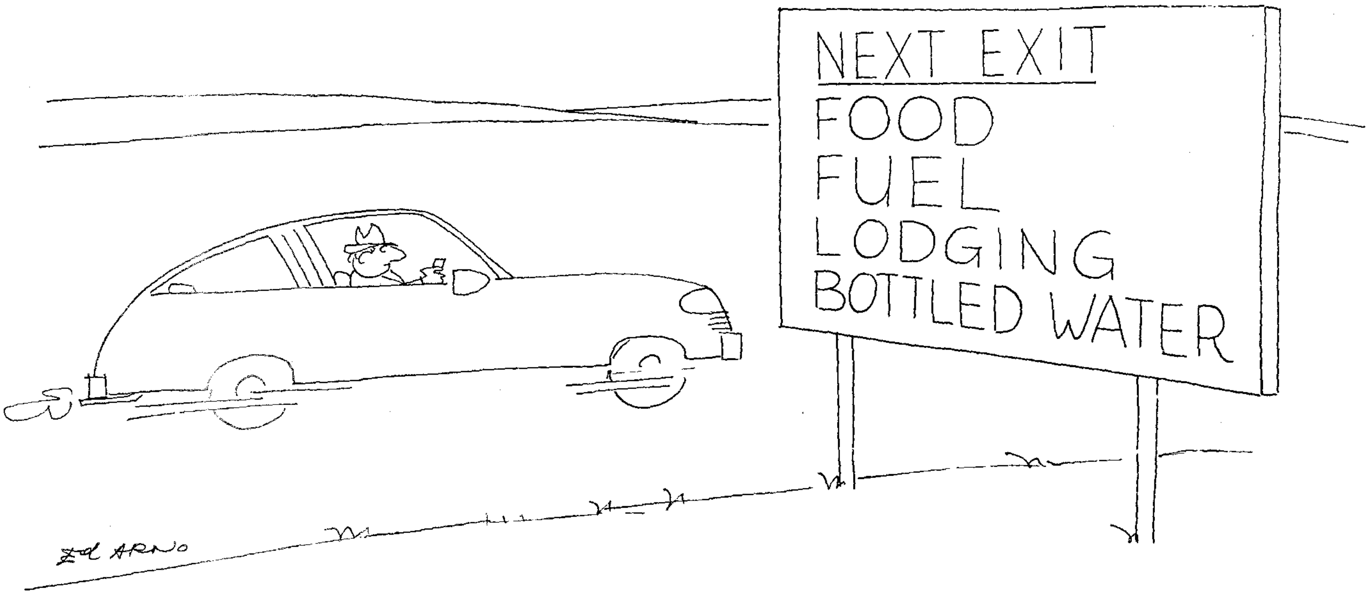
"Well, O.K., then let Sandra look for it," Ralph said. "Or Mickey and I will. What's the use of your running around ruining your feet?" And he picked one of them up in his hand—a round little stockinged foot, which he held as if it were something precious.

"I know a place," Mickey said from across the room, where he was fiddling with the TV.

"What do *you* know? Where is it?" Ralph asked him, and when Mickey told him he began to scold him, saying how did he expect Minnie to live in such a crummy neighborhood. Mickey defended himself, and they quarrelled the way they always did—a nice way that showed that they really loved each other—and Minnie smiled to herself as she lay on her sofa, deliciously relaxed and with her eyes shut, hearing their two voices raised like children's in argument.

After that, Ralph and Mickey spent a lot of their time apart-

A Pause in the Day's Occupation



ment hunting for Minnie. They even took her car out of the garage and went all over Westchester and Fairfield Counties, to look at places for her. When they saw something they liked, which was often, they called her up and described it to her in great excitement. But, at the same time, Ralph wouldn't let her come and see till they found something that was one-hundred-per-cent all right; he said this was their job, not hers. They gave a great deal of their time to the search and probably lost opportunities for work by missing possible auditions (both of them were in show business and both were looking for work). Sandra, meanwhile, also continued to search out places for her mother, so that Minnie began to feel very much under pressure.

The fact was, she loved living in the hotel; it suited her very well. She had moved in here once before, six years ago, when Sam was still alive. Soon after Sandra's marriage, Sam had taken up with a very young girl who said she was a fashion model. Well, anyone could see at a glance what kind of model *she* was. But Sam had been so infatuated that he had to have her near him day and night, so he moved her right into the apartment, into what had been Sandra's room. Minnie had packed up her clothes and jewelry right away and had gone to live in the hotel. Then Sam moved the girl out fast enough, and he called Sandra and complained to her about how her mother had left him, he didn't know why. He told Sandra to go to the hotel and make Minnie come home again, which Sandra did. "How does it look," Sandra had accused her, "with Tim's family, and all?"

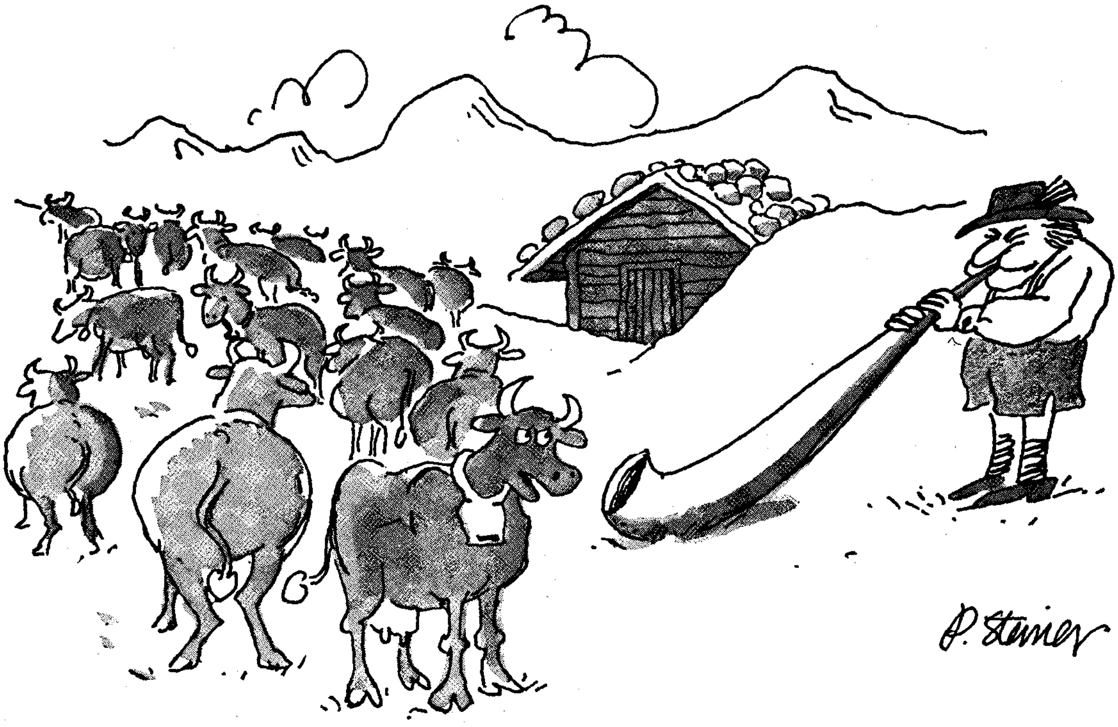
Minnie didn't answer how does it look what your father is doing, but she did say, "Tim's mother is separated, too."

"Yes, but she lives in the country," Sandra said. At that time she still liked and admired her mother-in-law, a very upright woman who tended an herb garden in her house at Red Hook and hunted for bargains in New York State Dutch furniture. "And if you must live in a hotel," Sandra said, "why this one? I just met your friend Marjorie coming up in the elevator with some terrible-looking boy with green hair. I'm sure she keeps him. It's disgusting."

The reason Minnie had chosen the hotel was that Marjorie had installed herself there after the dispute over her late husband's estate was settled, and another friend of theirs also lived there, on very good alimony. Minnie had had a good time with them, but it turned out that she could only stay a month, because Sam wouldn't give her an allowance. In fact, he was only prepared to pay the bill on condition that she return home to him when the month was up.

But now she had all the money she wanted and she could afford to live wherever she liked. Ralph and Mickey had their own place a few blocks away —a nice little studio and not too expensive, although Minnie, who paid their rent, wouldn't have minded if it cost more (she was ready to spend; it was Ralph who was careful for her). They took many meals in the hotel, in one of the restaurants, or they called room service. Minnie's suite usually had trays standing around in it, for one or the other of the boys was always hungry and had to call for something. If there was a good cabaret on in the hotel, the three of them might drop in on that for an hour or two, or else Ralph brought his guitar along and played and sang for them after dinner in Minnie's suite. And they always had plenty to talk about, making plans for their future. Ralph and Mickey had a lot of plans, and these always included Minnie. She was their family; they didn't really have anyone except her and each other. Mickey's mother was in a state mental asylum, and Ralph had lost his mother a few years before he met Minnie. So they really depended on and needed her.

Sandra hated seeing their trays standing around in the living room. "Whose is this? Who's been here?" she would say, as if she didn't know perfectly well. She would ring for someone to come and clear up, and then she'd walk around with a severe face, straightening the cushions on which the boys had lounged and picking up the scattered copies of *Interview* and *People*. If her father's photograph had got behind too many boxes of tissues and bottles of moisturizer on Minnie's dressing table, she moved things around and made it stand out front again. But sooner or later she would drop that and give way to her own troubles. These were all to do with her husband. She sank heavily onto a sofa and stared ahead of her



"For goodness' sake, we're right here."

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with unhappy eyes. She looked like someone who didn't know what had hit her; she had never heard of people having to be unhappy. Minnie certainly hadn't told her. She had never let on to her about Sam, and whenever there had been a bad fight in the house while Sandra was there—when roused, Sam got mean and cruel—Minnie saw to it that it happened inside their bedroom and with no sound coming out.

Minnie talked about Sandra with Ralph. She had got in the habit of talking everything over with him, and of course that meant with him and Mickey both, for they were rarely apart. But Ralph was the understanding one; he was all softness and sympathy, whereas Mickey sometimes sounded quite callous. It was Mickey who said about Tim, Sandra's husband, "What's she expect, with a character like that?"

They had met Tim. He had dropped in unexpectedly on his mother-in-law one afternoon while they were there, having their usual relaxed time together. Tim was glad to join them; his was a sociable nature, and he was always ready to spend a pleasant hour if things were slow at the office, as they often were. On this day, he was soon mixing drinks all around, and since everyone else was tongue-tied, he took over the entertainment himself. While Ralph and Mickey looked at him with blank, too attentive stares, he told them about a ballgame he had been to the night before at Yankee Stadium, and then he began telling risqué jokes, for he had somehow got it into his head that Minnie loved them. ("At least, the old girl's got a sense of humor," he often told Sandra—who had none.) So he sat there in the biggest armchair, telling a story about a Pole and a nun, and laughing so much himself that he didn't notice how it shamed everyone else—especially Ralph, who was very refined and squeamish. Minnie was relieved when at last Tim got down to business. He told her that he was waiting for a bank draft to clear, and then leaned over her shoulder while she wrote out the check he needed. "That's really good of you, really generous," he said, deftly picking it up the moment she had finished signing it. He was always genuinely grateful for her loans and the way she handed over the check without a murmur. He embraced her warmly as he said goodbye, and he shook hands with the two boys and said how pleased he was to have met them, as formal and courteous as if they were his equals, except that the way he looked at them, his frosty blue eyes glinting with amusement, was not the way one looks at equals.

ONE day, Ralph and Mickey came in very excited with news of an apartment they had found, a penthouse duplex with an enormous dropped living room and a great view looking east. They began to describe it to Minnie, but she said, "It's no use, boys." She began to weep very quietly into a little handkerchief.

"Now, what's this? What's up?" Ralph said, kneeling by the sofa on which she lay wrapped in her robe. She was soft and fragrant after a long hot bath with salts. She always took long baths when she was upset—it was a sure sign with her, and Ralph blamed himself for not having noticed it as soon as he came in.

She said, "It's Sandra."

"What's she done now?" Mickey cried. "I'll fix her!" When Ralph turned around to give him a furious look, he winked to show that this was just to make Minnie laugh.

"She wants to leave Tim. She wants to move in with me."

After a moment's silence, Ralph said, "I'm glad. I don't like to see her living with him. Making her unhappy like that—it shows in her face. Awful."

But Mickey said, "What about us?"

"What *about* us?" Ralph said, and glared at him again. Minnie raised her head. It was almost exasperating to see Mickey sprawled in his usual place by the TV, eating a cheeseburger, but it was also touching and beautiful, for Mickey looked just the same as always, with his fresh complexion and his straw-colored hair. He wore faded jeans and no shoes.

"She won't like us coming to see you, Minnie," Mickey explained.

"You'll have to excuse him," Ralph said angrily to Minnie. "He can't think of anyone except himself. It's the way he grew up."

Ralph himself had grown up in a different way, and Minnie was reaping the benefit of that. Ralph knew how unhappy women could be. His mother had had a very hard time of it, struggling to support them both (first as a cocktail hostess and then selling stockings in one of the big stores). Her boyfriends had never stayed long, and the only person she had had to comfort her was Ralph, so he was very quick to sense other people's unhappiness. He was subtle, too—he knew, perhaps better than she did herself, how Minnie was affected on different levels, was torn in different ways.

"I guess it's for the best," Minnie said at last. "You're right—she ought to leave him. I shouldn't say it, but sometimes I want to kill him. I wouldn't say it to anyone except you two."

Ralph said, "It's a wicked world, Minnie. We *have* to hate sometimes. Whenever I came home crying, Mama would go right out after the boys in the street with an umbrella or kitchen knife, anything she could lay her hands on. We were alone in a pretty rough neighborhood. I don't suppose any of you will believe me, but whenever anything happens to me she's still there. She always knows. Last week—when they nixed me for that dinner-theatre gig in New Jersey? After promising me for weeks—"

"It's a shame," said Minnie.

"Sadists," Mickey said.

"Well, when I put down the phone Mama was standing right there next to me at that booth at the corner of Fifth and Fifty-third. I swear it. In her hat and blue coat she had. I know you don't believe me."

"I've had a ghost sitting next to me," Mickey said. "It was in Cleveland, at the Trailways bus station. There was this fat old black lady with a hearing aid, and I asked her, 'Excuse me, would you know where the eight-ten from Chicago is coming in?' She didn't say anything and I thought it was on account of her bad ears. So I turned around to look it up on the board, and when I turned back she was gone. There was no one there. Just a chair with no one sitting on it. Later, I heard there was an old lady died of a heart attack the night before, right there in that station. I guess I'm psychic."

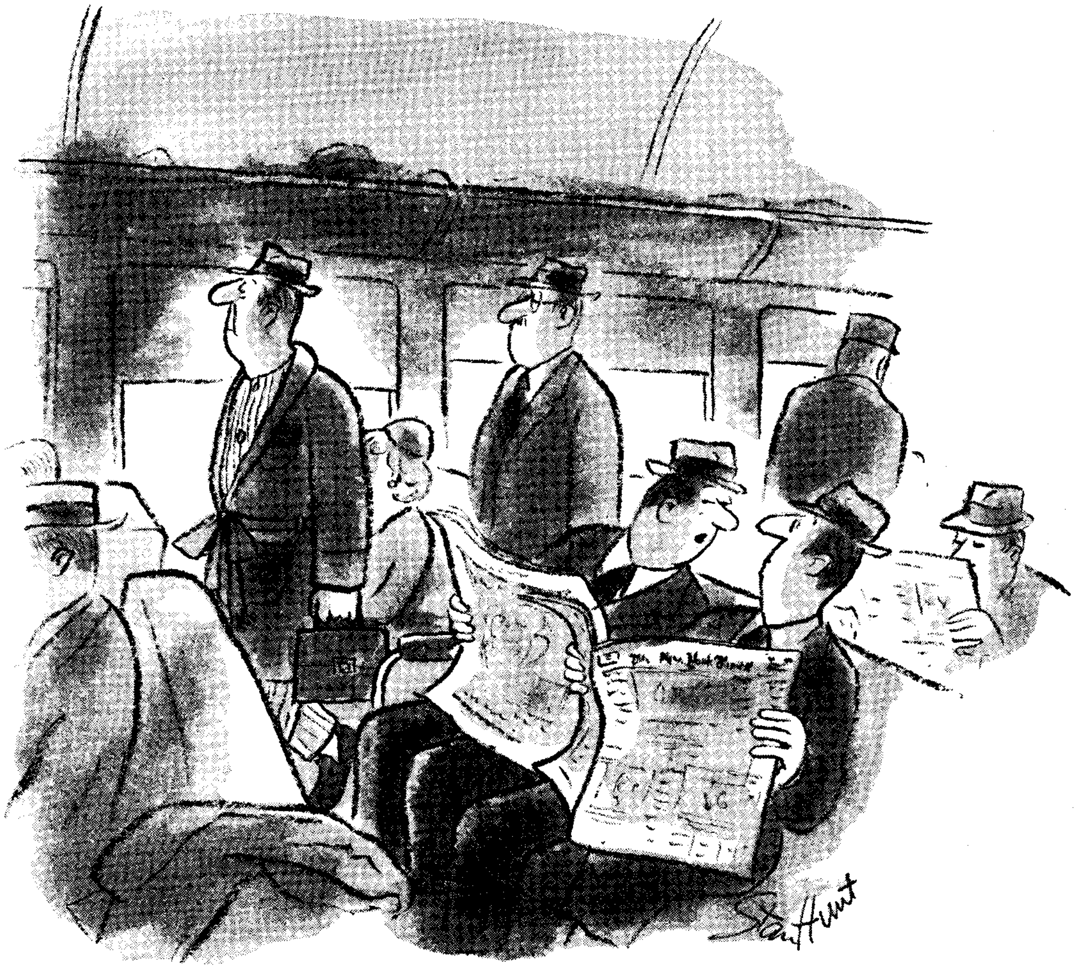
"I guess you're a fool," Ralph said.

Minnie said, "Sandra says she's found an apartment for the two of us. She wants me to move out of here by the end of the month."

They were silent. They were sitting almost in the dark, for although the suite had several fancy brass lamps, they cast only a very discreet light in the corners. The brightest light came from the TV screen (a car chase was in progress). The velvet curtains were drawn, shutting out the view of dusk breaking over Central Park and shutting Minnie in with her two boys. How could she bear to lose all this? She didn't know what to do. Ralph pressed her hand, because he knew all these things she was feeling.

But it was Mickey who said, "Hey, listen, I've got an idea." It was very simple. He suggested that they should *all* live together—he and Ralph and Minnie and Sandra, all four of them. Hadn't he and Ralph seen the perfect apartment for it that very day? He began to describe it—the penthouse duplex, the dropped living room—and also to apportion the space. They could have a piano in the living room so Ralph could work on his audition material, and a little upstairs place where Mickey could practice his tap steps, and there were terrific closets for all Minnie's clothes and shoes, and a nice little bedroom for Sandra, and, best of all, the terrace where people could sit. "Like for Sunday brunch?" he said. "Under an umbrella? With stripes and a little white fringe on it?"

Ralph said, "I wish you'd shut up. Just shut up—O.K.?" But out of the corner of his eye he was looking at Minnie to see how she was taking all this, and she was looking at him in the same way, for the same purpose. There was such deep understanding between them, they each knew at once about the other. It wasn't him that



"That's Al Guffey. He's approaching retirement, you know."

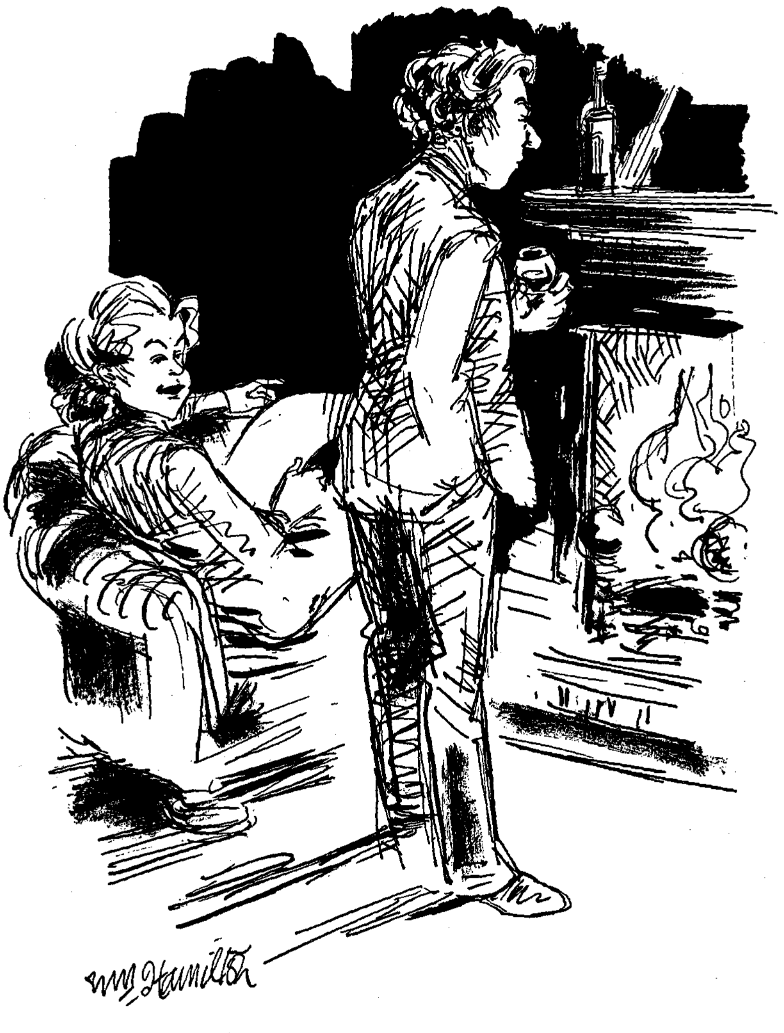
Minnie had to wonder about now, it was Sandra, and wasn't that strange, for Sandra was her own child, whereas she had only met Ralph less than two years ago, in a dance studio where he had been partnering her friend Marjorie.

Sandra had always been closer to her father than she had to Minnie. The two of them looked alike and they had always been proud to be seen together. Both were tall and well built, and as fair as Gentiles. They had also shared some interests; Sandra had been more appreciative than Minnie of the turn-of-the-century gold-leaf and inlaid furniture Sam had collected. She also esteemed his position in the plate-glass business and the fortune he made there. Like Sam, Sandra had always had respect for money and knew that no one was anything without it.

Minnie didn't share this feeling. She and her friends had often said to each other, "Money isn't everything"—it had been a sort of theme song with them, over their lunches at Trader Vic's, or under the dryers at M. Jean's. All of them had rich husbands, and all of them were unhappy with them, for various reasons. However, once the husbands had gone (they all seemed to go sooner or later, either dying or running off with someone younger), it turned out that money was everything after all, or at least a great deal. With Marjorie, for instance, the older she got the more she clung to it, and she begrudged spending on anyone but herself. At one time, Ralph had unstintingly given his time and company to Marjorie, but she had always paid him as little as she could get away with. It was the same with all the escorts she had, not to speak of her maid and the chauffeurs of the cars she hired and the girl who came in to do her nails.

Minnie was just the opposite; she really appreciated her money, because of the nice things it allowed her to do for Ralph and Mickey. She wished she could do more. She would have spent anything, she often said, to help Ralph forge ahead in his career. His work was not developing in the way he had a right to expect. He was so talented. Besides being a pretty good actor, he was a fabulous ballroom dancer, and as for his voice, "Well, if you shut your eyes," Minnie told her friends, "you wouldn't know it wasn't Mel Tormé." But his agent had recently got rid of most of his free-lance clients, so Ralph wasn't even being sent up for auditions anymore. In a way, this was just as well, because he was really too sensitive and suffered terribly every time he wasn't called back.

Mickey explained to him, "You have to wait until Saturn and progressed moon rise before things will happen for you."



"You're not the only one who wishes you'd been born in another age."

"How long will that take?" Minnie asked, but Mickey couldn't tell her. He couldn't tell for himself, either, for Mickey was also in an unfavorable conjunction and hadn't had a break in more than two years. His Unemployment had run out, and he had to find some sort of job, like working in a parking lot, before he could qualify for it again. But, unlike Ralph, he wasn't in the least cast down, perhaps because he knew about the stars and how impossible it was to get away from the iron laws of their necessity. Or maybe it was only because he was younger. Mickey was only twenty-one, whereas Ralph was getting on for twenty-eight, though you wouldn't think it unless you looked very close.

Ralph was looking at himself very close now, in the gilt mirror that hung over the fake fireplace in Minnie's suite. He saw some very fine lines that were beginning to form at the corners of his eyes—also the slight downward droop of his lips—and he made a better, younger face at himself at once.

Minnie said, "You'll see, it's like Mickey says. You have to wait. It's not as if anyone can keep talent down. That doesn't happen."

"Not in a hundred years," Mickey said, backing her up. "I've never seen anyone who can do a Garland song the way you do it, making people laugh and cry at the same time. That's real talent. You don't get that every day."

Ralph looked from one to the other. "You think so?" he said. He was shy, hesitant, self-doubting, so that they talked faster, saying every nice thing they could think of. Then slowly a smile came over his rather melancholy features and transformed them. He began to hum one of his songs. Minnie took it up, and so did Mickey. When Ralph broke off, they both cried out in protest.

TO BE COMPLETED 1981
MUNICIPAL PARKING GARAGE
SORRY FULL

Ralph smiled more—taking pleasure in giving pleasure—and then he took his guitar and sat down with it to play and sing.

Minnie had to hold her hand over her heart, it was all so beautiful—to hear him and see him, slim and olive-skinned, in a white shirt open almost to his waist. How Oriental he looked as he sang, half closing his lids over his mystical eyes. He was the son she had never had, the beautiful Jewish boy of her dreams (actually, he was of a Muslim sect converted to Christianity), and he was singing for the two people he loved best in the world—for her and for his friend Mickey, from Colorado Springs.

His song was an old love ballad that his mother used to sing. It was about a young girl at a window watering her plants, now with her little watering can, now with her tears. It was so deeply sorrowful that it seemed to be not only about this girl but about everyone else, too, who suffered, everyone who had ever lost what was most dear to them. But then the song changed. Just when everyone was about ready to cry their eyes out, suddenly the verse rose up in joy: "But there has been love! Love was mine! Was mine! Yes, mine!" Minnie and Mickey laughed out loud. They had heard it a hundred times, but it was new every time, unexpected. Ralph smiled at them and encouraged them to join in, and they did. "Yes, mine!" they sang, and all three laughed and sang again.

"I COULD hear you from the elevator," Sandra said. No one had seen her come in. They stopped smiling and singing. Ralph got up to put away his guitar, and he nudged Mickey to get up, too, in honor of Sandra. Ralph had lovely manners.

But Sandra said, "Sing it again."

Ralph looked at Minnie and, having got her approval, he sat down with his guitar and sang the refrain all over again. The two others didn't join in this time, although Mickey flexed his knees and snapped the fingers of both hands in the air and, for the finale, gave a little spin around on one heel. Even Sandra was smiling, and, with a dreamy look in her eyes, she twisted a loose strand of hair around her finger. But the next moment she tucked the hair back where it belonged and said to Minnie, "I have to talk to you."

As soon as they were in the bedroom, with the door shut, Sandra said, "He's left his job."

Minnie tried to remember which job this might be. Tim had had many, usually found for him by his relatives or family friends. He had been with an investment firm, in real estate, with a bank and a travel agency, and once he had been the public-relations director of a small airline. He always started off with a lot of dash and spirit and made a very good impression, but after a while he got tired and stopped going to the office.

"Not that it was anywhere near good enough for him," Sandra said. "Only, when he doesn't have a job he gets restless. What are those two doing? Are they listening at the door?"

"Oh, they wouldn't," Minnie said, truly shocked.

"He doesn't get up till three in the afternoon, and then of course he can't sleep at night. God knows where he goes all night or who with—What's that noise, if they're not listening?"

She strode to the door and opened it, as if expecting to catch someone at the keyhole. She stood there, amazed at what she saw. Minnie came to see, and cried out, "Boys! Not now!" For Ralph and Mickey had got into one of their fights. They stood glaring at each other, their faces close together, clenching and unclenching their fists. Both were under medium height, and slight in build, so they might have been two children.

"Excuse me, dear," Minnie said, hastily brushing past Sandra as Mickey swung at Ralph and missed. Minnie danced around them; she wrung her hands and implored them to stop, but they took no notice of her. It was a scene that had been played out among the three of them before, and was new only to Sandra.

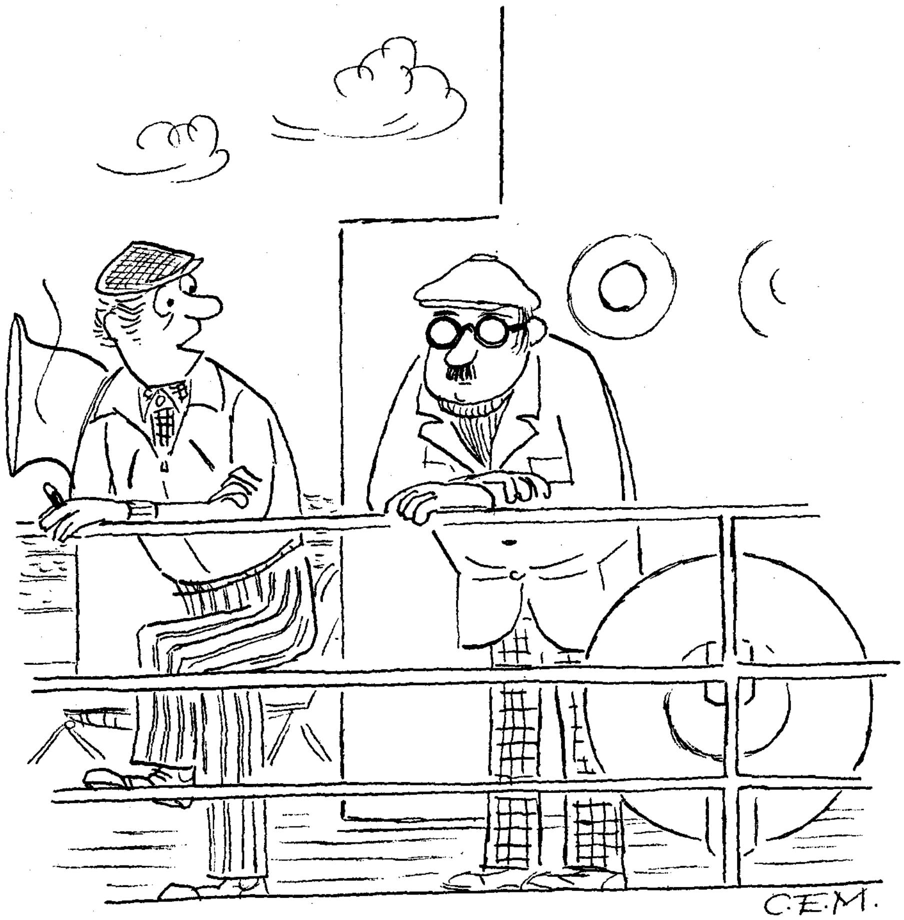
"What's going on here anyway?" Sandra said.

At the sound of her voice, they stopped fighting immediately. No one would have thought that anything had taken place, they were friends again so perfectly. In cheerful unison, they got ready for departure, Ralph picking up his guitar and Mickey putting on the fedora he had found at a thrift shop to wear on his straw-colored hair.

FROM that day on, Sandra stayed in the hotel most of the time. Perhaps it was to keep her mother's two friends away, perhaps to escape from Tim, but if it was the latter her move was not successful, for Tim kept turning up as regularly as the boys used to. He lounged around and ordered trays in the same way they did. For Minnie, it was odd to see his heavy form stretched out on the brocade sofa in place of lithe Ralph or skinny Mickey. She would have liked to make him leave and she waited for Sandra to do it. But Sandra said nothing, and he ensconced himself deeper and behaved as though he had every right—was, indeed, expected—to come there. And it seemed he was, for when he turned up late one day Sandra challenged him at once: "Where have you been?"

"With a terrific blonde, of course," he said. He picked up Minnie's gilded antique telephone and pretended to dial, with a very solemn face. "I promised I'd give her a call."

Stupid as an ox, Sandra rose to his teasing. "What are you doing!" she cried. "Who are you calling?" She tried to wrest the receiver away from him, but when she saw the amused look in his eyes she let go. She said, "You ought to be calling your uncle—that's who you ought to be calling. He wants you to meet with those people." Tim was mixing himself a gin-and-tonic, merrily stirring and twirling and clinking ice cubes, so she addressed herself to Minnie. "They really want him—Colfax and Wilbur," she said. "Didn't Daddy have some investments with them? They're a top firm. Tim could get any job he wanted, if only he'd pull himself together. They thought the world of him at Transfer Travels. They said they'd never had anyone like him. If only you'd pull yourself together," she said, talking to Tim now. She watched him finish his drink, and then he stretched out the empty glass to her. Automatically, she took it; she even went over to the cocktail cabinet and already had the gin bottle opened when she recollected herself. "I must be going crazy," she said and banged down the glass. He refilled it himself, pretending to grumble at her for being so disobliging.



"Frankly, what I like about this cruise is what I'm getting away from."

Sandra didn't talk about moving anymore but now seemed content to stay with Minnie in the hotel suite. She had brought a few of her clothes there, though most of them were at home with Tim. This made it necessary for her to go back there frequently, and sometimes she didn't return to the hotel for several days. When she did return, it was always in a rage and vowing she would never, never see her husband again. But if he didn't show up in the hotel by evening, she became very restless and in the end she tried to phone him at home, always finding some compelling reason that she had to do so. If he wasn't home, she would try a few other places where he might be—even out in the country with his mother, which meant she had to force herself to speak to her cordially—and if she couldn't find him she would be frantic. Minnie didn't know what to do, or even think. Minnie had never been that way with Sam. When he was away, she was glad, and when he returned it was like being put back into irons.

Ralph and Mickey took her to the apartment they had found. It was a West Side duplex, high up in a very fancy building overlooking the Park. They took her from room to room, and it was fantastic. The apartment had belonged to a fur dealer who had had to sell it on account of financial difficulties. There were Corinthian pillars of blue plaster, and walls and ceilings covered in flower-printed damascene. The principal bathroom had mirrors set into the ceiling and a statue of a classical nude. Mickey climbed into the circular sunken bath and lay there with his fedora on. His eyes were closed and he moaned in ecstasy.

Ralph took Minnie's hand in his; he looked into her eyes and said, "Do you like it? I knew you would."

They stood holding hands. When Minnie looked up, she saw all three of them reflected in the mirror set in the ceiling. This mirror had clouds, stars, and angels painted on it to simulate a vision of heaven.

"We'll have parties," Mickey said from out of the bath.

"As long as we don't ask too many people," Ralph said. "I don't like too many people coming in.

Trampling in. This is going to be a real home, just for three people—four—who love each other. For a real family."

But when Minnie took Sandra there Sandra looked very dubious. She tapped a plaster pillar and said, "I can just see Tim's mother coming in here."

"She's not going to come in here," Minnie said.

"You should hear her. Even about Daddy. All those things I took from the house—Daddy's gold cabinets and stuff? She said to her sister right in front of me, 'Doesn't it make you weep, the way these people spend money?' Of course *they* never spend any. They use tea bags three times over."

"I'm going to buy it," Minnie said. "We're going to move in here."

"Tim thinks it'll work out about that job. They're very lucky to get him, and they know it."

Minnie walked away. She went into the kitchen, which was a serious workplace, geared to the production of elaborate meals. She and the boys had already decided that they were going to have a housekeeper. Mickey knew this girl who was really an actress but was an absolutely fabulous cook and could do anything—buttermilk doughnuts, prawn curry, chicken gumbo, you name it.

Sandra followed her. She said, "He wants me to come back to live with him."

"The boys really love you, Sandra."

"Let me stay with you in the hotel," Sandra said. "Just till he gets himself straightened out. It's not having a job that's so demoralizing for him. Not going to an office and all of that. It would be for anyone, wouldn't it? You don't know what happened last night."

Again Minnie escaped her—this time to the bathroom with the classical statue.

"He *knew* I was coming there," Sandra said, following her. "I told him I had to come home to get my black skirt to take to the cleaner's—he having kindly spilled all that mayonnaise on it when he was too blind drunk to see what he was doing. I even told him the time I'd be there, so he'd know, but when I let myself in first thing I saw lying on the floor was this pair of—"

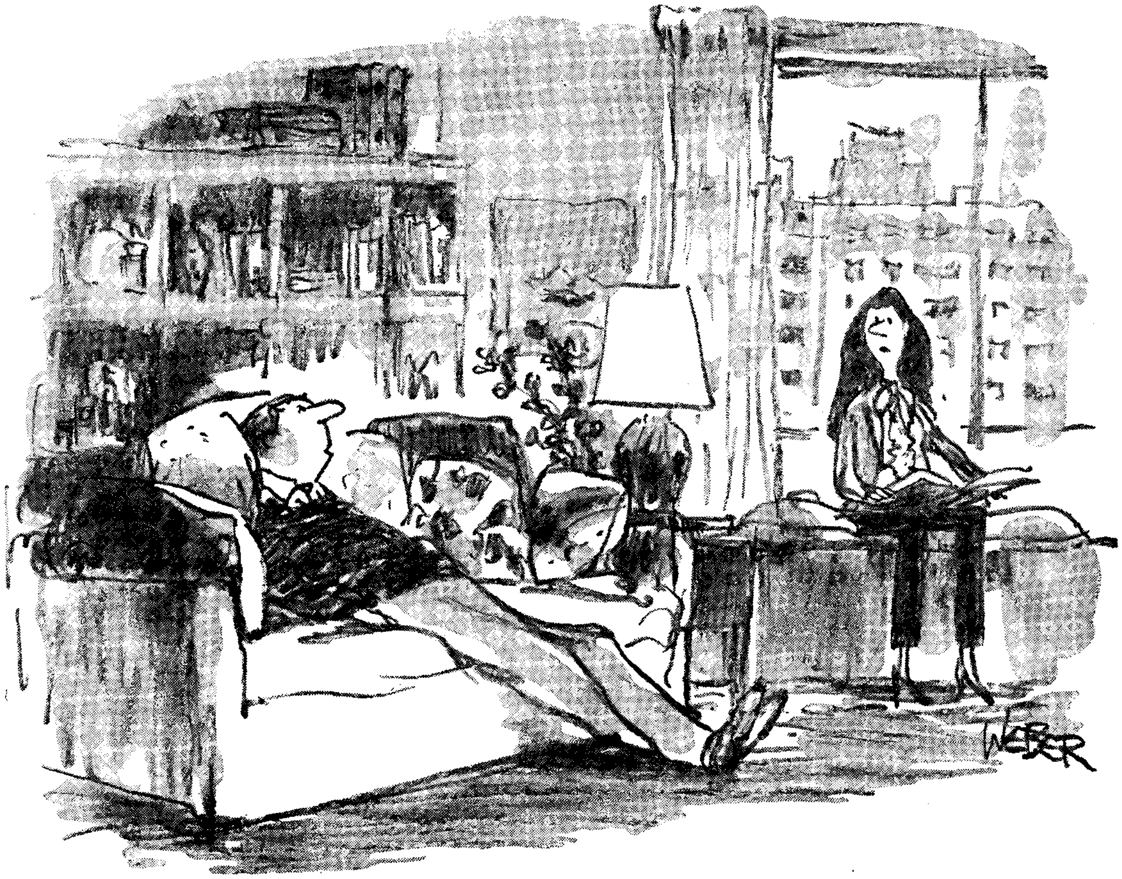
"But why do you go!" Minnie shouted. "Why do you go there!"

"My skirt!" Sandra shouted back. "I told you! My black skirt!"

She began to sob. Minnie held her, both of them standing under the mirrored heaven of the bathroom ceiling. Sandra had never cried much, not even as a child, so now it was difficult for her, and her sobs came out dry and hard, as if stones were being shaken out of her by someone bigger and stronger.

CRYING came much easier to Minnie, and it was even pleasant to cry when Ralph and Mickey were there to comfort her. They said it didn't matter about the apartment; there would be others, and meanwhile what was wrong with this one? They meant their own studio, where Minnie now spent a lot of her time, because the hotel suite seemed increasingly to be occupied by Tim and Sandra. Both the boys said that the other place would have been much too big and a headache to keep up, whereas their own little studio had everything anyone could want.

It was very cozy. The sweet mild smell of pot was mixed in with the smell of Mickey's favorite pork chops fried in their own fat. Ralph kept the atmosphere very warm and slightly moist, for the plants he tended and cherished. As a result, they flourished and put out juicy leaves that spread themselves over the many photographs of Ralph's mother at various stages of her life. In the earliest, she was a big-breasted girl sitting among many sisters, all with the same eyes, on an overstuffed sofa, before a carved screen; in the last, she was on a beach



"Gosh, Arlene, what do you suppose is going on? I keep thinking about Linda Ronstadt."

• •

chair, grossly overweight, sluttish, looking sick and old. Yet when she died she was younger than Minnie was now.

"I love you in that chair," said Mickey, looking at Minnie in her own special rocker they kept for her. "Just like I've seen ladies sitting on their porch with little children, reading them stories."

"Where have you seen that?" Ralph asked, and answered himself: "In the movies."

It was true, Mickey's vision of family life was not based on first-hand experience. But it was very strong. It was he who had found the sampler of "Our Home Is Our Sweet Heaven" that now hung, rather brown and moldering, on the wall, which was papered with jungle foliage. Ralph had supplied the cotton prayer mat—with a design that featured a mosque—that hung on the opposite wall. It had come from the same antique shop as Mickey's sampler. Ralph had liked it because it reminded him of something he vaguely remembered seeing in his grandmother's prayer room.

Minnie said, "You know that first time I went to live in the hotel?" She had told them about that, as she told them about most things. "There was a woman used to come and see Marjorie. She said she was Russian, from the czar's family. Marjorie said she was from Pittsburgh, but what's it matter? She was really gifted. She could tell you anything, past or future. We'd have long sessions with her—Marjorie and me and this other friend we had living in the hotel, June. She told June she would have to be in the hospital, and that came completely true within six months. Poor June, I've never seen anyone go down so fast." She rocked and sighed.

"And you? What did she tell you?"

If this was designed to allay Minnie's sighs, it was absolutely successful. Minnie began to giggle—so much that she had to cup one hand before her face.

"Go on, tell us," they said, and when she wouldn't they began to guess. "A big part in a movie? . . . A handsome stranger?"

"Not one but two," she said when she could speak for laughing. "*Two* handsome strangers. I swear to God she said that. 'You'll have two lovely little boys to look after,' she said. 'I can see them—one fair, one dark. Very dark.' I said, 'You mean grandsons?' She didn't know about that. All she could see was these two boys, one fair, one dark. She told Marjorie she saw her with palm trees—and of course Marjorie *is* in Monaco now, because of the tax. She hates it."

Their radio was tuned to their favorite FM station. None of them ever noticed how loud it was, probably because it was on all the time, and Minnie rocked in time to it unconsciously. It was part of them, like breathing.

Minnie said, in that dreamy voice she had when she was in her rocking chair, "My grandmother had six sons and she was crazy about all of them. But when we grandchildren were there, she'd say, 'The interest's even better than the capital.' "

"My grandmother robbed a bank," Mickey said unexpectedly. "It's a fact. She was living with this guy who was a professional bank robber. Uncle Charlie—a freak, but she'd do anything he said. Gran was only given two years, on account of she wasn't armed, only looking out for them. In Flagstaff it was—Arizona."

"It's better to keep quiet about things like that," Ralph said.

Minnie usually stayed with them till quite late, and then they took her back to the hotel. "Sure you're all right?" they said as they delivered her over to George, the elevator man. George waited while Minnie stood and watched them walk away. They were off to spend their evening; they might go to a disco or a bar, or drop in on a party—their evenings were unplanned but eventful and did not usually end before dawn.

When they were out of sight, Minnie said, "O.K., George," and entered his gilded elevator. He took her up to her floor. She stood for a moment outside the door of her suite, taking a deep breath. Quite often Tim was there. The best time was when no one was there. Once she found the sitting room empty and was relieved, but when she opened the bedroom door they were in there, two giant figures coupling on her bed. Half embarrassed, half amused, Tim shouted out, "Sorry, Minnie!" as she quickly shut the door.

One day, Sandra told her that she was pregnant. At first she said she was going to have an abortion, but then she didn't talk anymore about that. Instead, she began to drink milk and eat a great deal. She became fat. Tim teased her unmercifully about her appearance, but she walked around proudly with her stomach and breasts thrust out before her. She and Tim began to spend weekends with his mother in the country, and when they came back they laughed at his mother, who in her thrifty way had got some baby wool on sale and had already begun to knit. Minnie didn't do any knitting; she didn't know how anyway, and it was too late to learn. She guessed when the time came she would just go into one of the stores and charge up a whole lot of things. Sandra talked about her father; she hoped for his sake it would be a boy. They would call him Sam, which was a name that was coming back, she said. She couldn't understand why Minnie wasn't more enthusiastic. "Don't you want to be a grandmother?" she asked often. "A proper grandmother?" As though it were possible to be anything but a proper one.

—RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

•

NAP

Waking at dusk, the room
red with the last
light of summer, I leave
her sleeping and walk out
on the screened porch.
North, above the hissing
power lines, a sky studded
with clouds, hailstones
ticking the tin awning,
and the smell of a crushed rose
rising from the grass. I thought
I would never age, but seeing
her face swollen from lack
of sleep, I saw my mother
once again crossing
the corner lot, home
from the cannery at dawn,
a bag of plums and peaches
cradled in her arms, her face
lined with the night.
I remember a rush
of sunlight flooding
the open door, her clothes
dropped down the white hamper,
and the cool, stiff covers
turned back. And then
she slept, and I slept,
and the day went
on and on.

—ARTHUR SMITH

REFLECTIONS

WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF NO-CONTEXT

Wonder

WONDER was the grace of the country. Any action could be justified by that: the wonder it was rooted in. Period followed period, and finally the wonder was *that things could be built so big*. Bridges, skyscrapers, *fortunes*, all having a life first in the marketplace, still drew on the force of wonder. But then a moment's quiet. What was it now that was built so big? Only the marketplace itself. Could there be wonder in that? The size of the con?

History

THAT movement, from wonder to the wonder that a country should be so big, to the wonder that a building could be so big, to the last, small wonder, that a marketplace could be so big—that was the movement of history. Then there was a change. The direction of the movement paused, sat silent for a moment, and reversed. From that moment, vastness was the start, not the finish. The movement now began with the fact of two hundred million, and the movement was toward a unit of one, alone. Groups of more than one were now united not by a common history but by common characteristics. History became the history of demographics, the history of no-history.

History

HISTORY had been the record of growth, conflict, and destruction.

The New History

THE New History was the record of the expression of demographically significant preferences: the lunge of demography *here* as opposed to *there*.

The Decline of Adulthood

IN the New History, nothing was judged—only counted. The power of judging was then subtracted from what it was necessary for a man to learn to do. In the New History, the preferences of a child carried as much weight as the preferences of an adult, so the refining of preferences was subtracted from what it was necessary for a man to learn to do. In the New History, the ideal became *agreement* rather than well-judged action, so men learned to be competent only in those modes which embraced the possibility of agreement. The world of power changed. What was powerful grew more powerful in ways that could be easily measured, grew less powerful in every way that could not be measured.

Powerful Men

THE most powerful men were those who most effectively used the power of adult competence to enforce childish agreements.

Television

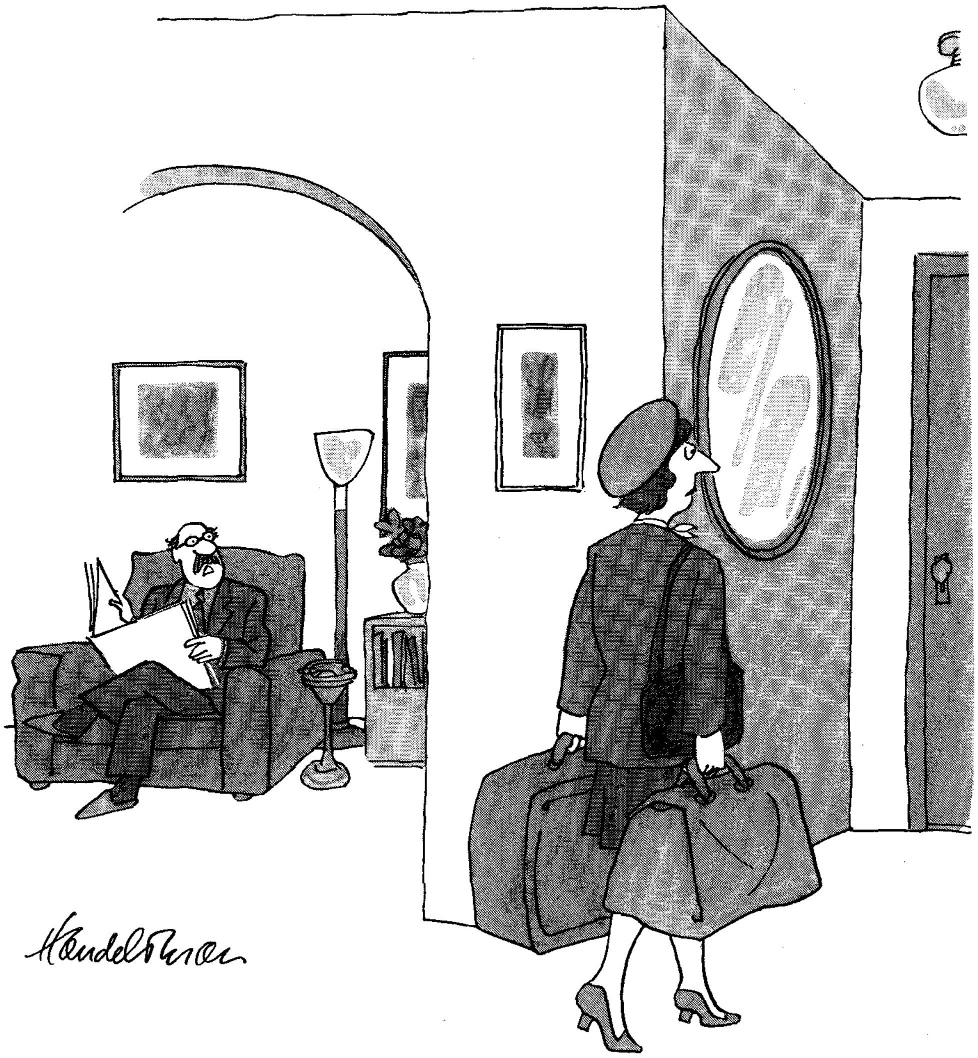
TELEVISION is the force of no-history, and it holds the archives of the history of no-history. Television is a mystery. Certain of its properties are known, though. It has a *scale*. The scale *does not vary*. The trivial is raised up to the place where this scale has its home; the powerful is lowered there. In the place where this scale has its home, childish agreements can be arrived at and enforced effectively—childish agreements, and agreements wearing the mask of childhood.

Television

TELEVISION has a scale. It has other properties, but what television has to a dominant degree is a certain scale and the power to enforce it. No one has been able to describe the scale as it is experienced. We know some of its properties, though.

Television does not vary. The trivial is raised up to power. The powerful is lowered toward the trivial.

The power behind it resembles the



"*But why leave* *now**? I've been impossible for years.*"

power of no-action, the powerful passive.

It is *bewitching*.

It interferes with growth, conflict, and destruction, and these forces are different in its presence.

"Entertainment" is an unsatisfactory word for what it encloses or projects or makes possible.

No good has come of it.

False History

FOR a while, a certain voice continued. *Booming*. As though history were still a thing done by certain men in a certain place. It was embarrassing. To a person growing up in the power of demography, this voice was foolish.

The Aesthetic of the Hit

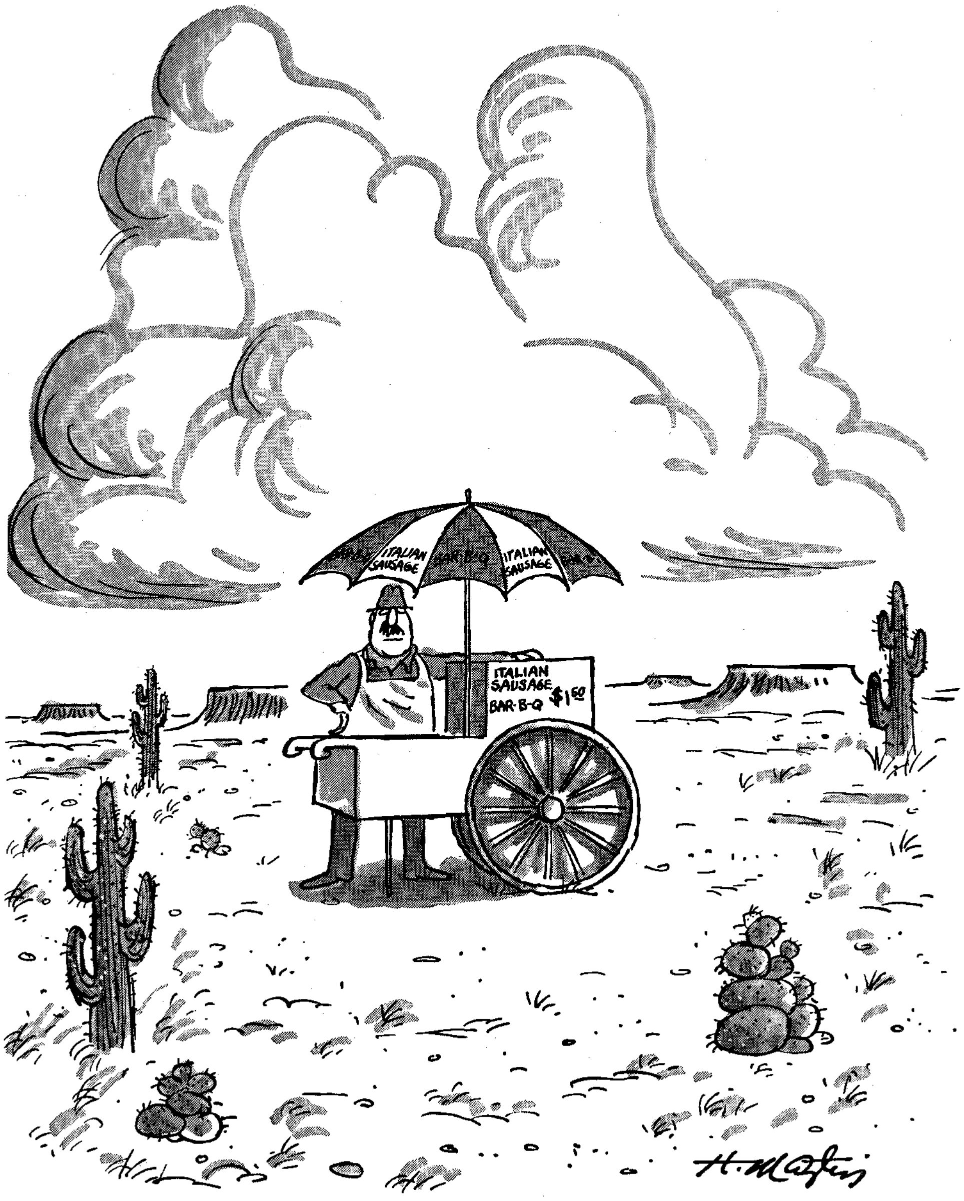
TO a person growing up in the power of demography, it was clear that history had to do not with the powerful actions of certain men but with the processes of choice and preference.

The Aesthetic of the Hit

THE power shifted. In the phrase "I Like Ike," the power shifted. It shifted from General Eisenhower to someone called Ike, who embodied certain aspects of General Eisenhower and certain aspects of affection for General Eisenhower. Then it shifted again. From "Ike," you could see certain aspects of General Eisenhower. From "like," all you could see was other Americans engaged in a process resembling the processes of intimacy. This was a comfort.

The Aesthetic of the Hit

THE comfort was in agreement, the easy exercise of the modes of choice and preference. It was attractive and, as it was presented, not difficult. But, once interfered with, the processes of choice and preference began to take on an uncomfortable aspect. Choice in respect to important matters became more and more difficult; people found it troublesome to settle on a mode of work, for instance, or a partner. Choice in respect to trivial matters, on the other hand, assumed an importance that no one could have thought to predict. So what happened then was that important forces that had not been used, because they fell outside the new scale of national life (which was the life of television), began to find a home in the exercise of preference concerning trivial matters, so that attention, aspiration, even affection came to adhere to shimmers thrown up by the demography in trivial matters. The attraction of inappropriate attention, aspiration, and affection to a *shimmer* spins out, in its operation, a little mist of energy which is rather like love, but trivial, rather like a sense of home, but apt to disappear. In this mist exists the Aesthetic of the Hit.



A Little Bit of New York in Arizona

Membership

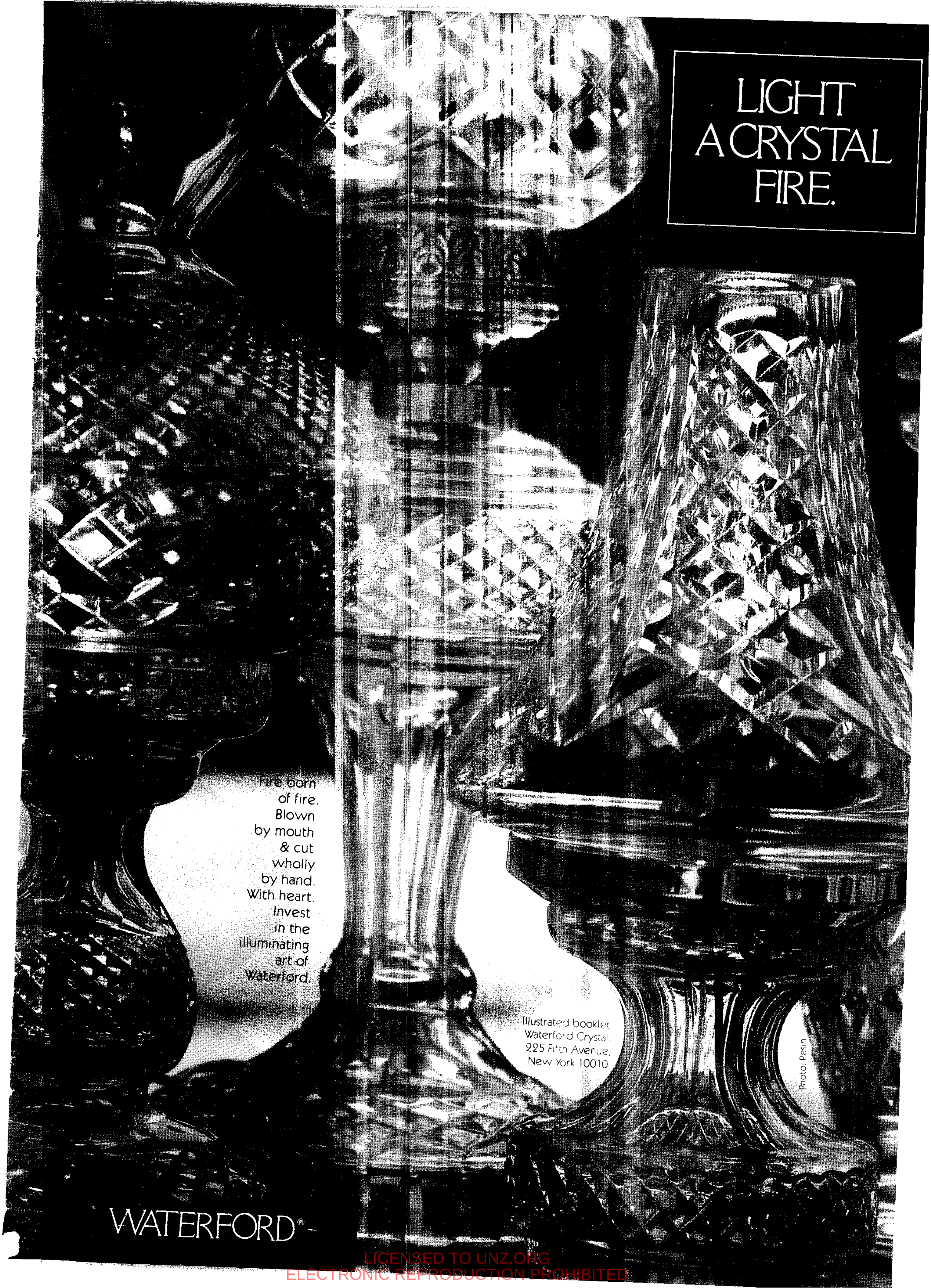
THE middle distance fell away, so the grids (from small to large) that had supported the middle distance fell into disuse and ceased to be understandable. Two grids remained. The grid of two hundred million and the grid of intimacy. Everything else fell into disuse. There was a national life—a *shimmer* of national life—and intimate life. The distance between these two grids was very great. The distance was very frightening. People did not want to measure it. People began to lose a sense of what distance was and of what the usefulness of distance might be.

Distance

BECAUSE the distance between the grids was so great, there was less in the way of comfort. The middle distance had been a comfort. But the middle distance had fallen away. The grid of national life was very large now, but the space in which one man felt at home shrank. It shrank to intimacy.

Intimacy

IT followed that people were comfortable only with the language of intimacy. Whatever business was done had to be done in that language. The language of "You are not



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Cutlass	19.8	23	455	34	673
Cutlass Cruiser	18.2	23	418	34	618
Delta 88	27.0	23	621	34	918
Toronado	22.8	21	478	31	706
Ninety-Eight	27.0	21	567	33	891
Custom Cruiser	22.0	21	462	33	726

REMEMBER: *Compare* the EPA "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Driving range estimates are obtained by multiplying EPA and highway estimates by the standard fuel tank capacity ratings. Estimates and ranges are lower in California. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

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WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

alone." How else would a person know? The language of intimacy spread. It was meant to be reassuring. But during the same period, in a most upsetting way, real intimacy came to seem to be a kind of affliction.

Pseudo-Intimacy

THINGS very distant came powerfully close, but just for a minute. It was a comfort. And useful to men who wished to enforce childish agreements, because the progress of the *advertisement* is toward the destruction of distance between the product and the person who might consume the product.

Loneliness

IT was sometimes lonely in the grid of one, alone. People reached out toward their home, which was in television. They looked for help.

Celebrities

CELEBRITIES have an intimate life and a life in the grid of two hundred million. For them, there is no distance between the two grids in American life. Of all Americans, only they are complete.

Celebrities

THE most successful celebrities are products. Consider the real role in American life of Coca-Cola. Is any man as well loved as this soft drink is?

Celebrities

A PRODUCT consumed by a man alone in a room exists in the grid of one, alone, and in the grid of two hundred million. To the man alone, it is a comfort. But just for a minute.

Comfort

COMFORT *failed*. Who would have thought that it could fail? People felt teased by a promise of a national life that did not arrive and an intimacy that could not be consummated. So *teased*.

The Problem

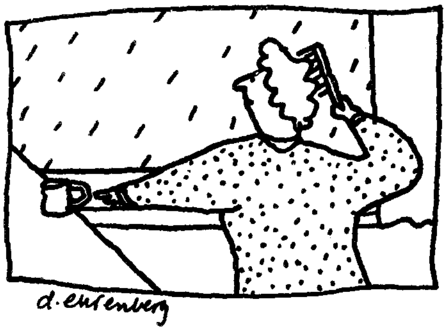
SO one or two of the babies began to experience a problem. Loneliness rose to the surface. It was a problem. No exit for the babies. Dead end for the babies. It was a problem. And *new*. A problem is a disease in the demography. A difficulty is something overcome by a man—or not. A *problem* is something enjoyed by a piece of the demography. "I'm just a Hoosier." No. No one cares. "I am Youth." Better. "I am a battered child." Very good.

The Decline of Adulthood

DURING the nineteen-sixties, there was conflict between the generation born during (and soon after) the Second World War and the generation born during (and soon after) the First World War. There was also a debate. Although the debate was supposed to be candid, some truths were avoided—almost shyly. Much of the debate had to do with power and the abuse of power, but no one ever asked if the men in positions of control who were being confronted with evidence of their abuse of power had any right to be considered powerful in the first place. No one inquired into the nature of the connection between the men who had fashioned conventional white society and the men of forty or fifty or sixty who were its contemporary stewards. No one asked if in fact *any connection existed at all*. A continuum of power was assumed (perhaps out of instinctive politeness or instinctive fear), and what was debated was the question of its abuse. In some instances, the assumed continuum was stretched to include members of the younger generation, with remarkable results.

The Decline of Adulthood

DURING the nineteen-sixties, a young black man in a university class described the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century as "belonging" to the white students in the room, and not to him. This idea was seized on by white members of the class. They acknowledged that they were at one with Rembrandt. They acknowledged their dominance. They offered to discuss, at any length, their inherited power to oppress. It was thought at the time that reactions of this type had to do with "white guilt" or "white masochism." No. No. It was white *euphoria*. Many, many white children of that day felt the power of their inheritance for the first time in the act of rejecting it, and they insisted on rejecting it and rejecting it and rejecting it, so that they might continue to feel the power of that connection. Had the young black man asked "Who is this man to you?" the pleasure they felt would have vanished in embarrassment and resentment.



The Decline of Adulthood

"ADULTHOOD" in the last generations has had very little to to do with "adulthood" as that word would have been understood by adults in any previous generation. Rather, "adulthood" has been defined as "a position of control in the world of childhood."

The Adolescent Orthodoxy

AMBITIOUS Americans, sensing this, have preferred to remain adolescents, year after year.

The Authority of No-Authority

A CHILD watching television will not encounter a discussion of how he might marry or how he might work, but he will find material relating to how he should be honest in coming to terms with his divorce, and he will encounter much material that has as the source of its energy his confusion and unhappiness.

Scale

THE permission given by television is permission to make tiny choices, within the context of total permission infected with a sense of no permission at all.

Permission

AN important role of a father is to give a son a sense of permission—a sense of what might be done. This still works, but since no adult is supported by the voice of the culture (which is now a childish voice), it does not work well.

Experts

IN the absence of adults, people came to put their trust in *experts*.

Experts

ONLY an *expert* can deal with a problem. Only an expert or a pleasant man on television with access to experts. Only an expert or a man on television who knows how to welcome

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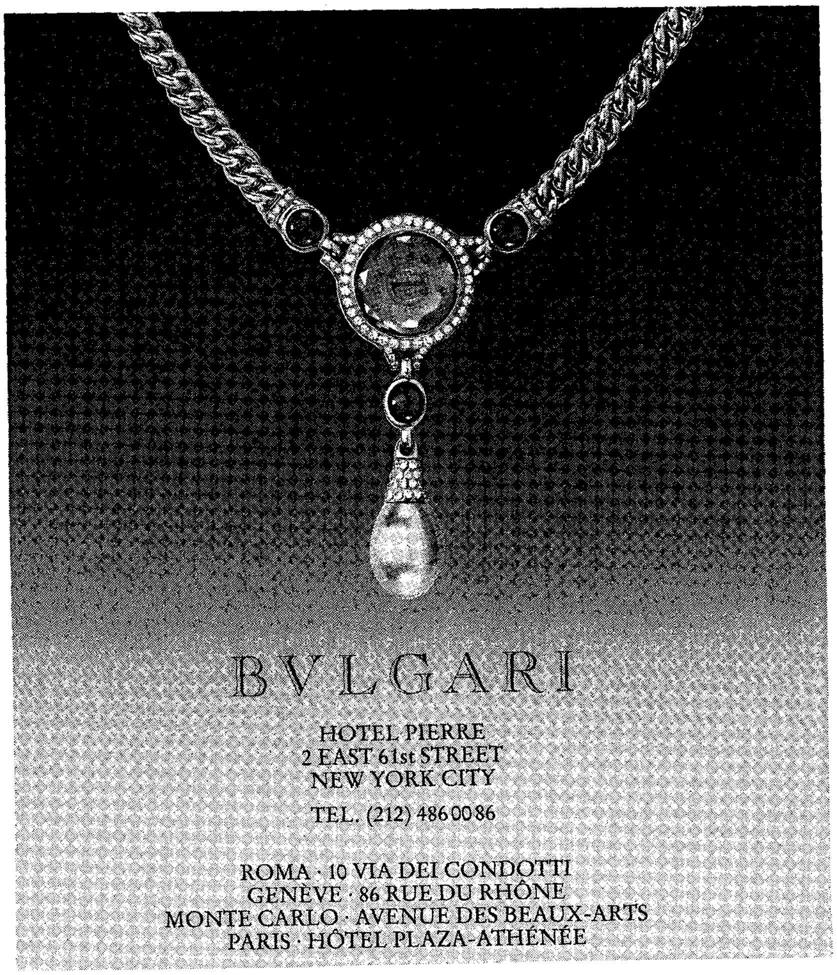
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an expert or a problem or love for a problem. An expert or a man on television or—in certain cases, resistant to therapy—a *matron*. In the age of no-authority, these are the authorities.

Important Programming

IMPORTANT programming is programming that recognizes the problem.

Important Programming

IF it is just a problem—teen-age alcoholics who need to talk to Matron—then it is a little boring after a while, because it is only one-half of the problem. Then the problem might have to be doubled. You might have to add Angel Dust or Runaways or Child Abuse. You might have to, because just the problem is only half of the problem.

Series

OR you might stick it in a series. Let Quincy deal with the problem. Quincy is *so angry*. Quincy *hates* kiddie porn. Quincy gets angry at the idea that anyone could even contemplate the exploitation of children. Just ask him.

Series

BUT it's still just half of the problem. Even if Pepper dresses up like a whore to stop whores from turning babies into whores, it's still just half of the problem.

Experts

THE problem is offered up to authority for healing. But Pepper shies away from healing, and so does Matron. They conduct the problem to the experts. The experts shy away a little, too. Who would have thought it? "We move toward a full discussion of the problem," they murmur. "During this discussion, you will experience a little sense of *home*. Do you feel it now? No? Then perhaps our discussion has not been full. Is that perhaps *your fault*?"

"In what lies your authority?" a willful person asks after a time.

"Why, in the problem," an expert answers honestly.

Important Programming

THE most important programming deals with people with a serious problem who make it to the Olympics. It is the powerful metaphor of our time—babies given up for dead who struggle toward national life and make it just for a minute. It's a long

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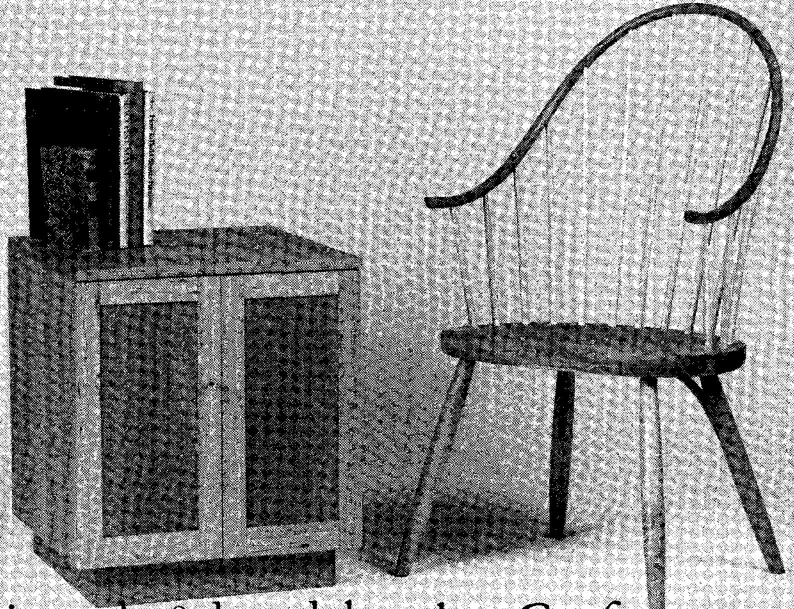

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distance to come. People feel it very deeply and cheer the babies on.

PROBLEMS

AN important question to ask about an association of individuals is "How does it spend its best energies?" One can imagine many answers to this question. One answer, certainly, would be "Dealing with problems." One would expect this answer from, for instance, a poor association of individuals or an association without ambition. But even from associations as impoverished as these associations might be, one would not expect the answer "Aspiring to love problems."

ADOLESCENCE

IN a recent issue of the *Times Book Review*, there was an interview with a woman whose novel had been given the place of honor in the *Book Review* that week. Her novel, according to the *Times*, traced a woman called Vida through her years in the Movement. Of the Movement, the author of the novel remembered this:

> I remember walking around with other organizers and fantasizing about what we would do after the revolution with all the buildings, what human uses they could be put to. What marvelous daycare centers and hospices they would become.

This woman was talking about New York City. Her adolescent idea had been that the revolution would bring better parks to New York, and beautiful places to live, and day-care centers, and hospices. Her idea was that New York should be *human*. Now, this is simply a mistake. New York is an inhuman machine put together to serve the most ambitious interests of a certain part of American secular society. It has human aspects, because human needs must be met before ambitions can proceed toward realization, but the fulfillment of those human needs is an uninteresting precondition of the life of the ambitions. In human terms, there is no reason to live in New York, and if New York were to become a city in which day-care centers and hospices were the dominant institutions it would soon be depopulated.

THE COLD CHILD

THE people who undertook revolutionary activities knew one thing: they knew warm from cold. Not a small thing to know. They saw that the adult world had retreated in *presence*—in willingness to rule, or even to acknowledge, the world it had con-

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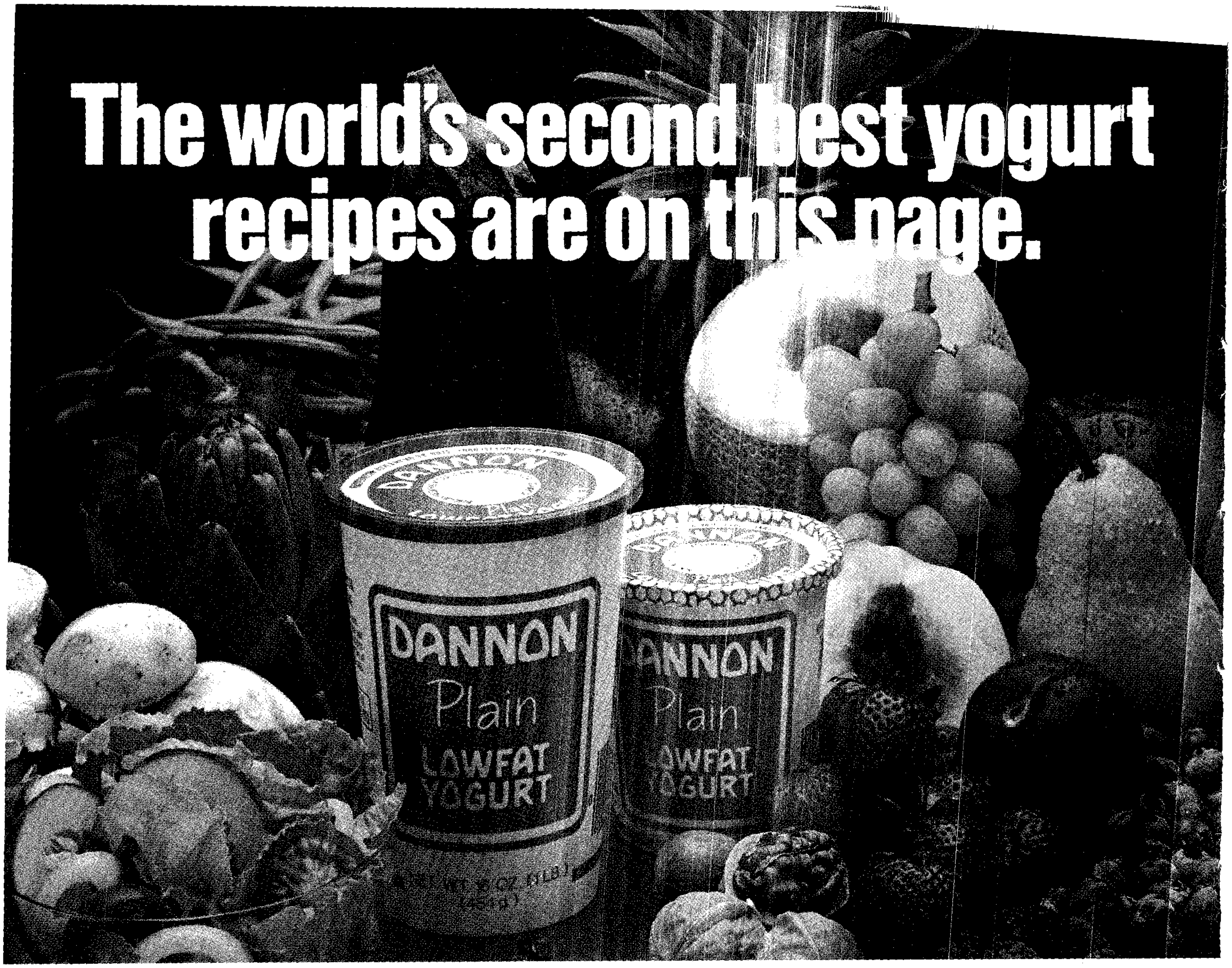
The world's second best yogurt recipes are on this page.



The best: pry the cap off a Dannon, dig in and enjoy.

For many yogurt aficionados, the ultimate yogurt trip is to spoon up a cup of Dannon **as is.**

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Hot Yogurt Soup

1 cup semolina
1 cup medium barley
10 cups beef or chicken broth
3 cups finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped mint
½ lb. butter or margarine
4 cups Dannon Plain Yogurt
Salt and pepper to taste

Soak barley for 2 hours, cook in broth for 1 hour. Soak semolina in water for ½ an hour. Add semolina to barley mixture. Simmer on low heat. In a separate pan, fry onions golden brown in butter. Add onions, mint, salt and pepper to soup. Stir yogurt well and add it very slowly. Heat until just before it comes to a boil. Serve hot. Serves about 6.

Cucumber Parsley Dressing

A delicious idea for green salads or fish salads.

½ cup mayonnaise
1 cup peeled, seeded and chopped cucumber
1 cup chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
1 cup Dannon Plain Yogurt

Stir together first 6 ingredients. Stir in yogurt. Chill. Makes about 2 cups.

Jamaican Frost

4 cups Dannon Plain or Strawberry Yogurt
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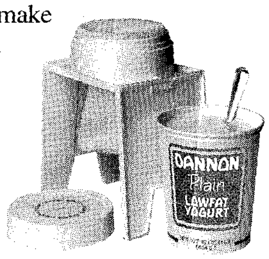
2 cans (16 ounces each) Diet Delight® Fruit Cocktail

In saucepan combine 1 cup yogurt and gelatin. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in remaining yogurt. Chill until almost set. Whip until smooth and frothy. Drain fruit cocktail well and place ⅓ cup fruit in 8-cup mold; fold remainder into gelatin. Pour into mold. Chill until set. Unmold gelatin on platter. Serves 6-8.

How To Get A Yogurt Cheesemaker



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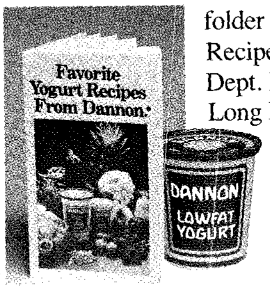

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trived. They saw that the presence of the adult world consisted of masks and lackeys—a cheerfulness that was essentially cold. They came to understand that they had been cheated. They did not understand, however, what they had been cheated *of.* As their orthodoxy began to form, it cohered around the idea of the *warm child.*

The Adolescent Orthodoxy

THE adolescent orthodoxy is the orthodoxy of growth, of becoming, of awkward search. It has embraced the most ambitious energies of the society since the mode of the cold child was established on television. It has as its aim the undoing of the work of the cold child. It is carried out in mourning for lost childhood. Its eye is always there—on childhood.

The Cold Child

TELEVISION is dangerous because it operates according to an attention span that is childish but is cold. It simulates the warmth of a childish response but is cold. If it were completely successful in simulating the warmth of childish enthusiasm—that is, if it were warm—would that be better? It would be better only in a society that had agreed that childish warmth and spontaneity were equivalent to public virtue; that is, in a society of children.

What is a cold child? A sadist. What is childish behavior that is cold? It is sadism. After generations of cold childhood, cold childhood upon cold childhood, one piling on the other, moving, *at their best,* into frenzied adolescence, certain ugly blemishes have surfaced. An overt interest in sadism, for instance, and an interest in unnatural children. Americans, unrooted, blow with the wind, but they feel the truth when it touches them. An interest in sadism is an interest in truth in that it exposes the processes of false affection. A horror of children is the natural result of the spread, across the grid, of a cold childhood.

The Cold Child

AS the mode of the cold child continues and the aesthetics of pseudo-intimacy become so widely accepted that forms of behavior are forgotten which require an understanding of what distance there is between different people at different moments—as this continues, it is possible, even *easy,* for the proprietors of the commercial culture to create certain new masks

The Fashion Scene; Cream of the Classics...a deftly cut blazer, its sleek curves stroked with white, atop chalk-striped straight-legs; by **bleyle**. Perfectionist's plus: a color-cued check shirt.

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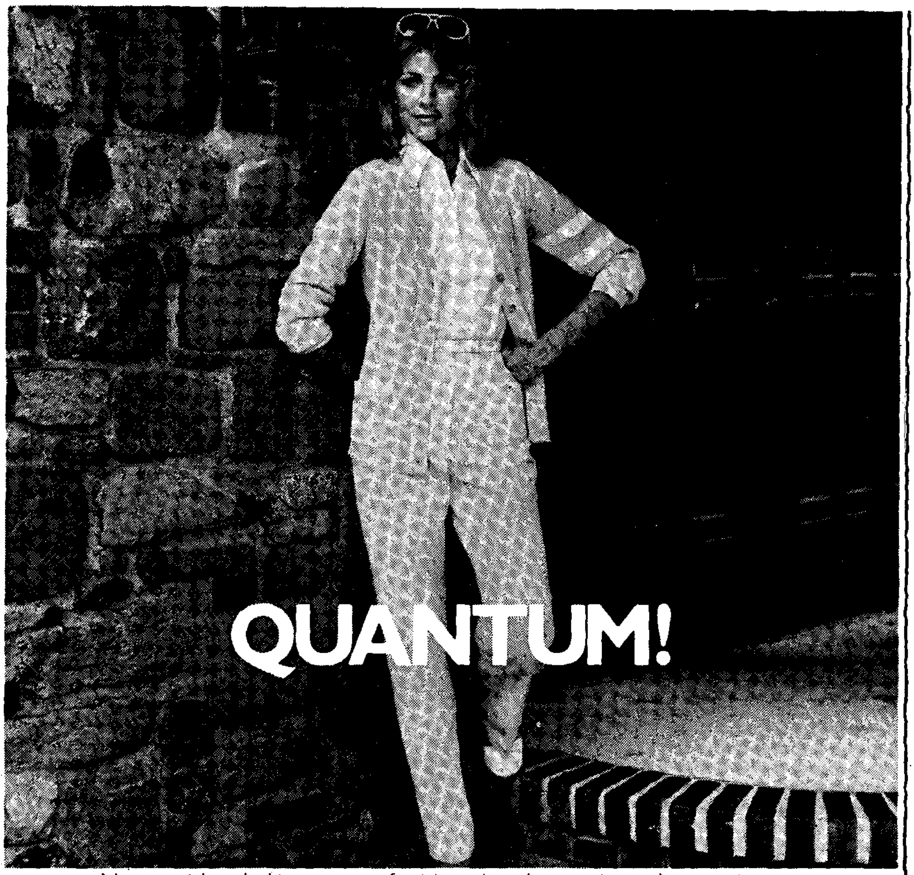

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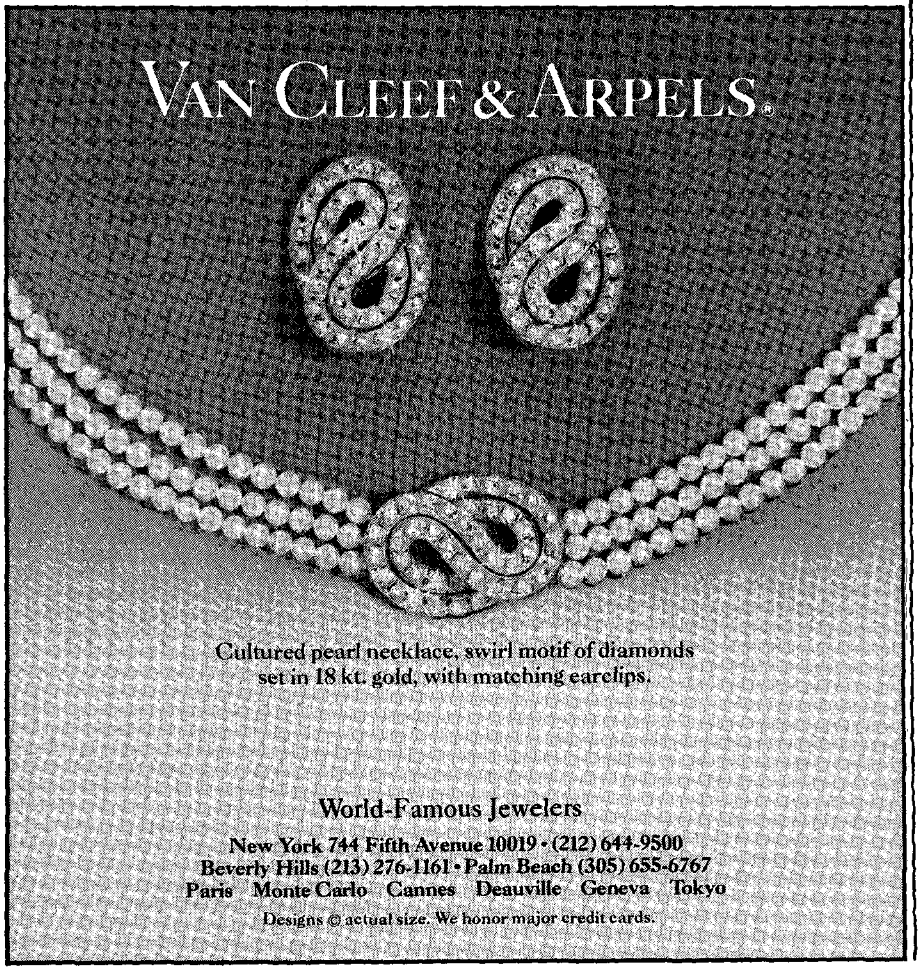
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out of material that was thrown up by the "rebellious" adolescent orthodoxy. Out of day-care centers and hospices, for instance. The cold child is happy to embrace the warm child. Both, after all, make a point of *smiling*.

THE COLD CHILD

THERE is another possibility. It is possible to *embrace* the cold child, after all. To *accept* the corruption in his smile. Some artists and some terrorists have seen the space made ready for this possibility. They are quite candid that their interest is in *defacement*. Certain artists, certain terrorists, and, of course, very many children.

SMILES

LOOK at the girl smile. The more she smiles, the more certain it is that she represents something trivial, something shocking, or something failed.

DISTANCE

THE background is distant, the sense of protection is distant—so people feel completely protected and completely unprotected at the same time.

DISTANCE

THE background is distant, the sense of protection is distant. People are so frightened. There is so much distance between them and their protection. They reward anyone who can convince them that there is no distance.

DISTANCE

IN the vast distance between the protection and the protected, there is space for mirages of pseudo-intimacy. It is in this space that celebrities dance.

FALSE PROPHETS

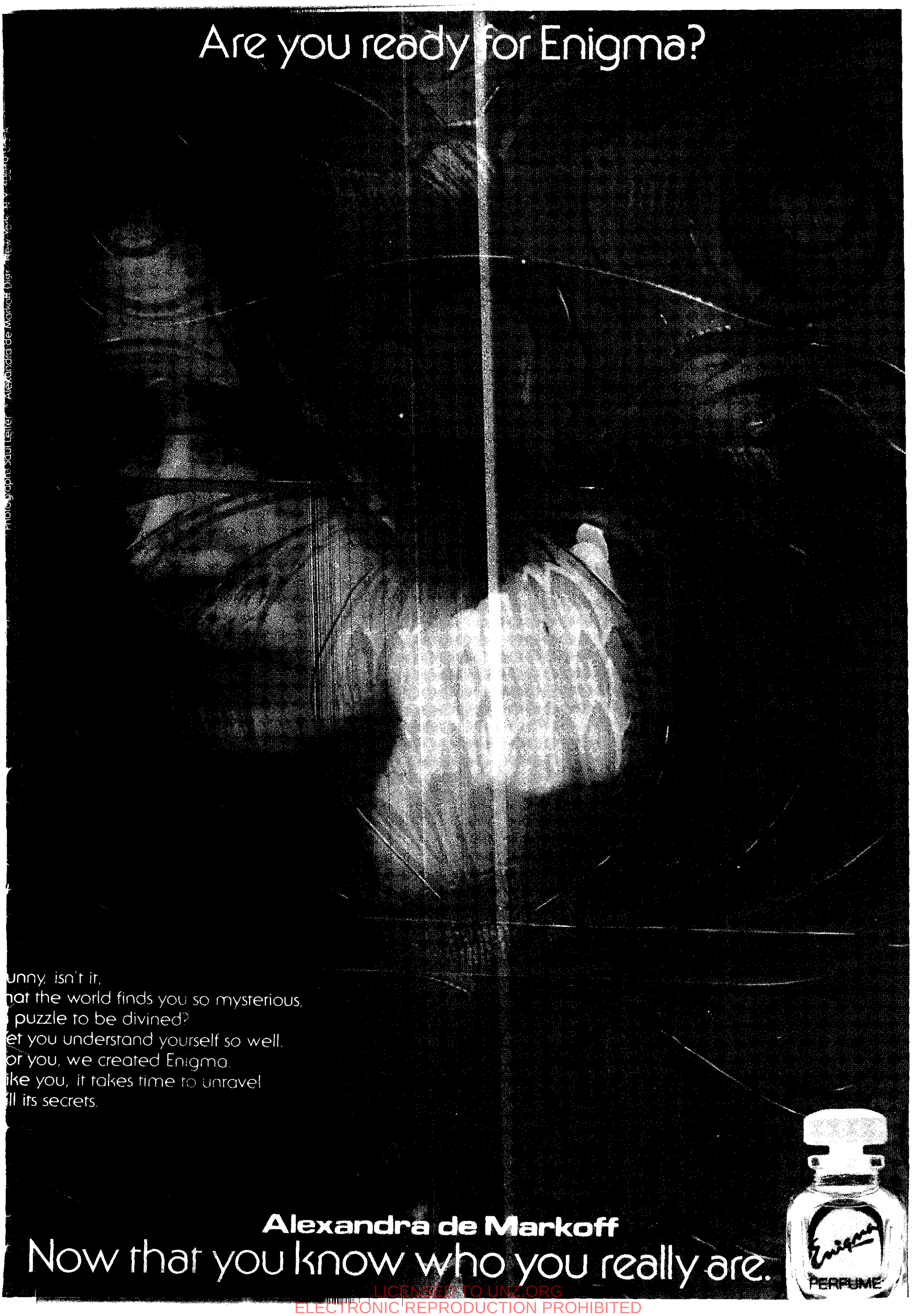
AND, since the dancing celebrities occupy no real space, there is room for other novel forms to take hold. Some of these are really very strange.

FAILURE

NO one, now, minds a con man. But no one likes a con man who doesn't know what we think we want.

WINNING

WHEN the idea of winning is empty, men of integrity may fill it up. When it is full, but empty of



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unny, isn't it,
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For a free Praline Liqueur Food and Drink Recipe Booklet, write for "Recipes," Suite 3, 2615 Edenborn Ave., Metairie, Louisiana 70002. ©1979 integrity, then the only interest is in disappointment.

◆

PEOPLE

PEOPLE. So many people. Everywhere you look: on the streets; in the stores; queuing up for a little treat. It's a glut of people. So many. But not everyone, of course. Sometimes it's everyone, though. HEY, AMERICA. That's one group. It's a group of people. Not a small group—not by any means. It's not everyone, though—not the oldsters and the welfare cheats. Well, sometimes it's the oldsters, too, and the welfare cheats, but not often. During the news, for instance, it's oldsters. Oldsters get special attention then. *Mom's incredible. Sometimes, when her hands knot up in a kind of nineteenth-century pain, sometimes, when her shuffling steps bring stab after stab, sometimes, even then, we let her make the breakfast.* Most of the time, though, when we say HEY, AMERICA, it's a smaller group we have in mind.

People. So many people. *Too* many people. Sometimes it's a little crowded. How many? Unclear. More than two hundred million? How do you arrive at that figure? Do you go from house to house—houses formed into little units, constituting parts, then, of larger units, which are, in turn, parts of larger units, until you get to units large enough to count on the fingers of one hand? Or do you start instead with the two hundred million and slice it up? There's a difference. Taken from one direction, people have personal histories. Taken from the other, they have characteristics. Taken in one way, little units have small histories or, sometimes, histories unexpectedly large; taken in the other way, they have characteristics. Large units—the large units resulting from the way a thing grows, step by step, year by year—have history, the record of the independent action of growing from small to large. But only from the direction of small to large. From the other direction, the direction of two hundred million sliced up, they have a share. Taking apart the share, you find characteristics. Agglomerating the characteristics so that they will stand on their own, so that you have something distinct to say about this share, as opposed to that share, you resort to sociology.

New England is history. Step One. Step Two. Do this. Do that. This happened. That happened. It all adds up to New England. It doesn't break

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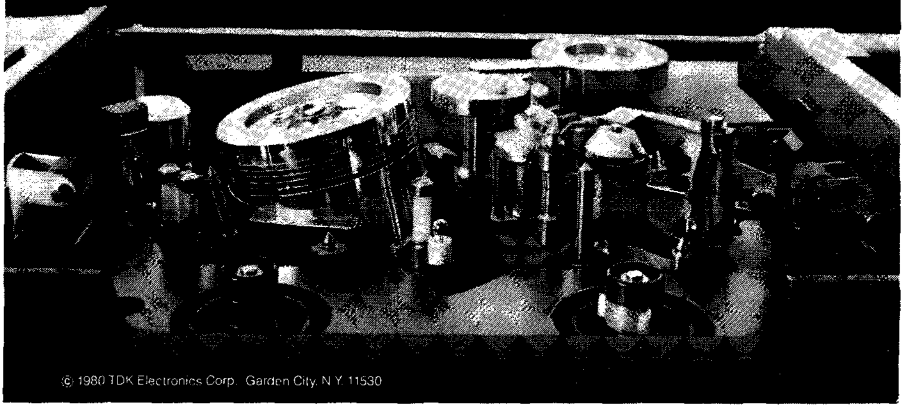

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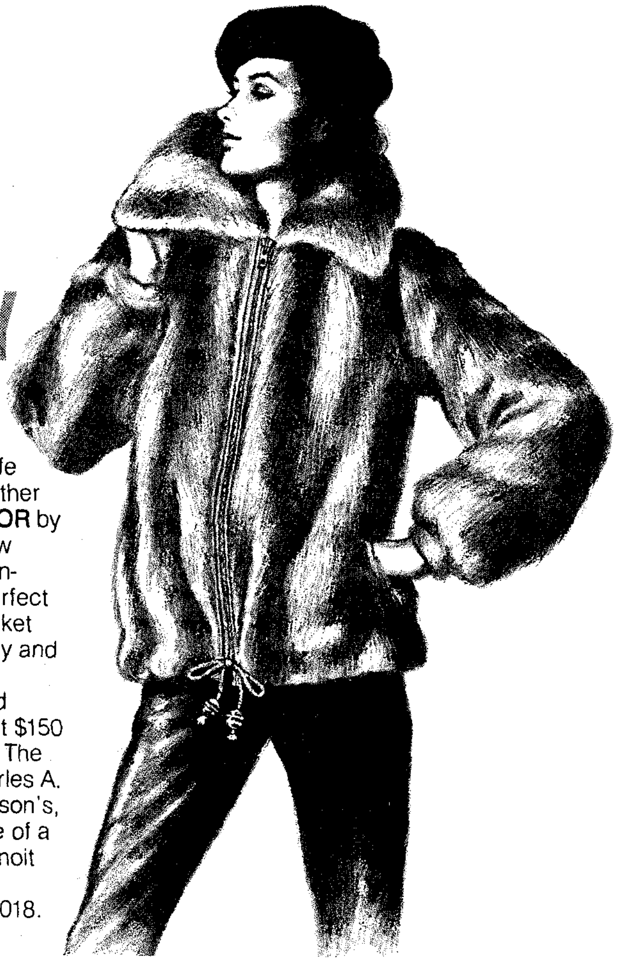

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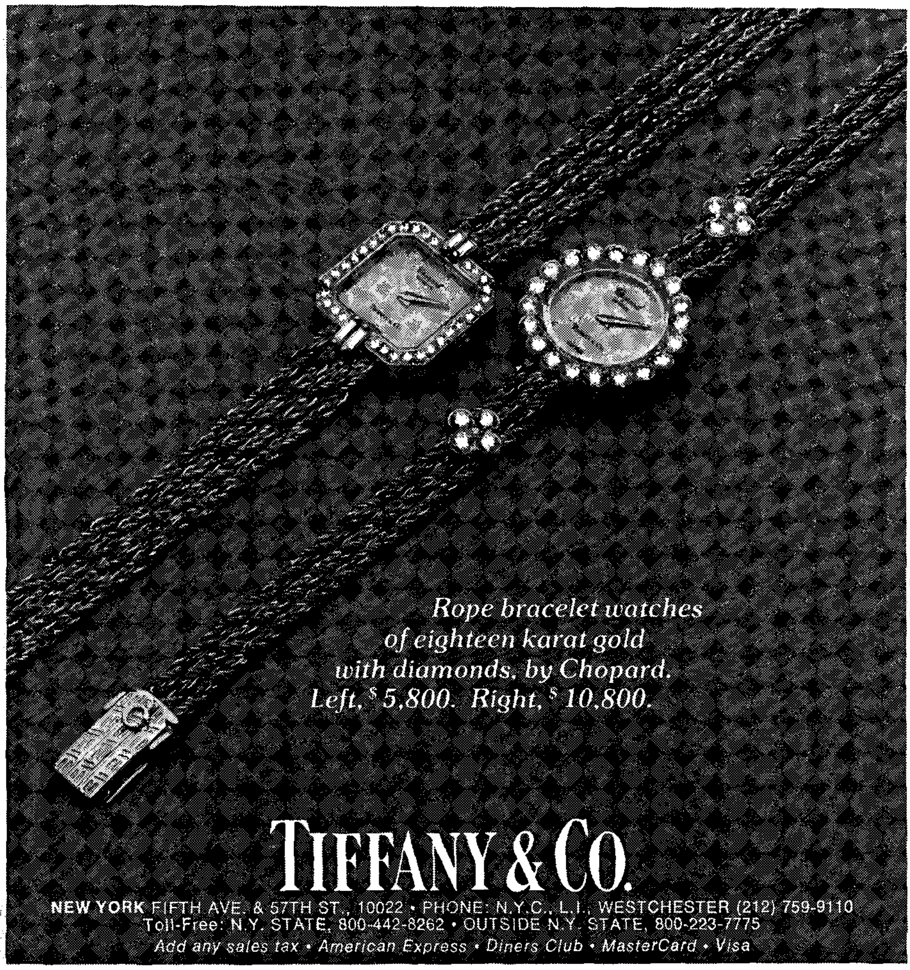

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down from something else. It is no share of anything larger. History takes a certain course, and it *adds up* to New England. Of course, once it does, you can work it in other ways. New England as a phrase means a certain thing, because certain things have added up to mean New England. But once a phrase means a certain thing, you can abuse the meaning and twist it: refer to the sense of what "New England" means to suit your purposes, which may not have correct reference to the history of New England—which may, in fact, directly oppose the essence of that history. SHOT OF FABULOUS OLD NEW ENGLAND INN. Look at the clapboards. So white. Look at that *porch*. So like New England, that porch. *Why, Mrs. Martin, you're pouring Silt-Whip over that old New England cherry cobbler. Of course it's Silt-Whip; nothing else is good enough for Martin's Inn.* At a certain moment, Mrs. Martin would have been whipped herself. A certain stern New England man would have taken her out and beaten her. And sent her out of town. But not now. She stands on the porch of her fabulous New England inn with her artificial dessert topping, made from lard, engine oil, preservatives extracted from offal and animal screams. *Why is she there?* Liaison. She's doing liaison work. She stands on a little pivot. It's history. What she is is the purveyor of a motif. In her case, the motif is history used in the service of the force of no-history, and no-history is the force of the share, and the characteristics of the share, and the grid of two hundred million.

What is it? It's *television*. It's a program *on* television. A little span of time. How does it work? It's a little span of time made friendly by repetition. In a way, it doesn't exist at all. Just what does, then? A certain ability to transmit and receive and then to apply layers of affection and longing and doubt. Two abilities: to do a very complex kind of work, involving electrons, and then to cover the coldness of that with a hateful familiarity. Why hateful? Because it hasn't anything to do with a human being as a human being is strong. It has to do with a human being as a human being is weak and willing to be fooled: the human being's eagerness to perceive as warm something that is cold, for instance; his eagerness to be a part of what one cannot be a part of, to love what cannot be loved. What is it? It's family hour. What is it? It's a *pro-*

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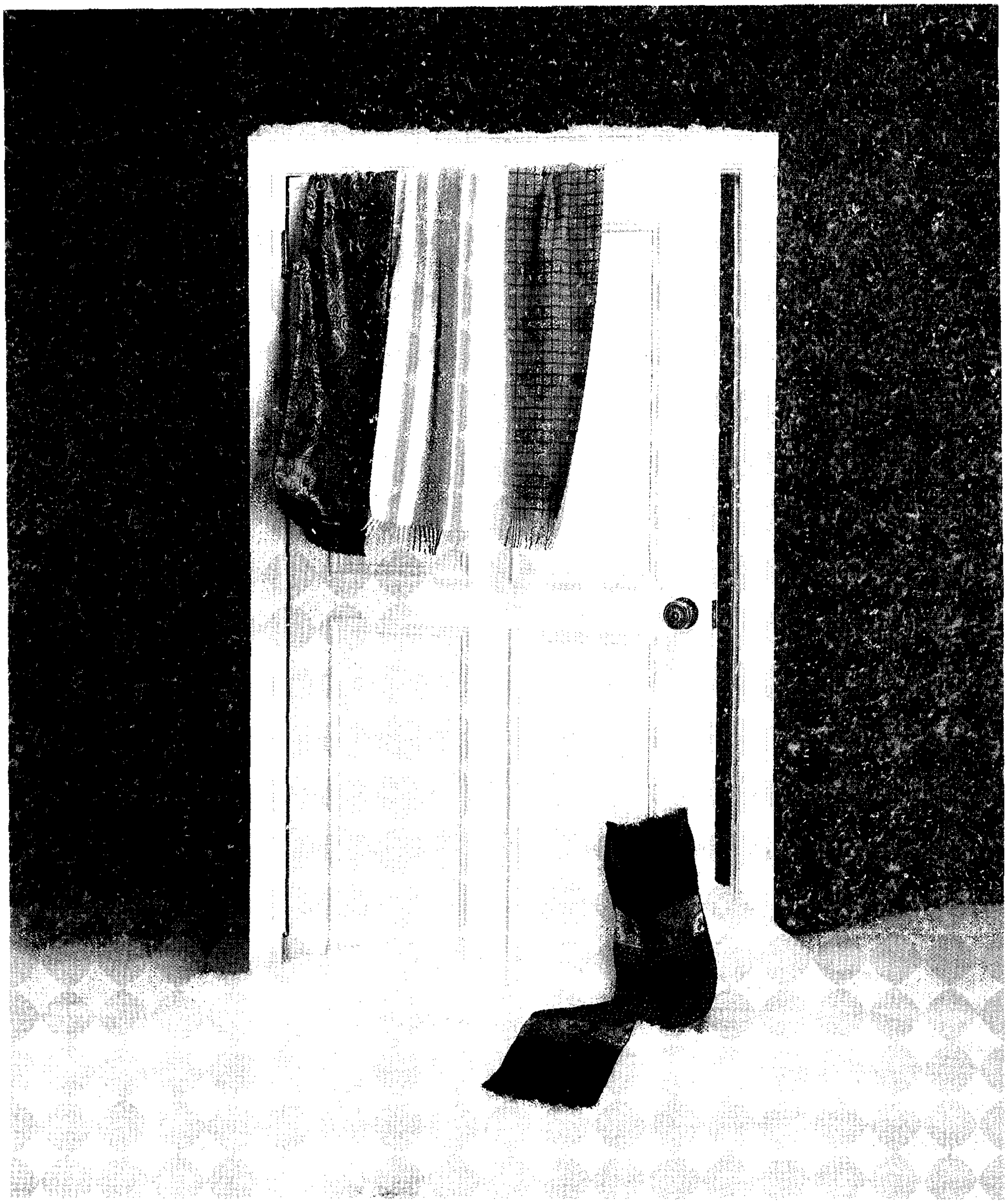

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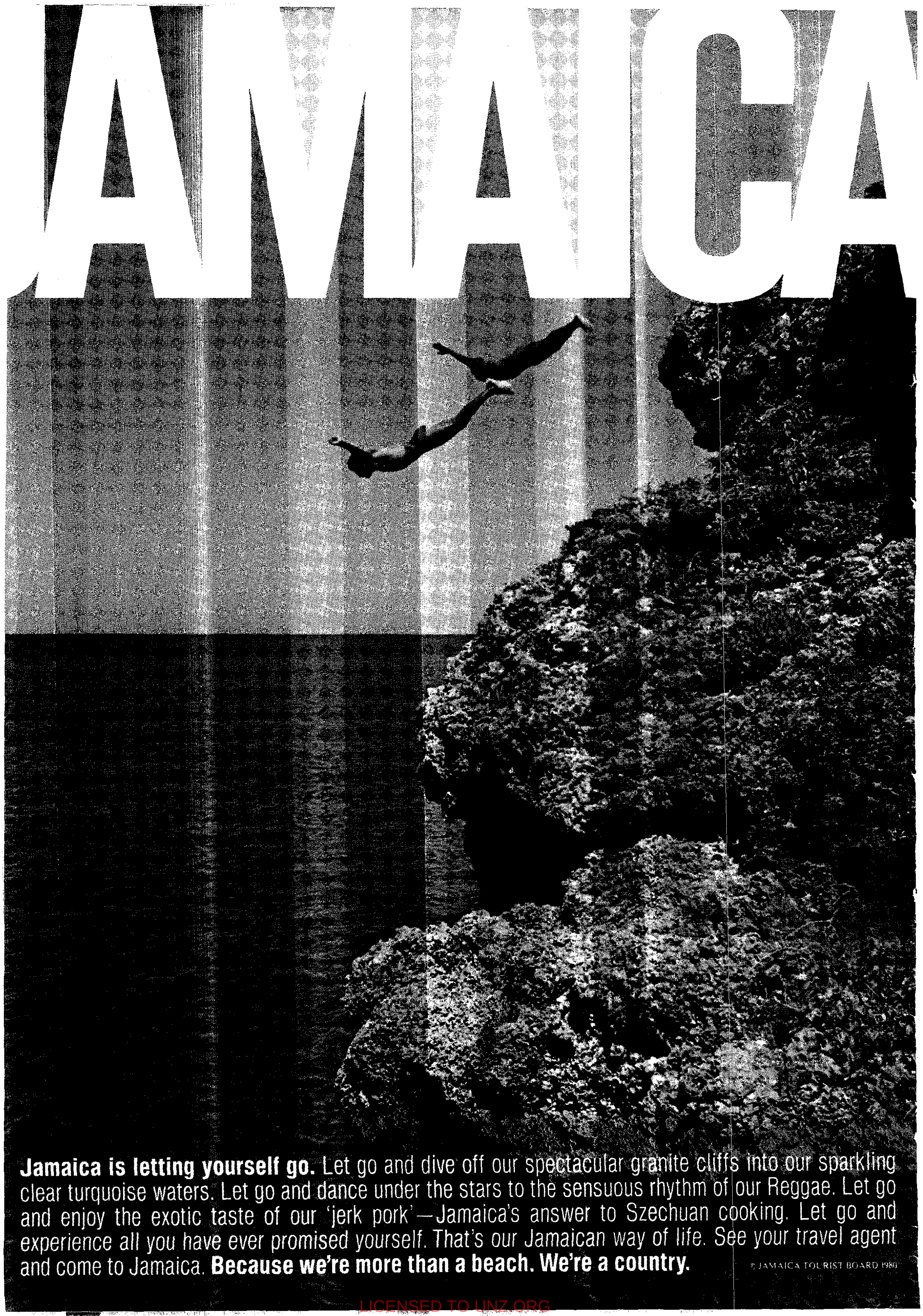

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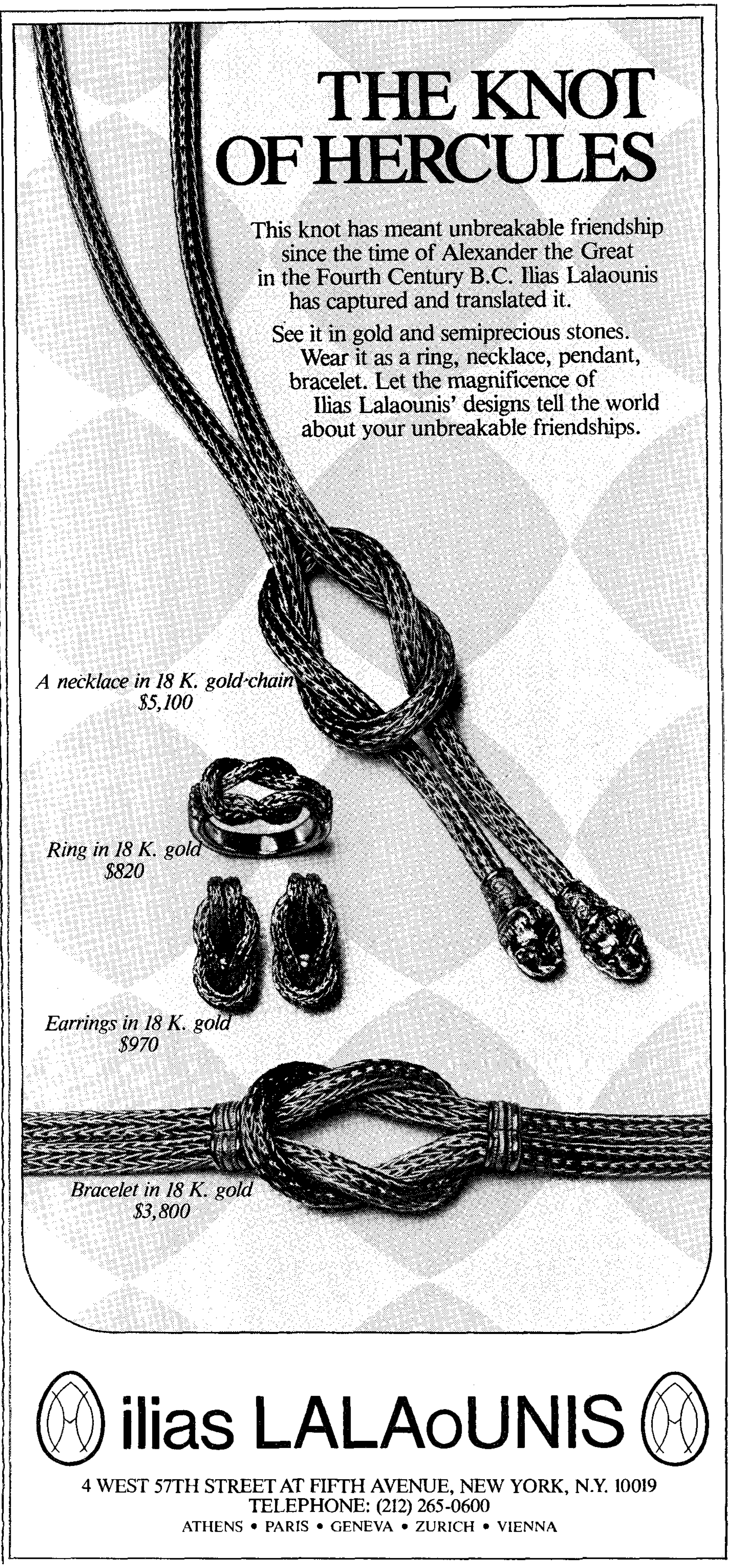
gram, a little slice of time during which a man and his wife and a woman who works for him sit together behind a little desklike thing. So shoddy, the little desklike thing. Like a bit of contempt molded into a kind of cage. What do they do? They answer questions. Not questions about France, or the Battle of Britain, or what American women despise most about their husbands according to the editors of *Modern Maiden*. What, then? About what? Together, in discomfort, they answer questions designed to awaken discomfort. In this way, a little reality can be got to. You can see it on their faces. They are uncomfortable, longing for comfort. The questions make them uncomfortable, and they recognize being uncomfortable as referring to their reality. They take comfort in this reference. In that, and in the fact that they are in public. Out of their small family, which may not exist, so lonely is it, and into the grid of two hundred million.

The host is Jim Peck. So friendly, Jim Peck. He has curly hair. Fornication is what he has on his mind as he does his job. Fornication as it has reference to the little units of man, wife, woman working for the man. But no real fornication. Nothing to do with real fornication. Nothing like "Jessica, has Harold fornicated with Monica at the office?" The questions are conditional, referring to what the man will say. Prizes are awarded to wives or female employees according to their ability to guess what the man will say. It forms a little grid. A little *context*. Convincing while it lasts, but dirty. Shimmering with doubt and embarrassment. Why is it allowed? Because the embarrassment forms a context. The comfort of discomfort. The comfort of reality, which is a reality of discomfort. And *interest*. That there should be in their own sadness the means to form a little event within a context. Nobody does anything in America unless it is perceived as a step up. As the boy slices his skin to watch a scar form, he thinks how loathsome and intolerable life was before he thought to do it, and how comforting it is to belong to the new aristocracy of people who have had the imagination to have an intention to wound themselves.

TEEN-AGE ALCOHOLISM

WHO is he? He's a man in business. Watch him walk. Down the hall. A smile on his face. What is it? A new *problem*. For a while, it was



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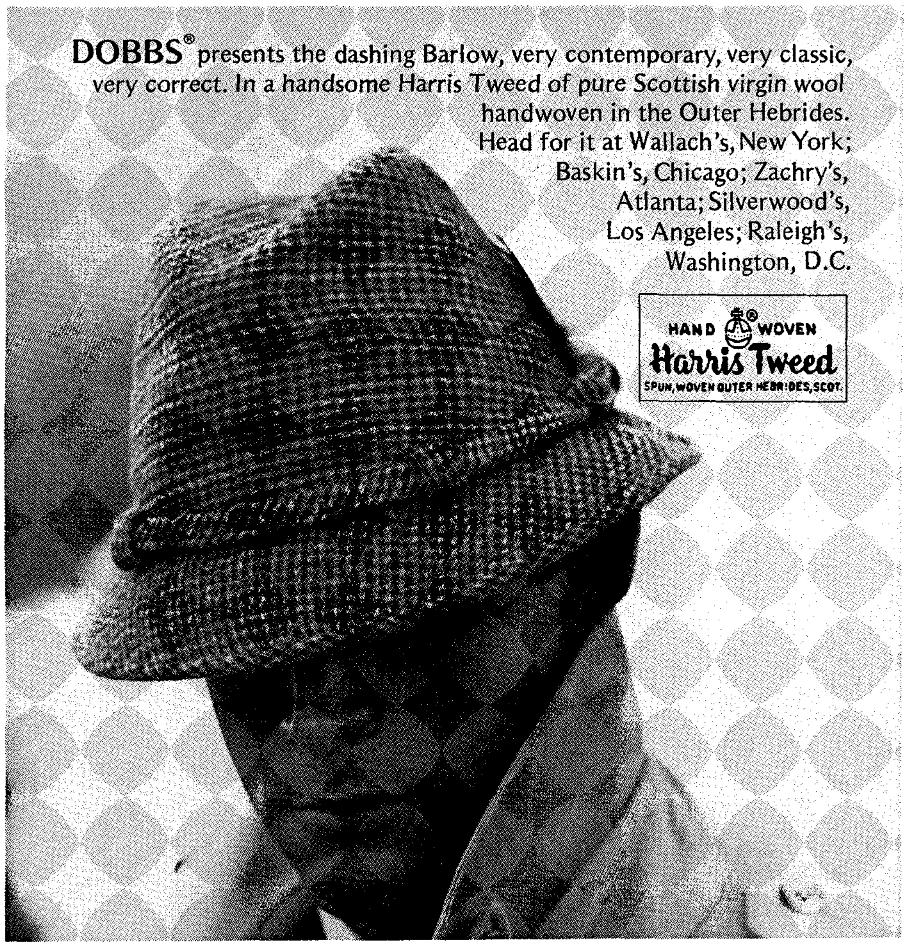

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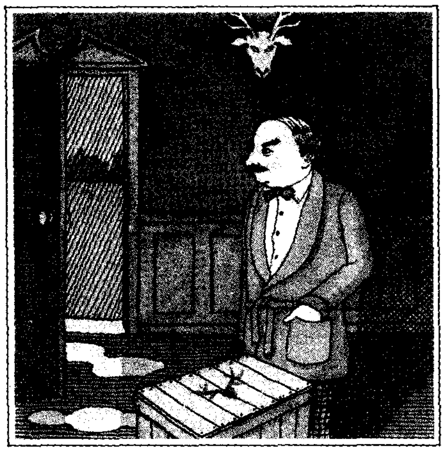
a new smile that counted, or a new thrill. Now, in certain parts of the building, what matters is the problem, and the little frown of recognition when the problem is mentioned, and the little stabs of pain when a baby girl or a baby boy is shown to have the problem, and then the little invocation of the therapeutic orthodoxy as people come together to talk about the problem. So openly! They talk about the problem just as if it were a menu! Or a date on the calendar, or a treat! They learn from an *expert* to talk. They didn't know how. Matron tells them how. "Did you know that Baby Judy was gulping twenty Quaaludes a day?" Matron is worried. Matron knows how to talk. She learned it in school. She knows how to talk. *In a way*. She knows everything *in a way*. She is the midwife of the problem, an important person. Matron is here to persuade us that *someone knows what to do*. Matron is here to say that open and honest *dialogue* will help keep Baby Judy from gulping Quaaludes and drinking Night Train Express and marking her arm with razor blades.

Matron is important. She's one of the most important people in the whole world. She knows about teen-age alcoholism and drug-related deaths and child abuse and wife-beating and every other problem. She's here to help. In public. On the channels. On the special programs and in the context of a series. Ask Matron. She's the expert. She has taken courses. She didn't know a thing for a while, but then she took courses, in a school made of cinder block. She knows a crisis. She knows crisis intervention. She doesn't know about daily life, but daily life isn't coherent, so why should she know about it? Who can grasp something that's not coherent? Not Matron. That's why she sticks to a problem.

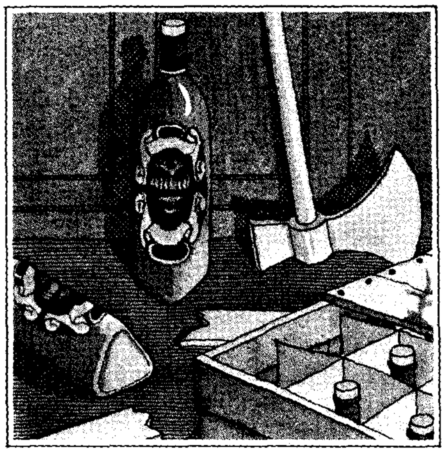
The problem comes with a lie. Ma-

RECIPES
A B C D E
Judith Shahn

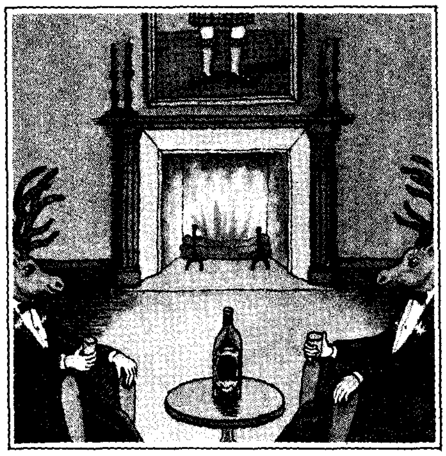
THE CASE OF
·THE·
'AON BRAICH'



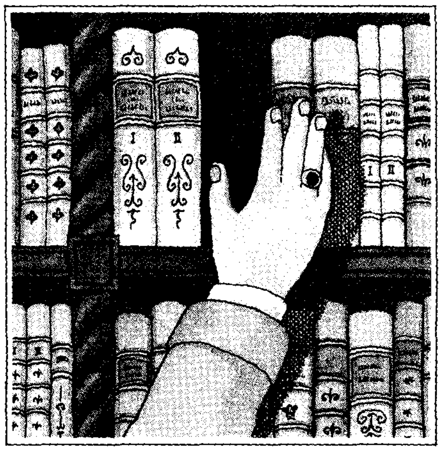
One rainy evening, a man with Gaelic on his breath delivered to my door a case of Glenfiddich. "Aon Braich," he murmured. No one here by that name, I mused. When I looked up, he had disappeared.



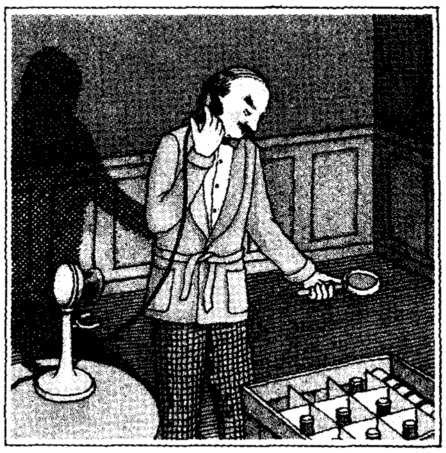
Upon cracking the cache of Glenfiddich with my Scottish Rites hatchet, I found each bottle of this distinctive malt whisky to be of triangular shape. Evidently, there were more sides to this story still.



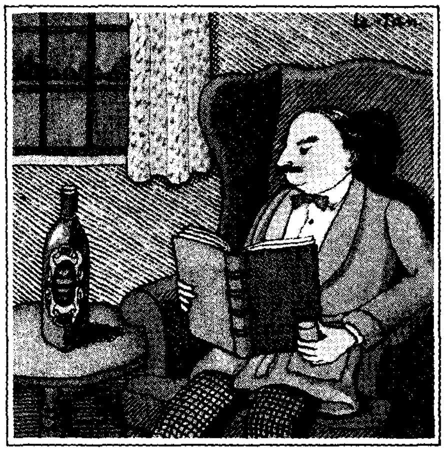
Examining the label, I detected a most intriguing clue: Glenfiddich is Gaelic for 'Valley of the Deer.' Had this peculiar charade been nothing more than a cleverly staged stag party invitation?



A sudden revelation struck me like a belt from Savile Row. Perhaps the peat-stained pages of MacTurf's 'Scotch On The Lochs' would hold the explanation. I reached for my volume – but the book was gone!



It was then my friend MacIntosh rang. "Aon Braich!" he intoned. That strange name again! "I'd have returned the book myself, but with this downpour..." Then I saw my MacTurf tucked 'midst the malts.



A newly-marked page revealed that it was the Glenfiddich that was 'aon braich,' or single malt. One sip confirmed its singular character. Rarely had a case led me to such a splendid solution.

GLENFIDDICH® SINGLE MALT

Scotch Whisky

Glenfiddich Highland Unblended, Single Malt Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. © William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10020.

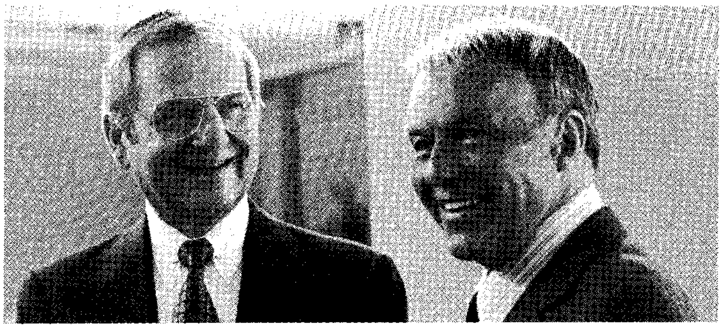
The Chairman of the Board tells "The Chairman of the Board" why it's time for Imperial.

Lee Iacocca talks to Frank Sinatra about the future of luxury cars in America.

On July 18, 1980 Frank Sinatra, the entertainment industry's "Chairman of the Board," joined Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman of the Board of The New Chrysler Corporation, at the first public exhibition of America's newest luxury car, the 1981 Imperial.

This new Imperial is an unusually timely automobile, newer than its competitors and, in significant ways, substantially different from them; it is these differences that make the Imperial the unique automobile it is.

After opening the exhibition and viewing the new Imperial, Sinatra and Iacocca spent some time discussing what America needs in a luxury car today and how this new Imperial fills those needs.



Sinatra: When you build a luxury car, where do you start? How do you lay down the specs?

Iacocca: You try to build a luxury car that's better than the competition. Say you take your leading potential competitor and you might say, 'I'm going to give a customer 105 percent of this guy's riding comfort. Or 100 percent of his cornering ability.' You can set your sights on what the people are already buying.

Sinatra: Is that what you did?

Iacocca: Sure. But our standards for this Imperial were based more on what the people need today than on what the competition is giving them. You know, times have changed in the automobile business.

Sinatra: You mean the energy crunch.

Iacocca: Partly. That's why today you have to try to build a car that's the right kind of car for now and, hopefully, for tomorrow as well. Now, you've owned a lot of cars.

Sinatra: You'd better believe it.

Iacocca: What do you think today's luxury car should be?

Sinatra: I don't know where to start.

Iacocca: Start with the way it should look.

Sinatra: Well, first of all, I'd want it to look simple. I think things are getting cleaner and simpler looking and that's how it should be.

Iacocca: Agreed. That's why we tried to keep the Imperial as uncluttered as possible.

Sinatra: The shape is very clean.

Iacocca: It's what we call slippery.

Sinatra: Slippery?

Iacocca: Slips through the air. In the wind tunnel they give it a number they call a drag coefficient. Tells you how aerodynamic the car is. The lower the number, the better.

Sinatra: Well, you've come out of the wind tunnel with a very elegant looking automobile.

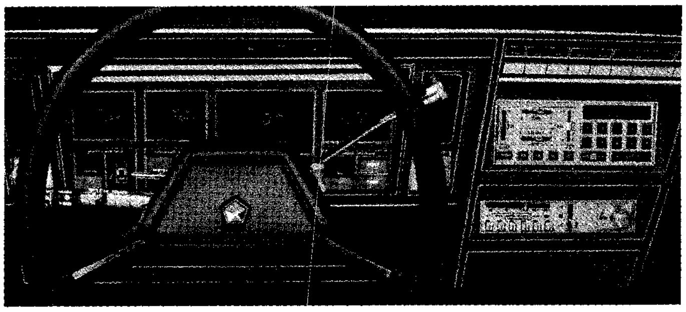
Iacocca: What pleases me more is that the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days.

Sinatra: Fine, but what about the things I can't see? What about engineering? You guys had a big reputation for engineering.

Iacocca: I believe we're still ahead. But engineering a car has changed radically.

Sinatra: Come on, Lee, this country can put a man on the moon, but we can't build an automobile right. Where's our technology when it comes to things we use every day?

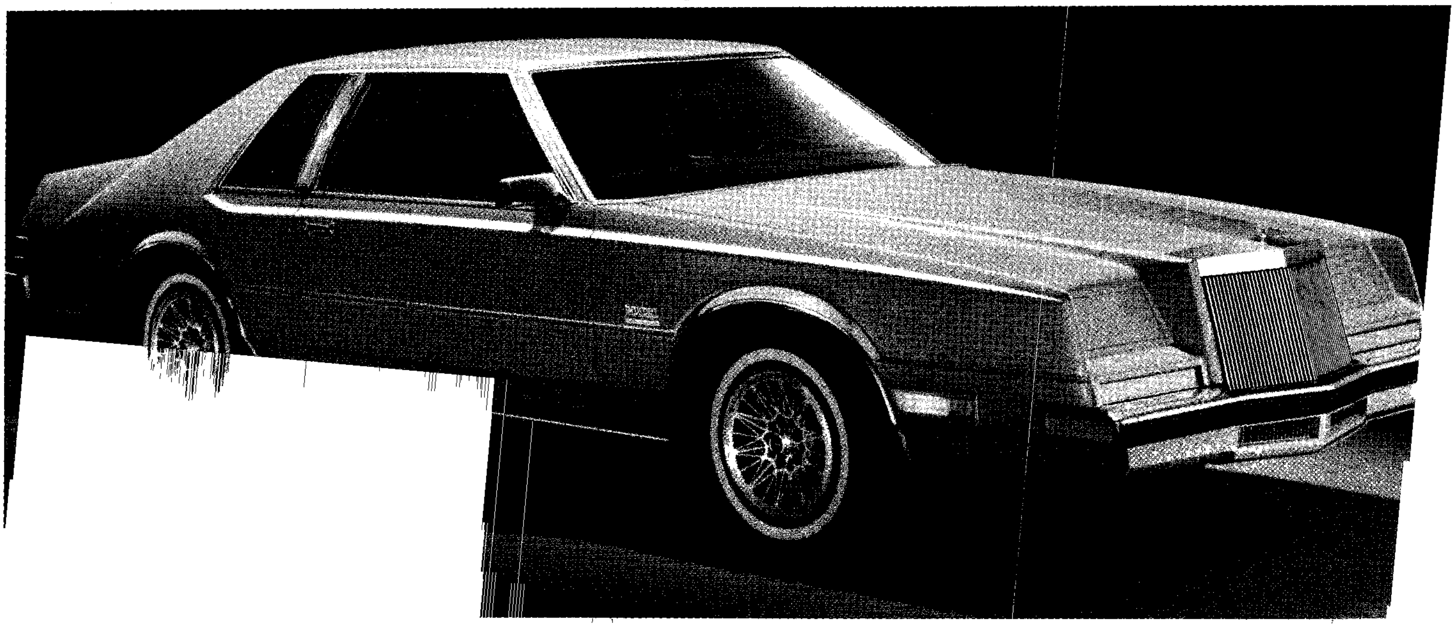
Iacocca: I hear you. But I've been in this business a lot of years and when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel.



"...when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel."

Sinatra: An electronic marvel? What does that mean?

Iacocca: Okay. You mention the space program. Our electronics division down in Huntsville, Alabama, was a prime contractor on the Redstone missile and the Saturn



"Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America."

Apollo program. We're an industry leader in automotive electronics, going back to electronic ignition. There are several hundred electronics experts down there in Huntsville and after we switched them from space work to commercial work, the Imperial is one of the things they went to work on.

Sinatra: What did they do?

Iacocca: Built our system of Electronic Fuel Injection.

Sinatra: Fuel injection's been around for years.

Iacocca: Not like this. The Imperial has the first continuous flow fully electronically controlled fuel injection for any production automobile built anywhere in the world.

Sinatra: Why is that good?

Iacocca: First of all, it controls both the fuel delivery and the spark advance, based on information it gets from about a dozen sensors that monitor everything from engine temperature to barometric pressure. They feed all this information into what we call the Combustion Computer. Then the computer figures the best possible spark advance for all these conditions and the best proportion of air to fuel, and meters out the exact amount you need.

Sinatra: What's in it for me?

Iacocca: Four things. First of all, it starts by just a turn of the key. Second, you get the smoothest idle, even on cold mornings. Number three, there are practically no balks. And number four, practically no stalls.

Sinatra: Sounds terrific.

Iacocca: And that's only the half of it. I tell you, we've never had electronics like this. Now you've got to admit, this instrument panel is rather unusual.

Sinatra: I've driven a lot of cars and I've never seen anything that looked like it. But why does a digital instrument panel make the Imperial a better car?

Iacocca: Because it makes you a smarter driver. Tell me, what do you need to know when you're driving a car?

Sinatra: I want to know how fast I'm going. How far I've gone. How much gas I've got left. What time it is. That's all.

Iacocca: Okay. This instrument panel shows you all of that in words and numbers.

Sinatra: No gauges?

Iacocca: No gauges. This is the only production built American car with a completely electronic digital instrument cluster.

Sinatra: And what do the buttons do?

Iacocca: They turn your instrument panel into an Electronic Communications Center. Push button number one and your speedometer changes from miles to kilometers.

Sinatra: Not bad.

Iacocca: Push button number two and your electronic chronometer gives you the date instead of the time. Button number three turns the whole chronometer into an electronic timer that tells you how long you've been driving.

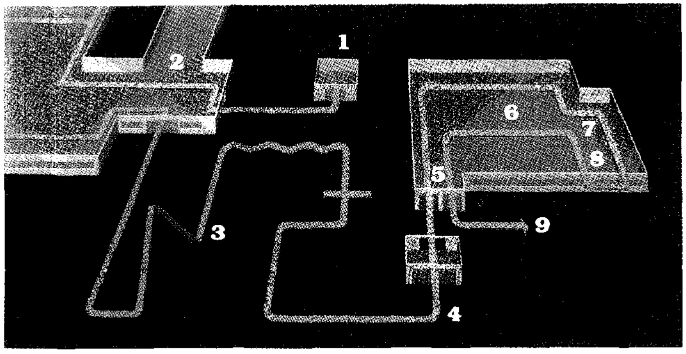
Sinatra: What about how far I've gone?

Iacocca: That's button number four. Push it and the electronic odometer shows you how far you've gone since you started. The next button tells your average speed.

Sinatra: And it's all in miles or kilometers.

Iacocca: That's right. Button six shows how far the gas in your tank will take you under present driving conditions. Number seven shows how many miles you're now getting to the gallon. And number eight gives your mileage over your entire trip.

Imperial Quality Assurance Program starts with preselected parts (1) and special care assembly (2), goes on to a 5.5-mile test drive (3), hot engine checks (4), water checks (5), checks of suspension, steering (6), electrical systems (7) and metal finish (8) before final sign-off (9).



"I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's."

Sinatra: I've never had that on any car.

Iacocca: There's more.

Sinatra: More buttons to push?

Iacocca: No. This part is all automatic. If either half of the dual hydraulic brake system is defective, a light goes on. If the emergency brake is on, this lights up. If your oil pressure or battery voltage are too low, or your engine temperature is too high, these lights come on.

Sinatra: That's a lot of lights.

Iacocca: We've got chimes, too. If you don't buckle up, your Imperial will chime at you. Leave the key in the ignition and it beeps. Leave the lights on and it makes a tone.

Sinatra: Very musical.

Iacocca: I told you we built it for you, Frank.

Sinatra: What about your other customers? Is this stuff all standard equipment?

Iacocca: Frank, the only option on the Imperial is a power sliding roof. Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America. I've got even more luxuries than *you* would ask for.

Sinatra: Try me.

Iacocca: You try me. What features do you want in your car?

Sinatra: Start with music.

Iacocca: Your choice of four sound systems, standard. All stereo. All with the best speakers we've ever had.

Sinatra: Power steering, power windows, power seats.

Iacocca: Of course.

Sinatra: Leather upholstery?

Iacocca: Frank, this is the only car in the world with an interior by Mark Cross. It's even got a built-in garage door opener and a hood ornament of Cartier crystal.

Sinatra: You're not fooling around with quality on this baby, are you?

Iacocca: I wanted a quality automobile to sell. I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's.

Sinatra: How long is that?

Iacocca: Two years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers all parts except tires, all labor and all schedule maintenance. Our rust warranty lasts *three* years.

Sinatra: I don't even pay for an oil change?

Iacocca: That's right. The Imperial warranty has the details.

Sinatra: That kind of confidence takes guts.

Iacocca: I know what went into it. Look, every one of these Imperials gets a test drive by an expert. We built a Quality Assurance Center where the whole vehicle gets a going-over to make sure that nothing gets out that's not first-rate. When an inspector there signs off on the car, the signed papers actually come with the car.

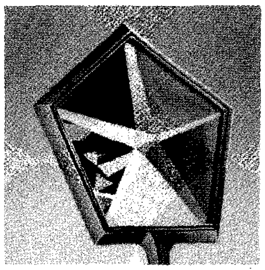
Sinatra: I think there are a lot of people waiting for a car like this one, Lee.

Iacocca: I've got a bunch of Imperial dealers who are ready for them, Frank.

For the name of the Imperial dealer nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-521-7272. In the state of Michigan call 1-800-482-6838.

1981 Imperial. Size and price: comparable to Cadillac Eldorado and Continental Mark VI. ⑯ EPA est. mpg. 26 est. hwy. mpg. Use these ests. for comparison. Mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, trip length. Actual hwy. mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

It's time for Imperial.



The New Chrysler Corporation.

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This wine derives 51.1% of its volume from Chenin Blanc gr
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We think these facts say a lot about the quality of San Martin wines.

And we let them speak for themselves, on our label.

The Award Winning Winery

San Martin Winery, San Martin, California

tron gags on it. The problem goes down easily, but the lie sticks. In a quiet moment, perhaps as she takes a drink, Matron begins to wonder. Not about her school. Matron hated her school. She was clear about that from the start. Not Baby Judy. Baby Judy is the most boring person in the world—anyone could tell. At home, in a quiet moment, Matron wonders. She wonders what it is that bothers her; she wonders if it's time for another drink; she wonders if it would be interesting to mark up her arm with razor blades.

Teen-Age Alcoholism

THE lie is in this—that the teen-age alcoholic suffers from a problem in the foreground, a problem within a context, liable to solution within the frame of the context, subject to powers of arrangement near to the hand of the organizing power of the context. The reality is this—that the problem is the only context available to the people in the problem.

Contexts

ART requires a context: the power of this moment, the moment of the events in the foreground, seen against the accumulation of other moments. The moment in the foreground adheres to the accumulation or rejects it briefly before joining it. How do the manipulators of television deal with this necessity?

1. By the use of false love. The love engendered by familiarity. False love is the Aesthetic of the Hit. What is loved is a hit. What is a hit is loved. The back-and-forth of this establishes a context. It seems powerful. What could be more powerful? The love of tens of millions of people. It's a Hit! Love it! It's a Hit. It loves you because you love it because it's a Hit! This is a powerful context, with a most powerful momentum. But what? It stops in a second. The way love can stop, but quicker. It's not love. There is a distance so great between the lovers that no contact is ever made that is not an abstract contact.

2. By the use of abandoned shells. Pepper dresses up like a cop. Pepper dresses up like a hooker. Pepper has to dress up like a cop to dress up like a hooker. Now This. It's about cowboys! It's about doctors! It's about cowboys who want to become doctors. Or lawyers! Or *young lawyers*. Or girls who want to dress up like lawyers or like a city lawyer coming to the frontier who finds that the law isn't

THE RATIONALE BEHIND OUR MADE-TO-MEASURE SHIRTS

THE made-to-measure shirt is truly one of life's niceties but for some men it is just as truly a necessity, so-called standard shirt measurements having little in common with their measurements. But aside from the exigencies of fit, there are solid reasons for having shirts made-to-measure.

Most obvious is individuality. By that we mean the options in collar shape and cuff styles, the personal selection of shirtings, that in effect make it possible for a man to design his own shirt, express his own style.

Less obvious are the subtle nuances of proportion. For example, we can adjust collar height both front and back to suit the wearer's neck and taste. Sleeves are cut so that an arm can be bent without strain on the shirt or the man inside it, while cuffs have a personal relationship to the wrists they encircle, neither tight nor loose.

Then consider our shirtings. We have over 200 selections but we'll mention only three: the fine, soft cotton flannel in a colorful array of checks and plaids; the stripes in Sea Island cotton; the broadcloth woven from long staple Egyptian cotton, remarkable for both softness and lustre and perhaps most impressive of all.

Good fit, individuality, excellent proportions, and one more thing, comfort. Both physical comfort and the comforting knowledge that you look your best. That's it, the rationale behind our made-to-measure shirts. $40. to $67.50 each. Minimum order of four, ready in five to six weeks. Orders received by November 14th can be delivered for Christmas.

Paul Stuart charge accounts, American Express and Diners Club cards accepted.

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, N.Y.

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This is what the 1980's looked like to people in the 1940's.

It was going to be a brave new world of undersea cities, full-course meals in the form of pills, and a rocket ship in every garage.

What happened?

Nothing out of the ordinary. The future simply didn't happen the way people thought.

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At Xerox we've found a way.

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It uses a special cable, called the Xerox Ethernet cable, to join your office machines into a single network.

A network that's flexible—so that as time passes, you can plug in new information processors, electronic printers, or other information management machines as you need them. Even machines that aren't made by Xerox, and even ones that haven't been invented yet.

In other words, you'll be able to build an information network step by step, according to your needs. Instead of committing to a rigid system you might find hard to change years from now.

When you discover the future hasn't turned out according to plan.

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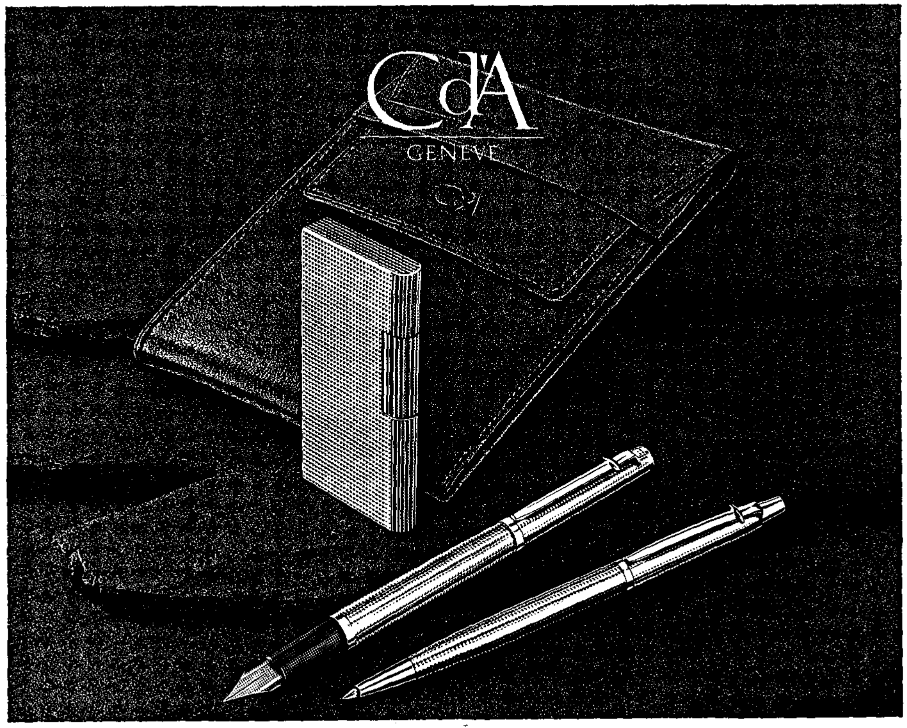

Collection Madison

The hallmark of distinction: Perfection. Madison is the only ultra-flat lighter in the world with two gas reserves. A unique concept and perfect functioning. Madison lighters and pens can be purchased at all leading specialized stores.

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what it seems to be when he finds out Jenny's blind.

3. By the use of ad-hoc contexts. Just for the moment. We're here together, in a little house. It makes such good sense. But just for a moment. We're playing "Password"! Do you remember when we played "Password"? Do you remember Johnny? Yes, you do. When he squirted whipped cream on Burt Reynolds, into his trousers? Remember that? Now This.

PROBLEMS

THEY merge. They mate. They are seen in different combinations. The city lawyer who comes to the frontier and finds that the law isn't what it seems to be inhabits an abandoned hovel remaining from the time when popular entertainment dealt with history or a gloss on history, with adult experience or a gloss on adult experience. Why is he in that hovel? Because the program needs some little bit of organization or it will fall apart before the commercial break. The best organization is false love. Loving Mork from Ork is the best way to get to the commercial, but it's hard. *You can't get them to love just anyone.* You can't get people to believe that they already love just anyone. You can't get them to believe that everyone else is already loving just anyone. You have to start with what they do feel and tease it toward love. *Interest* first, novelty, skin-popping little bits of abandoned reality, building a little house out of that until it's comfortable. Then bring the comfort to the surface. "You're so comfortable! It's almost like love!" It's almost like something you remember. But not the negative side of what you remember. Just the part you liked. Not the boring parts. Remember, he's a doctor only because you like a doctor. He's a lawyer because you like a lawyer; of course, you also don't like a lawyer, so we left those parts out. Not completely out. An edge of what you don't like in a lawyer, but he's going to find that the law isn't what it seems to be, he's going to find out that the law is more like what *you* think it is. He's going to learn that the law is warm and human and caring, because Jenny's *blind.* Wearing shreds of abandoned adulthood, moving through a landscape of ill-remembered history, piecing little bits of reality together, this ill-remembered shard together with that one, the city lawyer encounters something very contemporary in its glow—a problem. A person with a problem. Notice how it is, how it's

Meet Leung Sing Pao. One of Hong Kong's living Chinese legends.

Traditional Chinese performing arts flourish year round in Hong Kong.

Leung Sing Pao has been performing in Chinese opera for over fifty years. Over the years he's become a living legend in Asia, and as far away as England and North America. He has even been awarded the M.B.E. (Member of the British Empire) by England's Queen Elizabeth II for service to the Chinese arts.

In describing this spectacle of glittering costumes and enchanting music, Leung Sing Pao says: "All forms of Chinese opera are designed to educate and entertain, and an actor has a responsibility to follow both codes. Because Chinese opera doesn't have a director, we all work closely to maintain the tradition and the standards."

In the great music hall tradition, he portrays both men's and women's roles and is especially loved for his improvisations which add touches of Hong Kong humour.

The martial arts are also part of Hong Kong culture.

Leung Sing Pao, a beloved figure in Cantonese opera.

"Hong Kong is certainly the best place to experience Chinese opera today. Even if you cannot understand it, you'll certainly get some feeling for it," says Mr. Leung. And the Chinese opera is only one part of the varied cultural scene in Hong Kong, which is growing livelier every year.

The Hong Kong Arts Festival for example, held early each year, is an exciting blend of Eastern and Western entertainment. While the Asian Arts Festival, presented later in the year, concentrates on the culture, music, dancing and drama of neighbouring Asian countries. Kung Fu fighting is another Chinese artform that's alive and kicking in Hong Kong all year long.

Day tours to China.

Now it's easy to include a day tour into China to make your Hong Kong visit even more memorable. No visas are needed in advance and you can go from Hong Kong on just 36 hours' notice. Costs begin as low as US$40, depending on the tour.

For further information on everything there is to see and do in Hong Kong, please see your travel agent or write to the Hong Kong Tourist Association at one of the following addresses:
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San Francisco, California 94104.
333 N. Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60601.
548 Fifth Avenue, New York,
N.Y. 10036.

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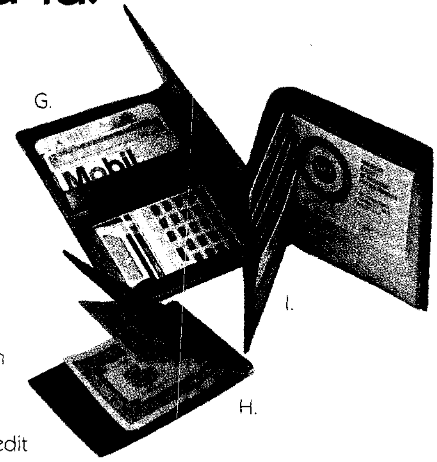
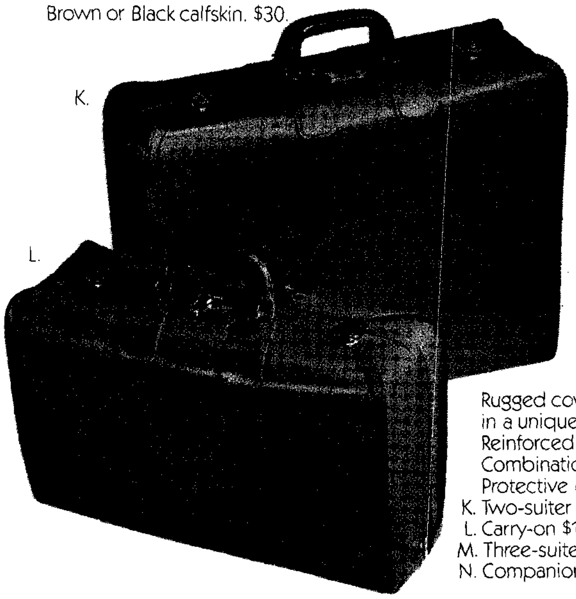
F. Ladies garment bag $425.



G. Durable goatskin wallet with calculator. Holds money, credit cards and passport. Brown or Black. $70.
H. Clipfold. Holds bills and credit cards. In Brown or Black calfskin. $20.
I. Combination credit card case and wallet. Holds up to twenty credit cards. Available in Brown or Black calfskin. $30.

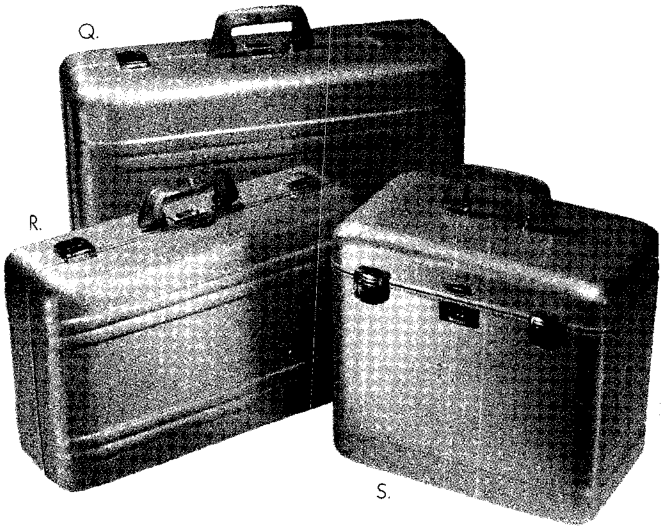
J. Lightweight duck single-suiter. Double zippered packing compartments. Outside full zippered pocket. Available in Brown, Blue, Black, all with Suntan trim. $69.50.



Rugged cowhide suitcases in a unique buffalo grain. Reinforced leather corners. Combination locks. Protective extended edges.

K. Two-suiter $135.
L. Carry-on $135.
M. Three-suiter $160.
N. Companion $135.

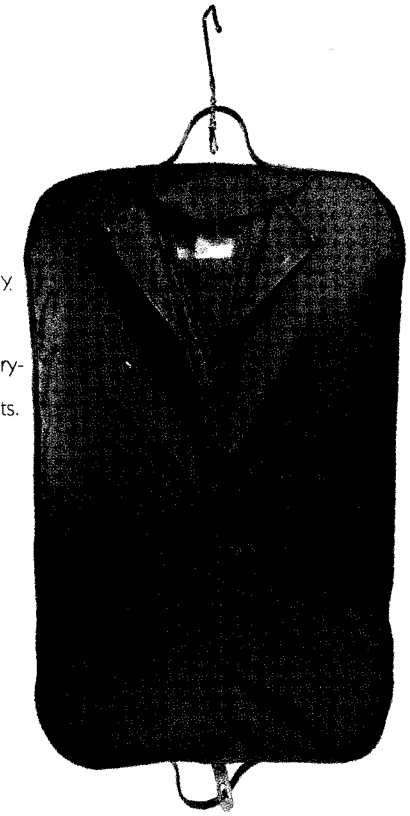
O. Calfskin handbag with convertible strap, two inside zippered pockets, two plain pockets. Available in Black (shown), Brown, Navy, Wine, Taupe; in smooth calf or lizard grain. $130.
P. Kidskin handbag which is convertible to a clutch or shoulder bag. Zippered center pocket, concealed zippered pocket and open back pocket. Available in Black (shown), Brown, Navy, Wine, Grey. $120.



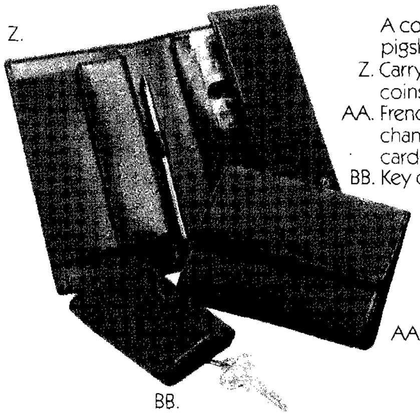
Exceptionally durable aluminum luggage by Zero Halliburton. Dust, dirt and weather proof. (Available in Gold tone at a slightly higher price).

Q. Two-suiter $270.
R. Carry-on $205.
S. Pilot's case $250.
T. Three-suiter $290.
U. 24" suitcase $245.
V. 26" suitcase $265.

Two classic handbags from Louis Vuitton. They're part of Crouch & Fitzgerald's complete line of Louis Vuitton luggage and handbags.
W. 12" satchel $152.
14" satchel available $165.
X. Sling bag with convertible strap $265.



Y. Extremely lightweight nylon carry-on. Carries three suits. Has two zippered outside compartments. In Bronze or Black by Pegasus. Men's $50. Women's $55.



A collection of small leather goods in suede with pigskin edging inside.
Z. Carry-all. Holds checkbook, bills, credit cards, coins, business cards, pen. $68.
AA. French purse. Has bill pocket and outside change pocket. Holds credit and business cards. In Dark Brown and Havana. $70.
BB. Key case. Six key hooks plus pocket. $22.

CC. Man bag by Schlesinger. Made of durable American belting leather. Three pockets and a zippered compartment inside. Roomy pocket outside. 12" x 16". $190.

DD. Genuine ostrich. Unmistakably luxurious, extraordinarily durable. Fully lined in doeskin suede with 24-kt. gold-plated combination locks and fittings. Outside zippered pocket holds removable ostrich envelope. Available in Tan or Black. $1,300.

Durable travel luggage for men in top grain glove-soft cowhide by Pegasus. All pieces have adjustable shoulder straps. All pieces available in Tan (shown), Black or Brown.
EE. Folding carry-on. Holds three suits and accessories. $265.
FF. Carry-on. Exceptionally roomy interior. $200.
GG. Musette shoulder bag. Multi-pocketed. $100.

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THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
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750ML (25.4 FL. OZ.) • 80 PROOF

Drench your orange juice with the one rum that dares to be delicious. Myers's Rum. In any kind of mixer, even by itself.

The reason? Myers's master blending. It makes the rum smoother, softer. For the ultimate in rum taste. Try Original Dark Myers's Rum.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept.NY, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1981.

changed. Melodrama from the beginning of time has shown the orphaned and the blind and the lame. Melodramas have shown the pathos in the condition of these people, and in their loneliness. The important moment has been this: the orphan peeking through the window at the happy family together around the fire. The problem of the melodrama has been this: to bring the child into the circle around the fire. The circle exists, the fire exists, the child exists; the only question is whether circumstances will allow the child to be reconciled with the community. In the television story, which is not a melodrama but a momentary fabric from outer space, with no direct connection to even those easy aspects of human perception upon which the melodrama played—in the television story, *the lonely child creates the circle.* The affliction spins the context. To a problem, like blindness or drug addiction or cancer, to a simple state of trouble—to that state there adheres more reality than adheres to the ragged patching of abandoned realities that costume the city lawyer on the frontier. This is not to say that television producers have foolishly abandoned the productive modes of melodrama. No, no. If they worked—the modes of melodrama—they would be used. It is, rather, that very little interest any longer adheres to the accumulation of realities represented by the words "city," "lawyer," and "frontier," so far have they been debased, while the power of the idea of *affliction* has increased.

Each new birth of reality, however deformed, can be exploited in its turn. Movies are best at this. Movies are the gloss on television, and on the world created by television. To the extent that they comment on the blemishes rising to the surface of the world created by television, they are big movies. "Apocalypse Now" is not so much a movie about the horrors of Vietnam as it is a movie about the world created by television. "The Exorcist" and a hundred other movies openly admit the horror of the American cold childhood. Movies like "Jaws" and "Animal House" and "Star Wars" are powerful because they operate within a warm childishness, and thus constitute a release from the cold tease of television.

Magazines in the Age of Television

MAGAZINES are based on agreements. Some of these agreements are simple: "This magazine

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In London, one hotel towers above the rest. It's called the Carlton Tower.

And as well as offering everything you'd expect from a five star international hotel, it also offers one or two additional items which lift it discreetly above its distinguished peers.

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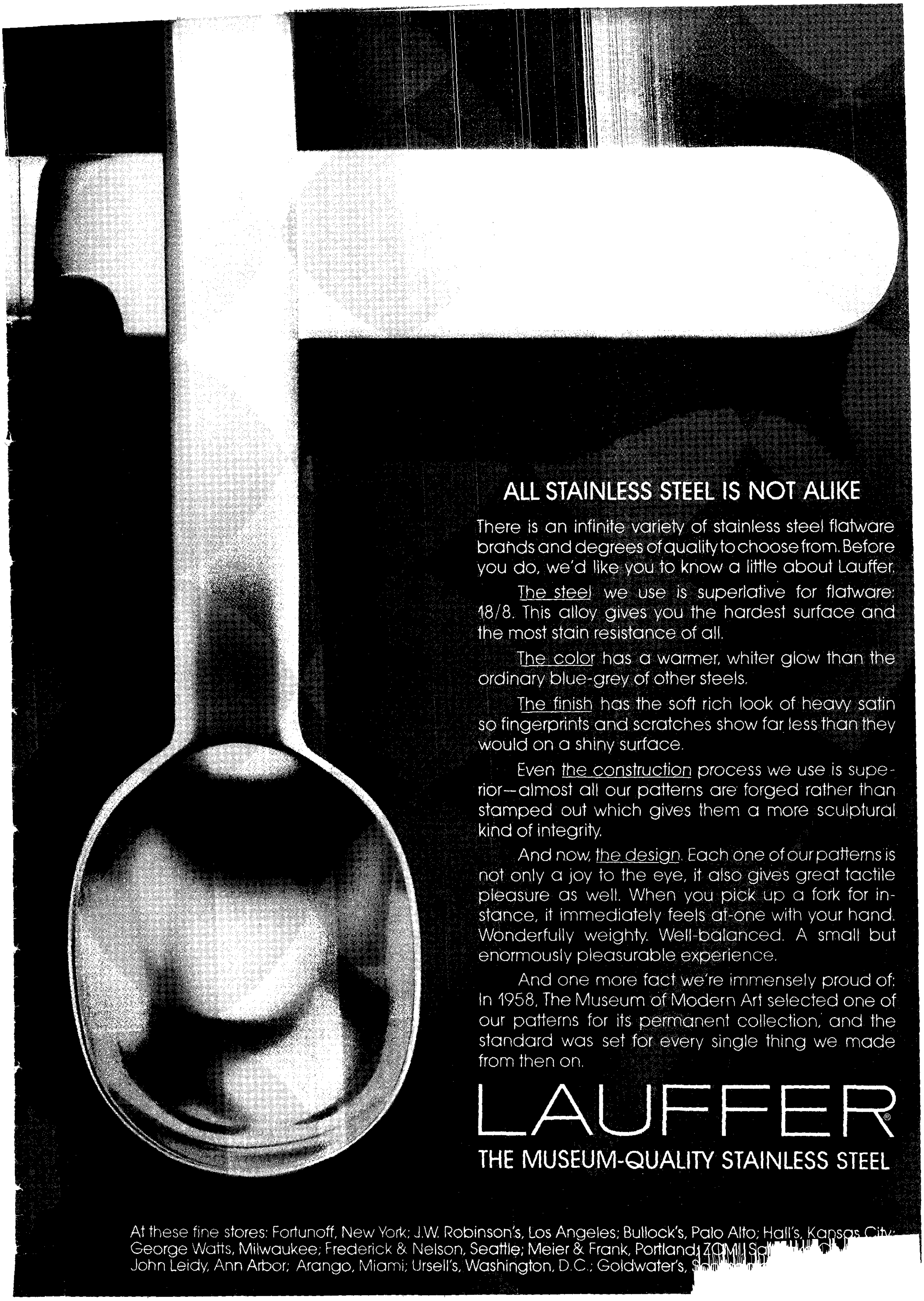

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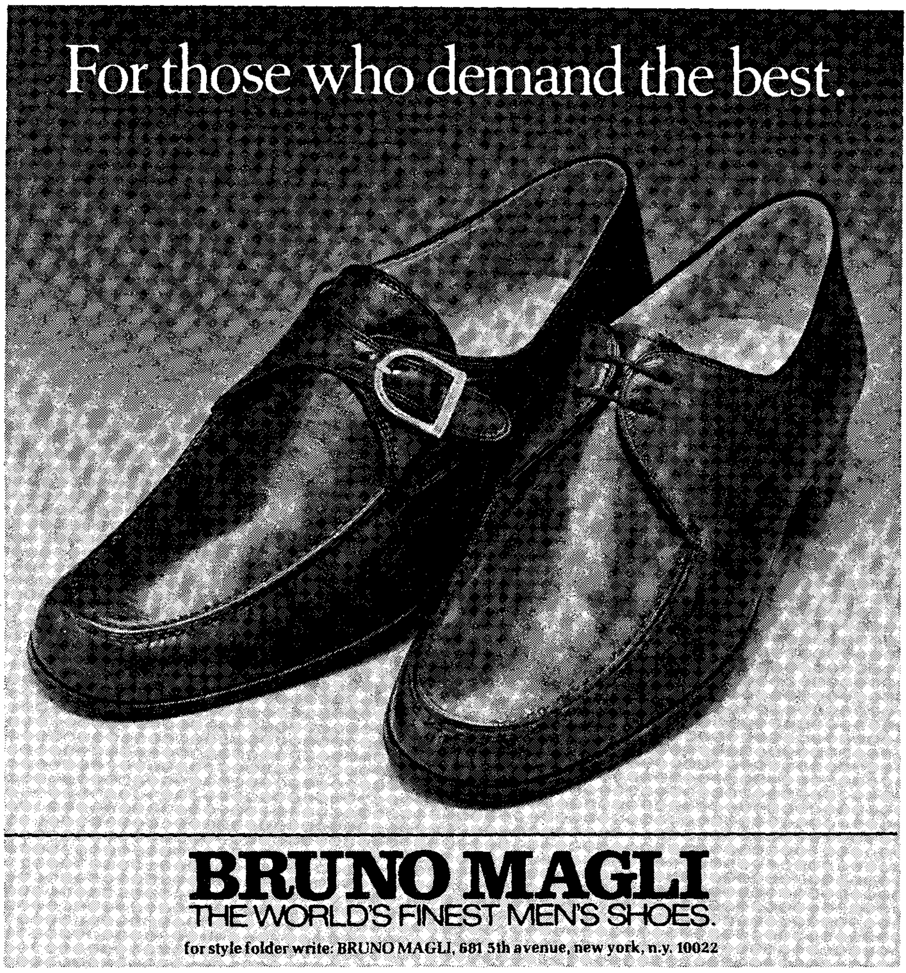
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will report on events in the world of tennis." Some of these agreements appear for a moment to be simple but are not: "This magazine will report on events in the world of tennis but will but will but will but will do more." In the second instance, you look at the agreement and you see simple words: "report" and "tennis." The rest is hard to follow. There is a modification, a little dance, and a promise. It is seductive, possibly, and a little nervous. What is the real agreement to which the reader is asked to subscribe? Maybe it is this: "This magazine will appear to report on events in the world of tennis but will in fact strive to make the reader envy and seek to emulate a certain group of people, who will be made to appear to be at ease in the world of tennis." Maybe it is even this: "This magazine will seek to make its readers uncomfortable by the calculated use of certain icons associated with tennis, so that the readers will turn, for comfort, to the products advertised in our pages and buy them."

To edit a magazine that seeks to report, objectively, on events in the world of tennis is not ambitious, perhaps, but it is not ungenerous. The editors will share with their readers some knowledge that the readers do not possess. The transaction is straightforward: money and attention from the reader; knowledge from the editors. If the transaction is completed successfully, month after month, year after year, a beneficial thing will occur: a rhythm and a trust will be established between the editors and the readers, and both groups will begin to bring more to the exchange than they did at the start, which is to say that each will bring the history of the relationship to the relationship as it unfolds. For the editors, the gift of history will be the natural formation of a certain authority; for the readers, the gift will be the comfort of trust. Nothing like this will occur in the case of the magazine based on a deceptive or convoluted agreement. In this case, no natural context will grow, because the nature of the real transaction cannot be revealed without endangering the context of false authority which the editors have sought to establish.

There are very few simple magazines now; that is, very few magazines that seek to establish a simple, honorable agreement with the reader. It has been some time since there has been a *simple fashion magazine*, for instance—one in which the wearing of certain clothes by certain people has been

Lindsay presents:

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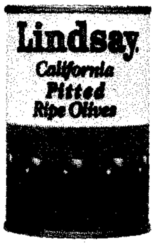
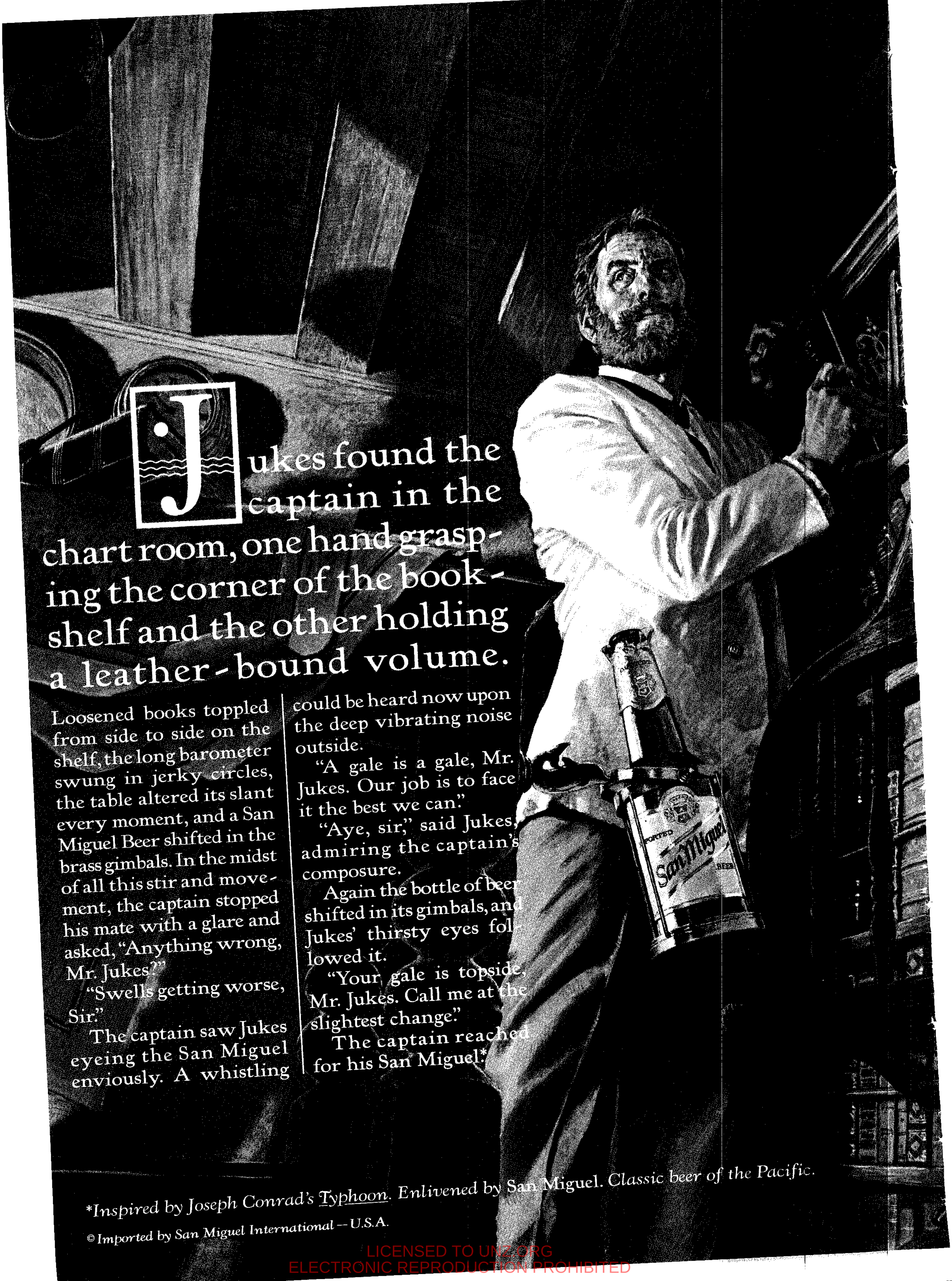
You'll want to tell the world about this meal to remember. Because it puts delicious romance into Sunday (or any day) brunch. The secret is Lindsay Olives. They add a mellow, nutlike flavor to this quick and easy quiche recipe. And they're guaranteed to help you fall in love at first bite. An olive is just an olive... unless it's a Lindsay.®



LINDSAY QUICHE & TELL

- 1½ cups whipping cream
- ½ cup buttermilk
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- ¼ pound bacon, cooked and crumbled
- ¼ pound Swiss cheese, shredded (about 2 cups)
- 2 tablespoons sliced green onions
- 1 can (6 ounces) Lindsay large pitted, ripe olives, drained
- 1 pastry-lined 9-inch pie plate or quiche dish (unbaked)

Heat cream and buttermilk; whisk in eggs and seasonings. Stir in cheese, bacon, onions and Lindsay olives. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in 375° oven 30 to 35 minutes, until custard is set and golden. Garnish with chopped parsley, if desired. Makes 6 servings.



Jukes found the captain in the chart room, one hand grasping the corner of the bookshelf and the other holding a leather-bound volume.

Loosened books toppled from side to side on the shelf, the long barometer swung in jerky circles, the table altered its slant every moment, and a San Miguel Beer shifted in the brass gimbals. In the midst of all this stir and movement, the captain stopped his mate with a glare and asked, "Anything wrong, Mr. Jukes?"

"Swells getting worse, Sir."

The captain saw Jukes eyeing the San Miguel enviously. A whistling could be heard now upon the deep vibrating noise outside.

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes. Our job is to face it the best we can."

"Aye, sir," said Jukes, admiring the captain's composure.

Again the bottle of beer shifted in its gimbals, and Jukes' thirsty eyes followed it.

"Your gale is topside, Mr. Jukes. Call me at the slightest change."

The captain reached for his San Miguel.*

**Inspired by Joseph Conrad's Typhoon. Enlivened by San Miguel. Classic beer of the Pacific.*

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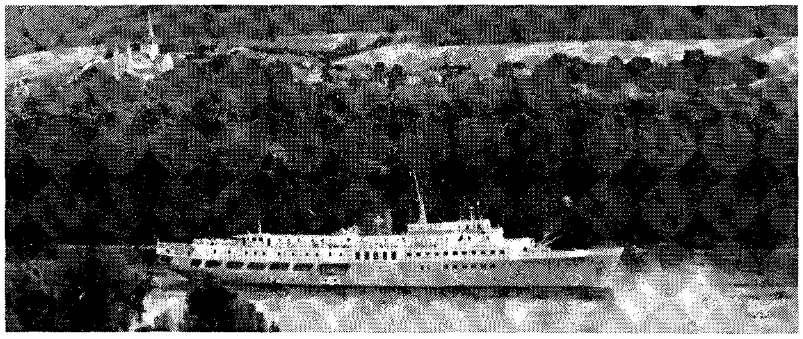
of any importance. Instead, what has been going on for some time is that what there is in a fashion magazine is something to do with the idea of the possible existence of approval and disapproval adhering to clothes, in an abstract way that shifts and runs before the reader with a completely confusing result. What has been going on for some time is that what a fashion magazine advances is not the idea that there is one interesting thing to do or wear but the idea that there are a hundred and one possibilities existing together in a context that is never described, so that what shifts is *not the clothes in the foreground* (which was what shifted before) *but the background itself,* which is never shown, because it is shifting in a way that the editors cannot possibly describe but that they pretend to know, because that is what their effort has been founded on—that they do know it. This has been going on for some time, and yet fashion magazines have been more successful than ever, until they have approached the context of a Hit, in which they are advertised in because they are advertised in.

Duplicity is surrounded by a nervous strength. That is its charm. The charm lasts for just a moment, but it does last for a moment and is powerful in that moment. A slot machine is interesting, for example, and a con man spinning a story. These things create a context. It's like *home,* but just for a moment. Little windows. The possibilities are cherries, bells, other things, but no things other than the ones that are there. It is comfortable. But the comfort goes away quickly. A man approaches on the street, and then a woman. They are attentive. They have a story. Attentiveness is a comfort. The context of a story is seductive. Is it greed that draws one on? Possibly. But there are a hundred ways to be greedy. Of the ways to be greedy, surely *shrewdly* is the best. But it is not acting shrewdly to put one's hope in a slot machine or in two strangers. What is it? Acting gullibly? Possibly. Yet this is not a time in which there is much gullibility or innocence or trust straight from the country. Indeed, everyone is agreed that it is a time of grim sophistication. But the times are good for gambling and for strangers on the road. Why should that be? Possibly because con games offer a kind of sense, a kind of context, a kind of home. The kind of home we have begun to think of *as* home.

What begins to appear is a hunger

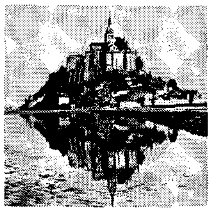
To be sure!



The exceptional **Argonaut** *sails upstream on the Seine in Normandy*
Built as the world's largest private yacht, she carries a crew and staff almost as numerous as her passengers. Their unfailingly cheerful service and a warm atmosphere of relaxed informality have endeared her voyages to hundreds who return each year to enjoy a manner of travel which cannot be duplicated.

Argonaut voyages continue the second century of special Raymond & Whitcomb travel in 1981

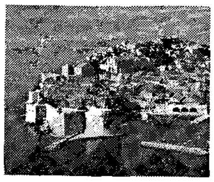
South of Suez *February 19 to March 5 to 15*
4th winter! Fly to Egypt, board the *Argonaut,* sail the Red Sea and enjoy the most agreeable way to see great sights in Egypt and the incredible rock-hewn "lost city" of Petra, alone worth the trip.



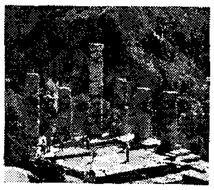
Waterways of Western Europe
May 10 to 22
Cruise the bays of Biscay, Brest and the rivers Loire and Seine to famed chateaux, vineyards, medieval walled cities, small fishing ports and tranquil villages of northern Portugal, Spain and France, their countrysides mantled in wildflowers.

September Idylls *September 2 to 29*
Experience the Continent's "Golden Season" in distinctive fashion, from Portugal to Greece, in a sequence of days that promise fresh insights and good times in congenial company. Each of three segments may be enjoyed individually.

Iberian Idyll *September 2*
Circle the peninsula shared by Portugal and Spain, visiting Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Granada and Barcelona.



Mediterranean Idyll *September 7*
Celebrate the last days of summer in Monte Carlo, Pisa and Florence, Paestum and Pompeii, Lecce and Brindisi, the islands of Elba and Sicily and Corfu, and the Yugoslav walled towns of Dubrovnik and Kotor.



Greek Idyll *September 18*
Sail to the islands of Aegina, Delos, Myconos, Rhodes, Thera, Ios and Hydra, circle the Peloponessus to call at remote sites including Olympia, visit Delphi, pass through the Corinth Canal and stay in Athens.

The ARGONAUT is registered in Greece

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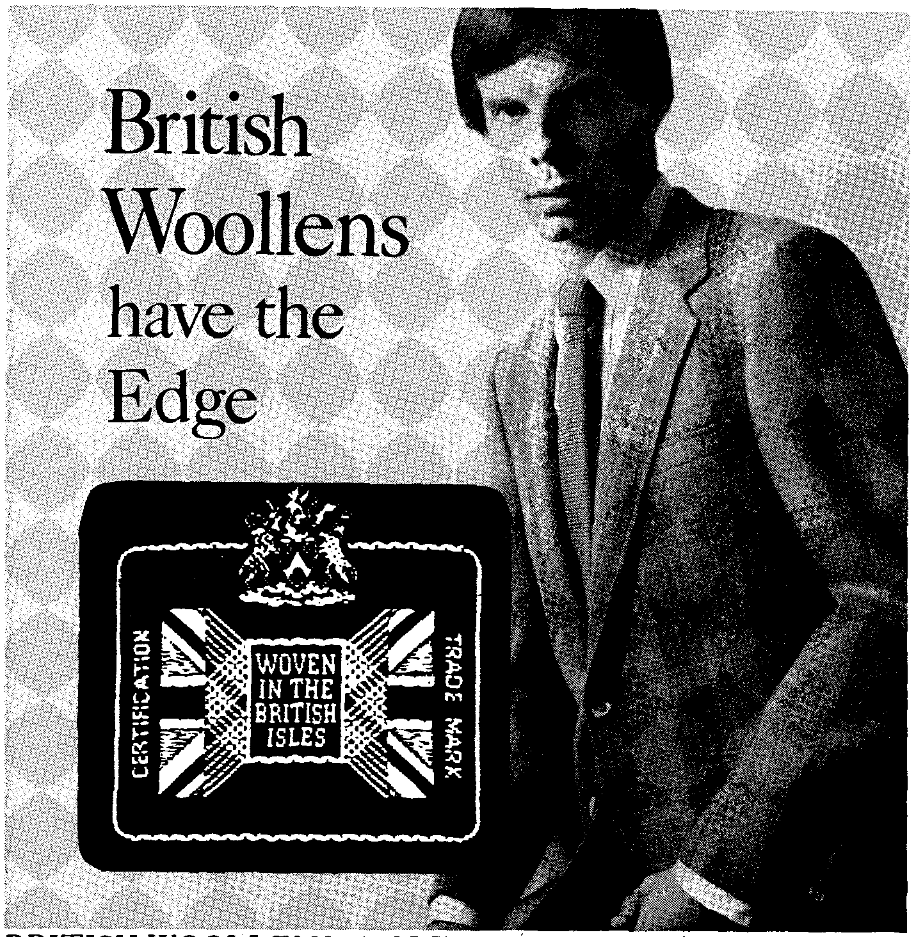
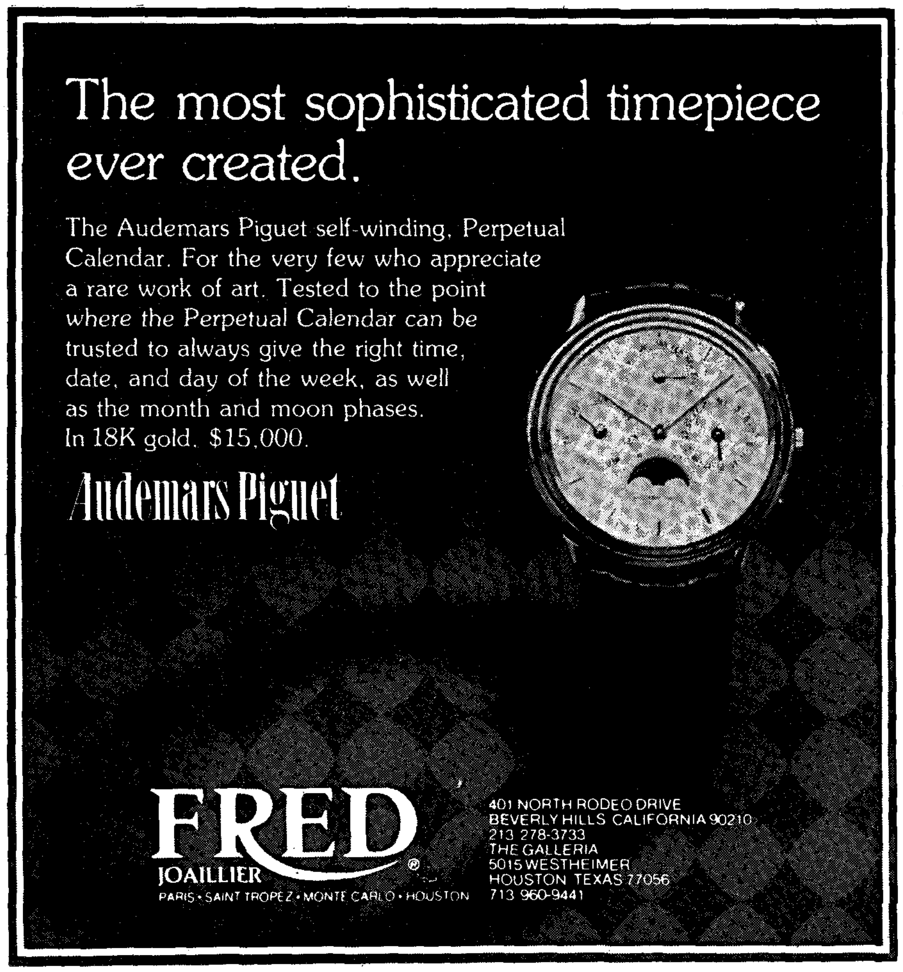


BRITISH WOOLLENS, AN EXPERIENCE IN EXCELLENCE


The most sophisticated timepiece ever created.

The Audemars Piguet self-winding, Perpetual Calendar. For the very few who appreciate a rare work of art. Tested to the point where the Perpetual Calendar can be trusted to always give the right time, date, and day of the week, as well as the month and moon phases. In 18K gold. $15,000.

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for authority—but authority of a particular kind. Authority that requires submission—but just for a minute. Authority that gives a sense of home—but just for a minute. It is an authority that wants to give you something—but not right now. *We can't do it right now. It will take a while before we can, but it will be great when we can, and we can because you can, because we need a little more and you have a little more; that's it—just a little more from you, then you can have it all!*

It begins to appear that a magazine, instead of depending for its success on the successful completion of a straightforward transaction, can depend on the energy generated in the reader by *noncompletion*. It begins to appear that, provided the magazine is skillfully run, it will do no harm if the reader comes to suspect that he is involved in a transaction that he does not fully understand. It may be that occasional glimpses into the ambiguity of his position will serve to *fascinate* him, and that his sense that a transaction has been incomplete will lead him to continue to look at the magazine with interest. It may be that the success of certain magazines *depends upon* the ability of the editors successfully to stimulate doubt, to create an atmosphere of unsureness. This is not easy. No powerful accomplishment is easy. It's not easy to get a woman to withdraw money from the bank and give it to a stranger; it's not easy to get fifty million people to think of Suzanne Somers as a beautiful young woman. In life, every powerful accomplishment is hard. Just because it's not worth doing doesn't mean it won't go wrong.

Gossip

IN August, 1976, the magazine *Esquire* (before it became *Esquire Fortnightly*, which is what it was before it became merely *Esquire* again) published an issue with this announcement on the cover:

> GOSSIP SO HOT WE HAD
> TO SEAL THE PAGES

Inside the magazine, beginning at page 59, there was a section dealing with the subject of gossip and gossip-writing which required that the reader take some instrument to an uncut page before he could read what the editors of *Esquire* had arranged to tell him. On the cover page of the "sealed" section, there was a photograph of a sleek young woman who wore a red dress with a dotted line down the middle,

Once ~~agi~~ again, a really good page of really bad Hemingway could land you and a friend in Italy.

Harry's Bar & American Grill announces the Fourth International Imitation Hemingway Competition. The prizes are simple: Immortality, and some nice food in Florence, Italy. But Simple is not Easy. First you must face The White Bull, The White Bull That Is Paper With No Words On It.

If you're the slightest bit original, you've done at least one Imitation Hemingway in your life, yes? A page of dialogue. A character sketch. An action scene.

Admit it.

Well, here's your chance to stand in the center of The Big Ring, bathed in adoration, while the flowers and olés pile up at your feet. Now's your chance to make it big with the literati. Here's how:

You write one page of Imitation Hemingway. It must sound like him, read like him. And it must mention Harry's Bar, nicely. (The Judges admire sweat, daring, scholarship and grace. No one-liners.)

You don't really need to come to Harry's Bar in Los Angeles to enter. You can handle the whole thing by mail. But why hide from Life? An hour with the Carpaccio, the Vermicelli All 'Amatriciana, the Bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the words will come quick and clean and true.

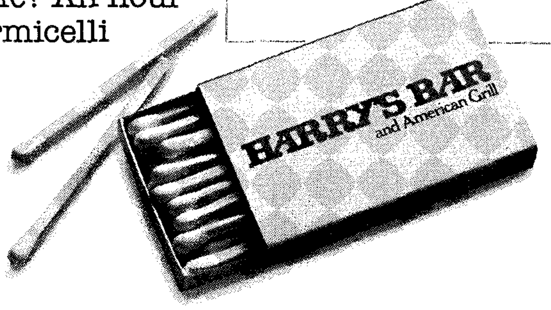
Now is the moment of truth. It is cold now in the air, and much of that cold is winter because it is winter now. The other cold is afraidness, but afraidness can be a good cold.

Now you must step into The Big Ring alone. The White Bull That Is Paper With No Words On It is waiting.

Across the Prizes and Into the Rules

The winner wins dinner for two at Harry's Bar & American Grill in Florence, Italy. We fly the two of you there. We fly you back. Finito. (This is Art, not some TV game show.) If your home is in Europe, we'll fly you to Harry's Bar & American Grill in Los Angeles, feed you and send you back. Okay?

Entries must be submitted by February 15, 1981. The decision of the judges will be final and will be announced before March 31, 1981. All entries become the property of Harry's Bar & American Grill.



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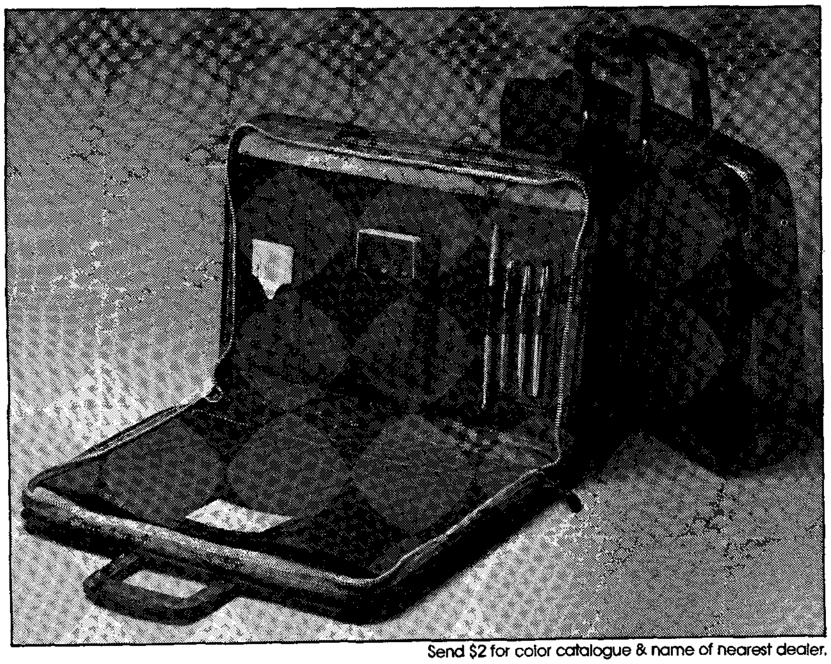


Send $2 for color catalogue & name of nearest dealer.

and the same motif (the dotted line) appeared at the edge of the page that had been "sealed." Instructions on this page read:

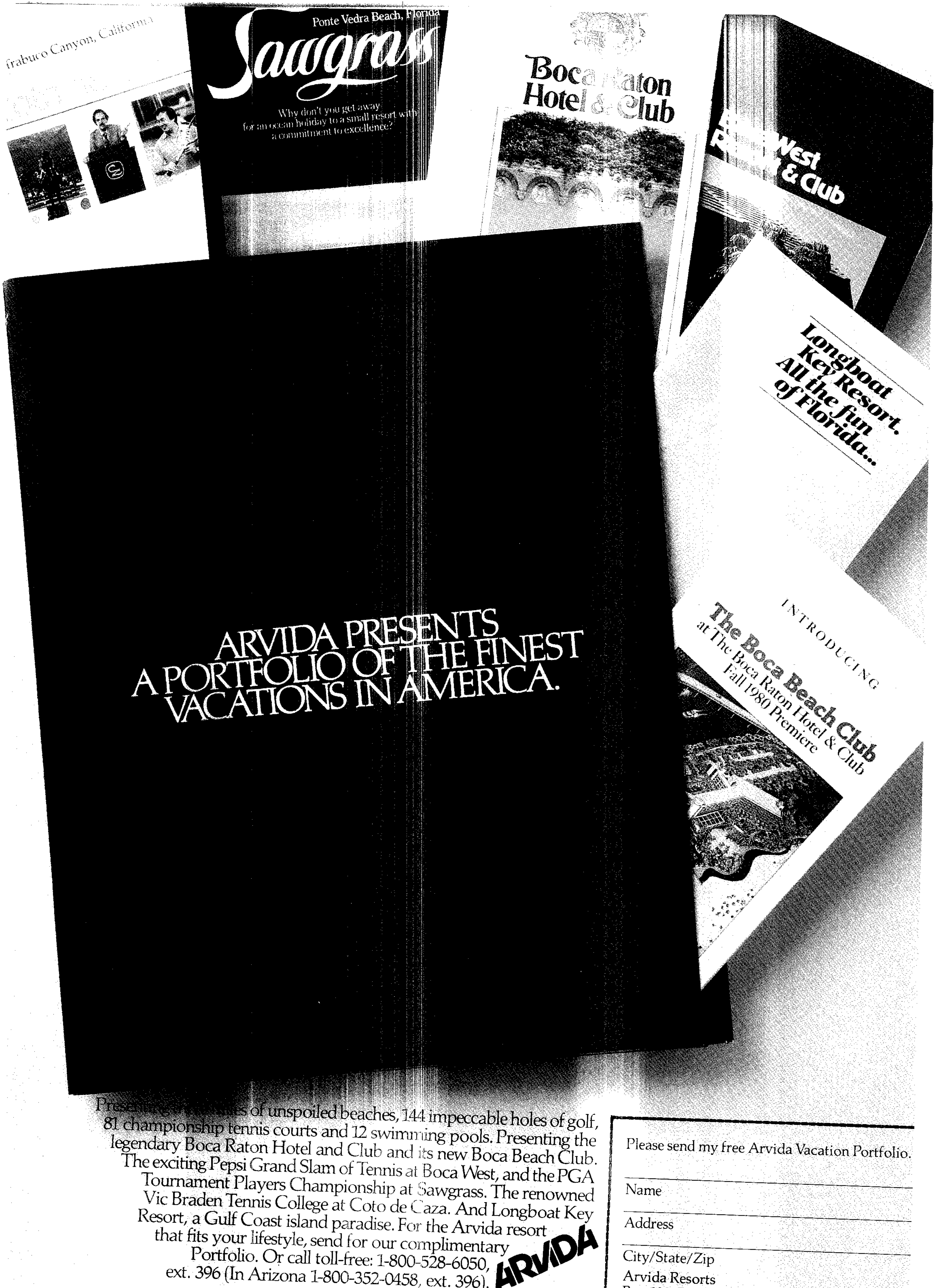
> Come and get it, America! If you are not home, take this magazine home. Then take a knife and cut very neatly along the perforated edge at right. Inside are fourteen pages of what everybody's talking about. Don't peek into the pages from top or bottom. Nobody likes a snoop.

It was not difficult to cut the "sealed" page, and it was very easy to quickly read what was inside. What was more difficult was to find the purpose of the effort. Was it a section of real gossip? Was the section critical of gossip? Was it critical of the process of exploiting gossip? Was it finding fun in gossip or in the possibility of exploiting gossip or in the possibility of criticizing the exploitation of gossip? The section denied nothing, admitted nothing. It was lightly here at one moment and there at another. Within the section, there were a thousand small foreground figures moving in confusion against a shifting background. First, there was a list. *Esquire*, in all its incarnations, has liked to avail itself of lists. Lists of funny things. Lists of little pieces of funny things. Lists of things that sound funny when they're juxtaposed with other things. Lists of names that create an effect. Lists of names that create an effect when they're put next to other names or to funny things or to things that might be funny or might be serious. Lists that make use of funny categories or unexpected categories, or categories that sound funny or unexpected when they're juxtaposed with certain things that might be funny or might be serious or might get hold of a nerve. This list seemed to be critical of gossip at some moments:

A Terrible Idea
Whose Time Has Come
People magazine

An Even Worse Idea
Whose Time Has Come
National Enquirer

At other moments, the list seemed to be quite straightforward in its interest in parsing the world of the privileged, as when it named restaurants favored by privileged people in New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. At one moment, the compilers contrived a category of "Gossips Posing as Journalists," and they implied that it was not a good thing to be a gossip posing as a journalist; yet revealed through the page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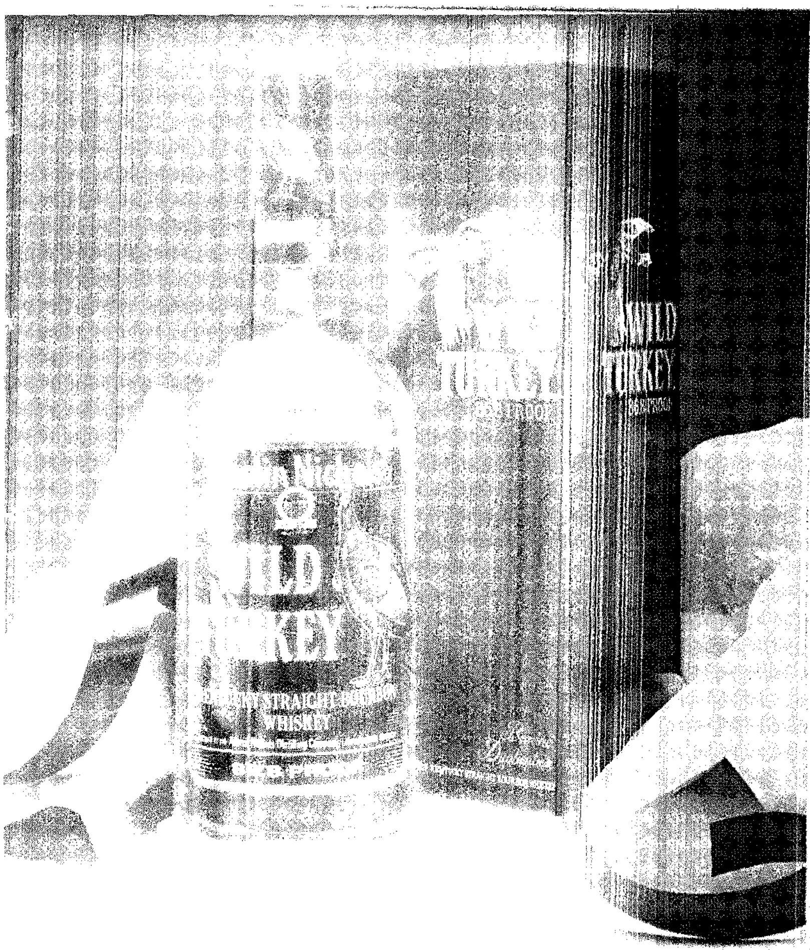
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WILD TURKEY

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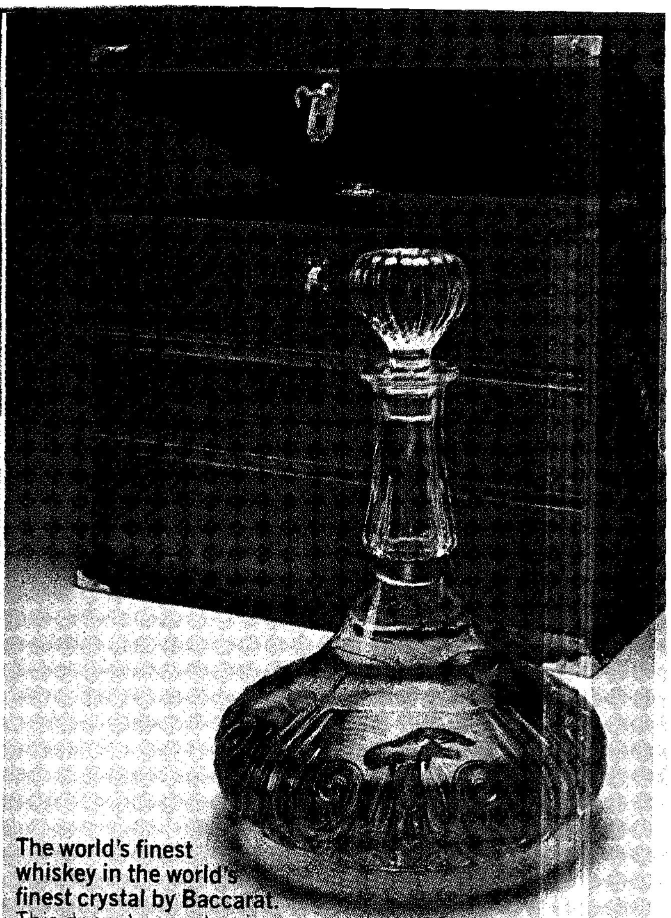
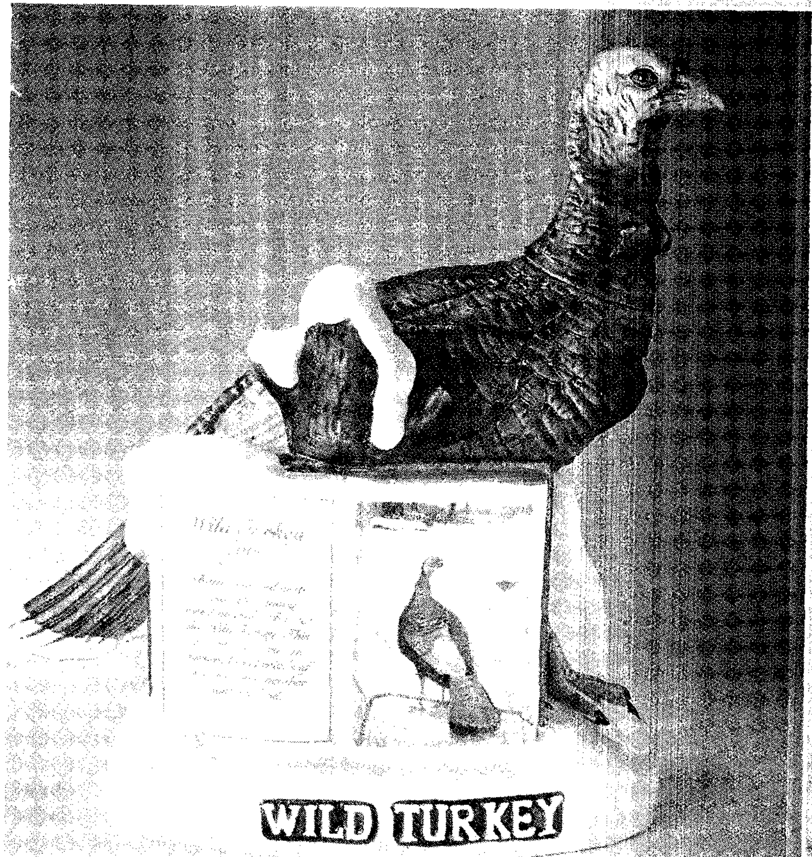


The world's finest whiskey in the world's finest crystal by Baccarat.
This decanter masterpiece—containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey—comes in a "Captain's chest" of hand-hewn wood with a hand-rubbed finish. Inspired by early American decanters, it's a true family heirloom. About $250.* (For further information, call toll-free 800-228-5000. Nebraska residents call 800-642-8777.) *Price may vary by state.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WILD TURKEY LIQUEUR

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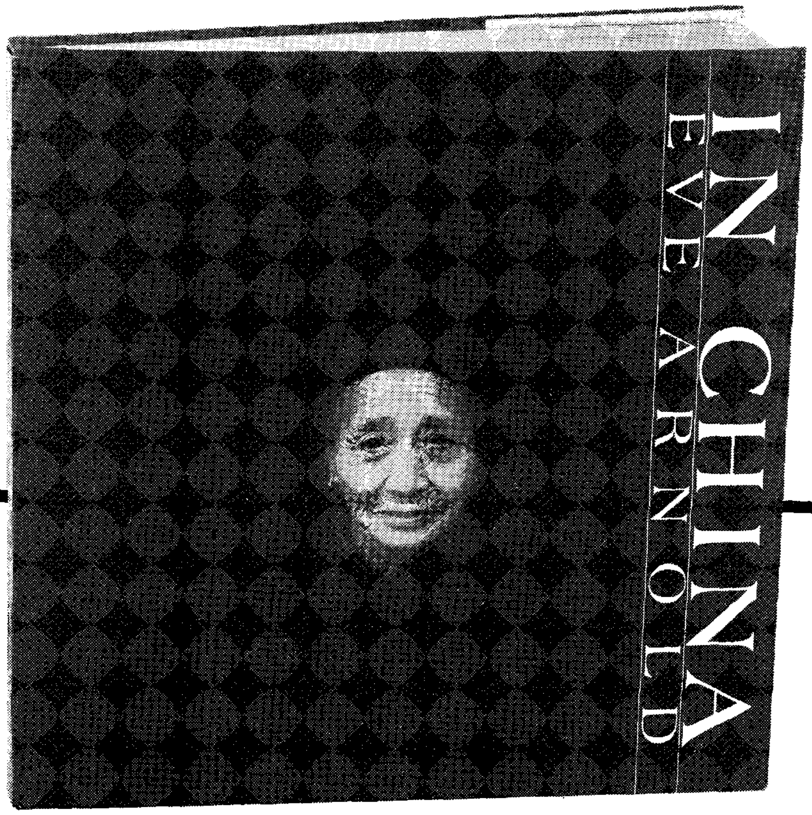
like a rash rising through the flesh was the probability that the compilers were themselves gossips posing as journalists. *I'm a lady and I'm going to list all the different kinds of whores. There's this whore and that whore. Don't you love whores? There's this whore and that whore and this one who pretends to be a lady. Isn't that funny? Aren't ladies dumb? But I'm a lady. Are you sure I'm a lady? Of course I'm a lady. I'm a lady because I know what a whore does. I know the way a whore walks into the Beverly Hills Hotel. Don't you love the Beverly Hills Hotel? Don't you love the way they know me at the Beverly Hills Hotel? Don't you love the way you feel when you don't know if I like you or not? Don't you love the way you feel when you don't know if you want to be a whore or not? Would you like to be a whore? Would you like to have me arrange for you to be a whore? Am I arranging it now?*

So it is possible that the benefits of history—which are manifested in the growth of context and in the proper sense of background and foreground—are not available at the moment, because no one now wants to make himself foolish by pretending to know what a background might be or what might constitute a context.

MAGAZINES IN THE AGE OF TELEVISION

THERE is very little gossip now. This is thought to be an age of gossip, but that is because people know that it is a small time and they assume that the small things they hear discussed are gossip because they feel, correctly, that the things they hear and want to hear and insist on hearing are beneath history. What is not realized is that the age is beneath gossip, too—that most of what is spoken of as gossip cannot aspire to that title but is, rather, synthetic talk, contrived to meet a supposed need for talk, as television programs are contrived to meet a supposed need for entertainment.

Gossip depends on violation. If it does not provide a sense of violation, it does not exist. When gossip involves a high violation, it comes close to being history. If the violation rests on a simple human impulse that would not be remarked on in an ordinary human being but is perceived as a violation because of the very high station of the figure who is revealed as possessing it, it will overpower the public imagination. The romance between Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson was the source



A revelation of life today

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She shows us cowboys in Mongolia, Buddhist nuns, a Shanghai millionaire, a six-year-old girl nervously enduring a permanent wave. She shows us the eternal peasant in China's eternal rice paddies, a militiawoman at target practice near the Russian border, schoolchildren. She shows us people at home (in caves, Mongolian yurts, housing developments), in factories, in stores, at the circus, picnicking at the beach...in villages, bustling cities—everywhere.

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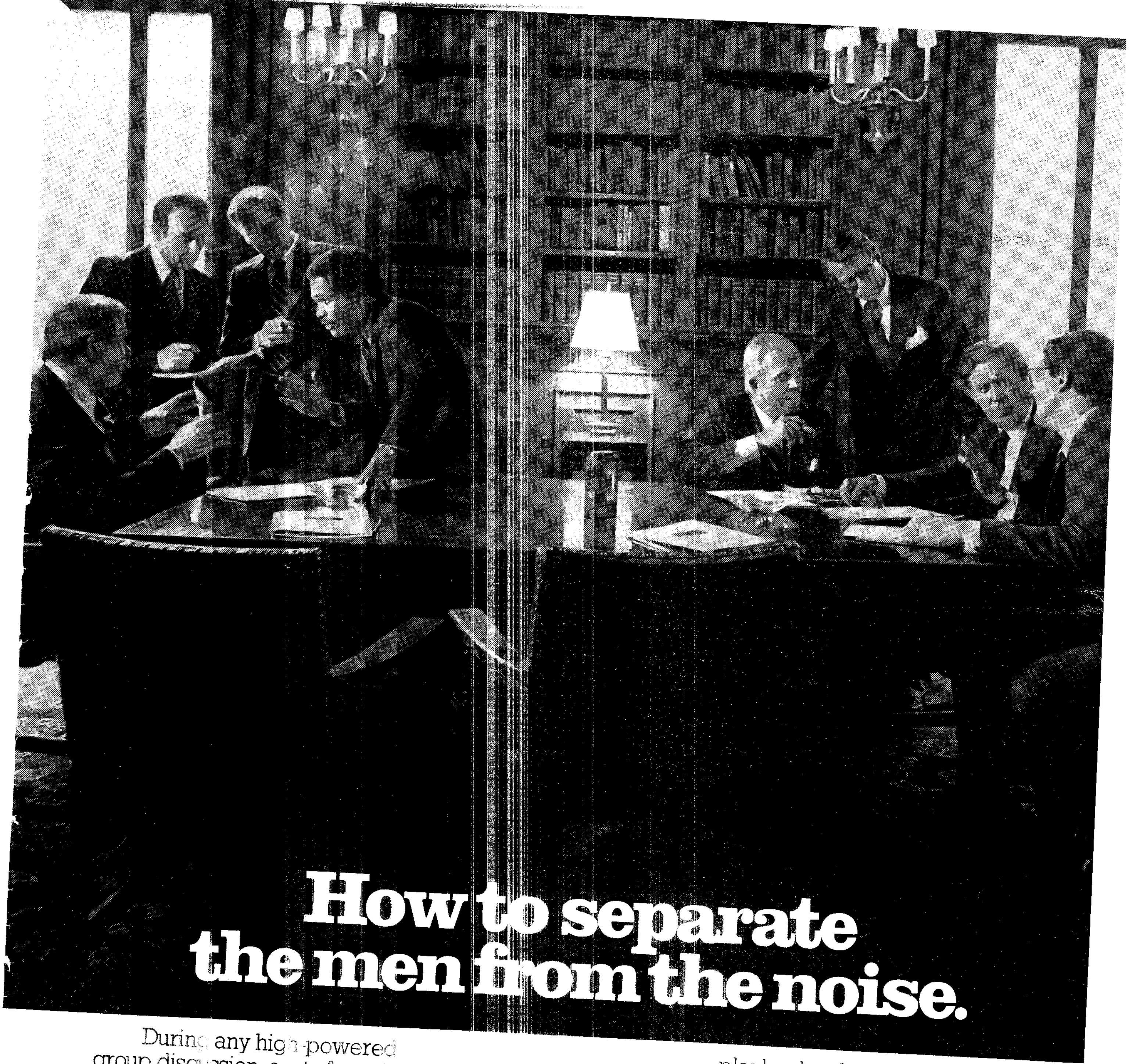
of the best gossip of this century. The gossip had a foreground of violation and a background of dignity, and the violation was an ordinary action. And also this: the story gave form to the powerful urge that flowed into this century from the nineteenth century and is only now beginning to recede—the urge to shed any context perceived as inhibiting and in conflict with the possibility of personal satisfaction. And also this: the story gave form to the ambiguity of motives adhering to any transaction that involves the shedding of a powerful context, for no one doubted that it was the context of kingship which attracted Mrs. Simpson to her husband. And also this: the story gave form to the question of the real condition of contexts supposedly powerful, for no one doubted that Edward VIII found in his relationship with Mrs. Simpson a context more powerful and more necessary than the context of British history, of which he was the manifest representative.

It is recognized that the magazine *People* is an important contemporary magazine. It is sometimes criticized as purveying *gossip*. It does not purvey gossip. Nor do most "gossip columns" purvey gossip (with its attendant sense of violation)—not in the way that Walter Winchell once did, for example. Instead, *People*, like most of the efforts in print that reflect its concern with celebrities, provides an ad-hoc context within which may be placed, each week, certain scraps of synthetic talk which have been judged to have the power to reinforce the ad-hoc context so that the ad-hoc context may, for a moment, seem to exist. What is the function of the synthetic talk enclosed within the ad-hoc context of *People*? It is to unite, for a moment, the two remaining grids in American life—the intimate grid and the grid of two hundred million. This is achieved by discussing the intimate life of celebrities who have their home in the grid of two hundred million and by raising up to national attention certain experiences of Americans as they live, lonely, in the grid of intimacy. A subsidiary activity is to report on events taking place within certain eccentric contexts (like the context of an odd sporting event) or to report on quite straightforward events (in the world of science or medicine, for instance) as though they had taken place within an eccentric context. All this is, of course, within the mode of the television talk program—the most effective of all ad-hoc contexts. It is difficult to



How to separate the men from the noise.

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A distinct advantage

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But getting back to business, when you are using the Sony TCS-300 in a meeting, you have a distinct advantage. And that's what separates the men from the boys.

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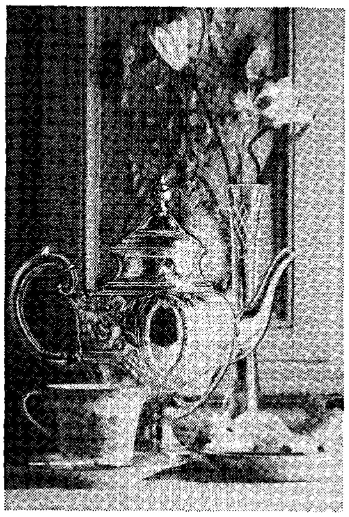

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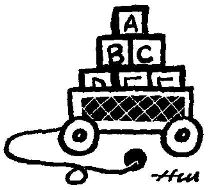
translate into print. How is the translating done? By skill, first of all, and then through the evocation of a voice, a *breath* of a voice—not loud enough to be heard but with sufficient force to be felt in the ear. What is the nature of the voice? It is the voice of American assurance. Assurance of a kind. Of a kind of sense of history. It is the voice, reduced to a whisper, of the magazine *Life* as it was under Henry Luce.



It is the idea of *People* to treat its material as if it were history and, what is more, as if it were the history of a happy period. Thus, the self-loathing induced by the sense of intrusion that accompanies a surfeit of *gossip* is overcome. Also the awkward question occasioned by a surfeit of gossip: Where is the other side of this gossip? Where is the dignity that this is meant to peck at? When the gossip has no balance, when the intruder feels that the figures discussed have no life apart from their life in gossip, then there is an urge to turn away: not because of the influence of restraint (although that may be independently at work) but because the reader comes to feel the reality of the situation—that the cost of the transaction is being deducted from his own shred of dignity, and not from some public figure's ample store. Gossip is small, shameless history. It sets out to tell the trivial about the great or about those connected to the great. It thrives on awkwardness (that was the essential appeal of the Windsor gossip: the endless awkwardness of it), because it assumes dignity somewhere. "Somewhere else, you're getting a different story," gossip says, with a knowing look, "but this is what you wanted to know." *People* does not assume that you're getting a different story elsewhere. *People* does not assume dignity or powerful history, nor does it assume that the figures it is writing about are actually very important.

People does not develop celebrities or announce them or help them up. The figure on the cover is someone so well known that that person can give a little sense of home. That the figure is often bereft, himself, of a sense of home is ignored at first and then is exploited if the exploitation promises to give us some comfort. So Farrah is a story, and Farrah having a problem is a story, and Farrah talking about her problem is a story. Approval or disapproval of Farrah is not a story; Farrah's talent or lack of talent is not a story; what Farrah has done or left undone is not a story. The only story is in the movement of Farrah's energy and the question of its magnitude. Is Farrah's energy so vast that it is undeniable? Have we given her so much that we can take comfort in the vastness of what we have given? The question has to do with something that is hidden, of course. But it's a different secret. Nothing to do with violation. Does Farrah do what we do? We know that she does. Farrah doesn't stand on her dignity. Not for a second. Nothing she does can give us a sense that she has violated herself. We don't wonder about that. We wonder if she *exists*. And if she knows that we wonder if she exists. And if it hurts when she feels that we wonder if she exists. That's what we wonder. Just that.

It was the habit of *Life* to offer different covers in different categories but always with this idea: that there was in the possession of the editors a sense of the variety of American life and American history to which they had agreed to give the reader access. Sometimes the cover showed a man of history, a general or a politician, and the sense conveyed was that this man was a man well known to the editors—especially, of course, to Henry Luce. In Luce publications, the world of eminent men of history had a particular flavor during the years immediately following the Second World War. In my mind, it is the flavor of Mr. Luce's house in Greenwich. The flavor of a small table, perhaps, on which there is a sterling cigarette box engraved with the name of an eminent man. Grand but *easy*. It was Mr. Luce's grace, during the years of his greatest influence in America, to bestow on his magazines, especially *Time* and *Life*, a sense of easy history. The reader felt elevated, in a way, and was encouraged to think, Yes, indeed, history was difficult, and, yes, problems were hard to solve, and, yes, stakes were very high, and, yes, decisions in this context must be very hard to make. But he was encouraged to find it all very simple, too. It was as though Mr. Luce had made an effort to show a person the most advanced mathematical system and then immediately made an effort to reassure the person that what he had seen was all based on the simple arithmetic he already knew.

Life also, very often, published cov-

41 Years [illegible]

If you admi[illegible] the classic Ki[illegible] design and luminous color of this 4[illegible]-old Karastan, be of good cheer. The identi[illegible]sted-wool rug is still sold by Karastan. (Some fi[illegible]ent skein-dyed colors give it an inner glow; breath-taking!) [illegible]erations of beauty, invest in Karastan.

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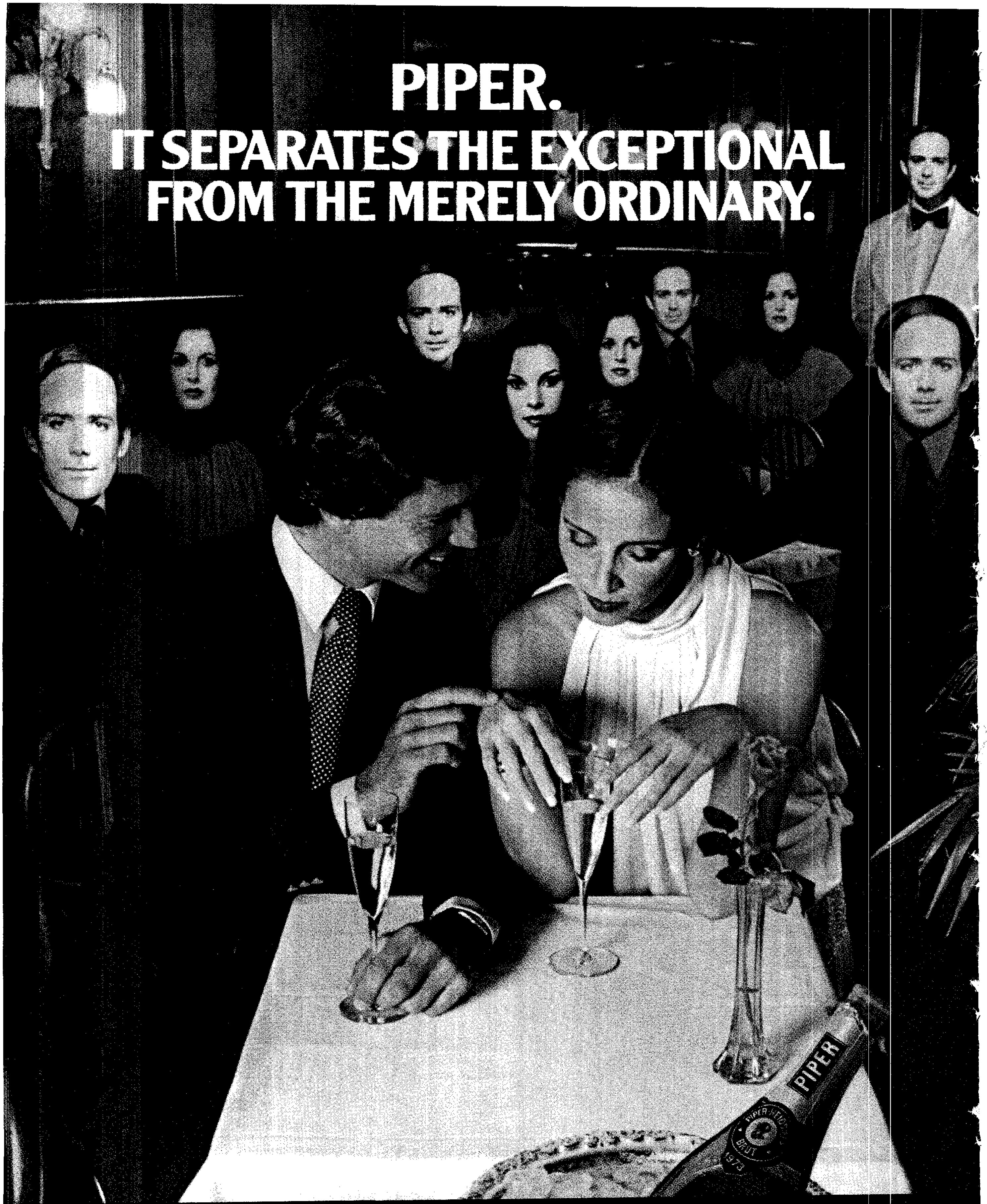
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How to turn an ordinary occasion into something special.
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Which is often. Piper Heidsieck Champagne.
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ers that drew on the energy of a more accessible celebrity. It is instructive to compare these covers with covers of *People* issued on a corresponding day some years later. On January 8, 1979, *People's* small cover lines were

> Rock's Little Richard: from sin to
> salvation
>
> How old is man?
> Ask Richard Leakey
>
> Sybil's shrink
> diagnoses a rapist
> with 10 personalities
>
> Body Snatchers
> prey, Brooke Adams

The large cover line was

> It's
> SUPERMAN!

The photograph on the cover was of the actor Christopher Reeve in a Superman costume. The explanatory text under the photograph was:

> And it's Chris Reeve
> in the cape because
> McQueen was too fat,
> Stallone too Italian,
> Redford too expensive
> and Eastwood too busy

In addition, the cover gave the date and the price of the magazine (seventy-five cents), and it carried that ugly little black mark that appears on magazines now as an aid to retailers.

Life of January 8, 1951, had a photograph of a young woman, the date, the price (twenty cents), and the phrase "Circulation Over 5,200,000." The cover line, in small print under the photograph of the young woman, was

> STARLET JANICE RULE

When the two magazines are placed side by side, there are obvious differences between them. The photograph on the cover of *Life* is black-and-white. The photograph on the cover of *People* is in color. *People* is eight and a quarter by ten and three-quarters inches. *Life* is ten and a half by fourteen inches. *People's* cover is filled with copy, mentioning many names. *Life's* cover mentions only one. The tone of *People's* copy is friendly. The tone of *Life's* simple cover line is austere. But the important difference is, of course, that the name on the cover of *Life* is not a very famous name. The graphic design of the two magazines emphasizes the difference here, which is a difference in stress on what the foreground of the magazine is and what the background is. The issue of *Life* for January 8, 1951, like all its

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Titan of history, maker of the modern world, man of immense fascination, Peter the Great is now brought fully to life in this huge, richly conceived biography. Here is a superbly told story of the medieval Russia of Peter's birth and the very different Russia his energy, genius and and ruthlessness shaped—one that paints a vivid picture of Russian life as lived by prince and peasant in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. *Alfred A. Knopf. 909 pages. $17.95*

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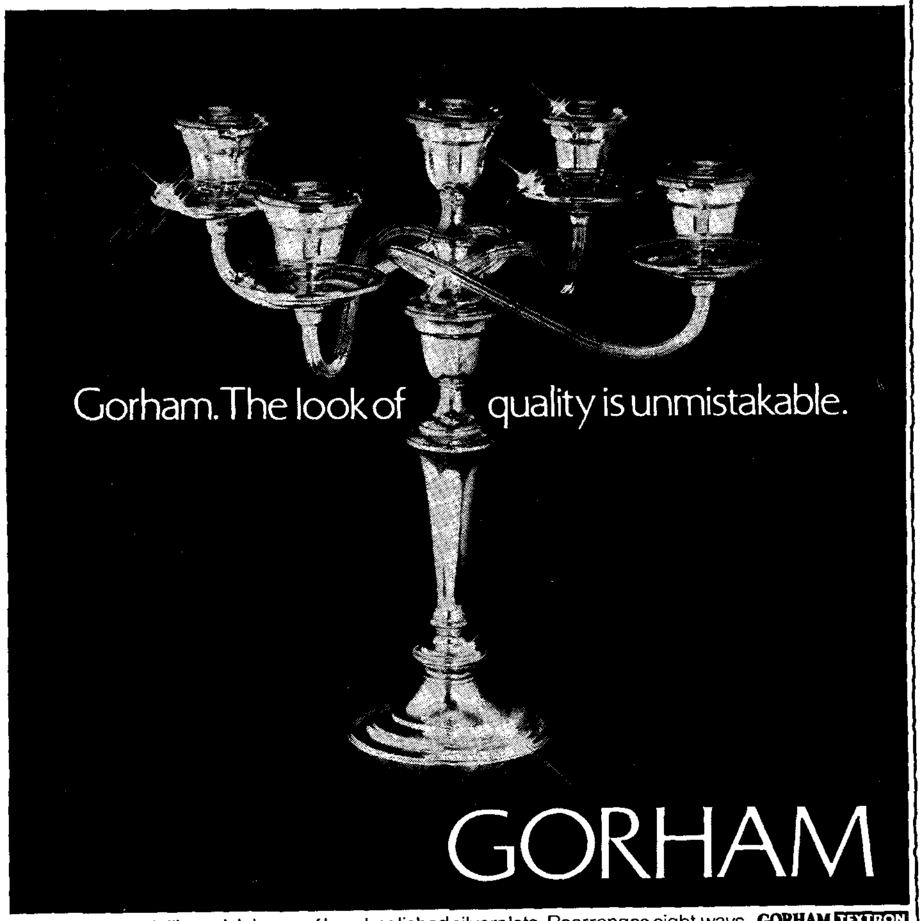
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issues at that period, had a cover with a *frame*. There was a strong red band, one and a half inches wide, at the bottom, and, at upper left, a strong red rectangle, two and an eighth inches by four and an eighth inches, enclosing the name *Life*, which was shown as strong white space against the red. This design made it clear that the magazine constituted a background against which, week by week, different foreground figures would appear. It also made it clear that this constant background was something of more weight than any particular foreground it might enclose. In the *Life* of January 8, 1951, there was no sense that Starlet Janice Rule outweighed the institution of *Life* in the American context. Rather, the reverse. There was a sense that the editors of *Life* had arrived at a certain authority over the American context and had decided to grant, for a week, the favor of their emphasis to a thing chosen, by them, almost at random. The favor might be granted to a girl identified (on the cover of the issue dated August 20, 1951) only as "400 Meter Swimming Champion," for instance, or to an unknown woman called "Beba" Spradling (on the cover of the issue dated April 2, 1951), who was on the cover because she had something to do with something that the editors of *Life* had decided to call the "South American Riviera."

The cover of *People*, by contrast, is without a frame. It is a foreground that suddenly appears—like a shout, or like teasing whispers building to a shout—and then vanishes. Its attempt is to create a foreground so powerful by being intimately connected to what one already loves that one picks up the magazine to find out the secret of one's own affections. Every cover of *People* says the same thing: "This is what you love. Who can you be?"

The cover of *People* dated April 2,

1979 (corresponding to "South American Riviera/'Reba' Spradling" in *Life*), read like this:

Kate Millett's battle for
women's rights in Iran

Ronstadt's protegee
Nicolette Larson

Wall-to-wall celebs
at Phyllis George's
second marital flyer

Steve Allen's son in
a cult of God & Love

The main cover line was

Who will
cop the
OSCAR?

The principal photograph on the cover was of Warren Beatty, with smaller photographs of Jon Voight and Robert De Niro. The three actors were shown as they had appeared in movie roles. Warren Beatty was in a sweatsuit, and Robert De Niro in jungle camouflage; Jon Voight was in a wheelchair.

The cover of *People* dated August 20, 1979 (corresponding to "400 Meter Swimming Champion" in *Life*), read like this:

WOODSTOCK REVISITED:
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

TV's giddiest guest,
Charles Nelson Reilly

The woman who checks
15,000 consumer items
for your safety

High seas violence
to save the whales

The cover photograph was of Farrah Fawcett. The cover line was

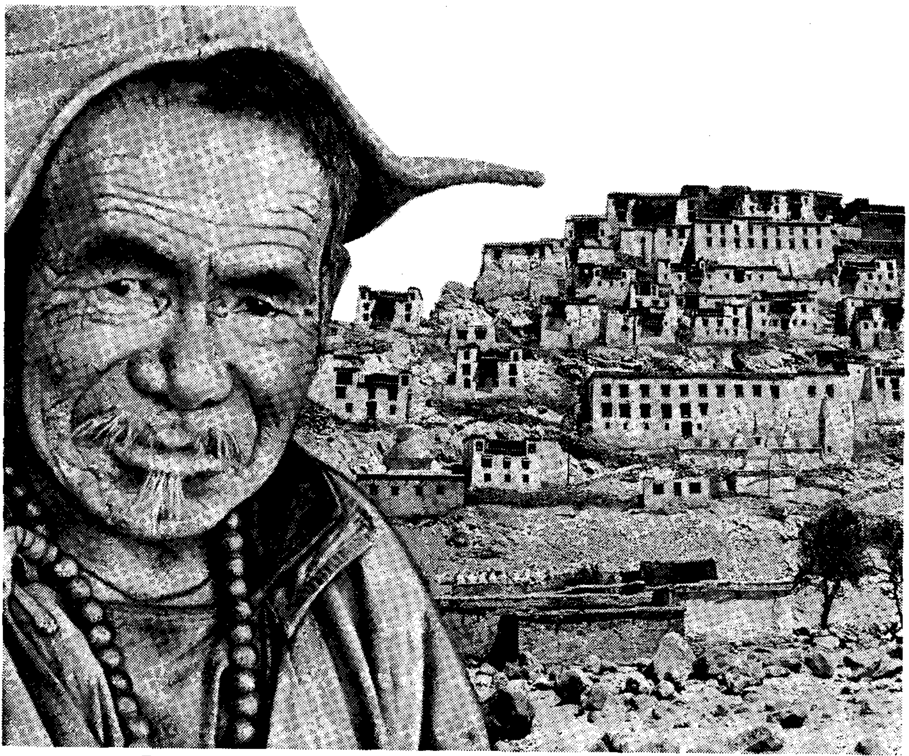
WHY
FARRAH
SPLIT

The cover copy was

"I am confused
and frightened,"
she says of her
separation from
Lee Majors,
"but I'm
determined
to survive."

I talked to Richard Stolley, the managing editor of *People*, in his office, in the Time-Life Building, in New York.

"There is a difference in the kind of attention we give to the cover and the kind of attention we give to the rest of the magazine," he said. "We are a



Once you see the faces and the temples of Ladakh, you will never be the same.

India. The world's last special place. See it and you will be broadened, enriched. Changed.

No one can see the temples and the people of Ladakh in Kashmir, nor the mystical city of Leh 11,000 feet above the sea and stay the same. Ladakh is the roof of the world. And it will change you.

Just as all of India will change you as it opens your mind.

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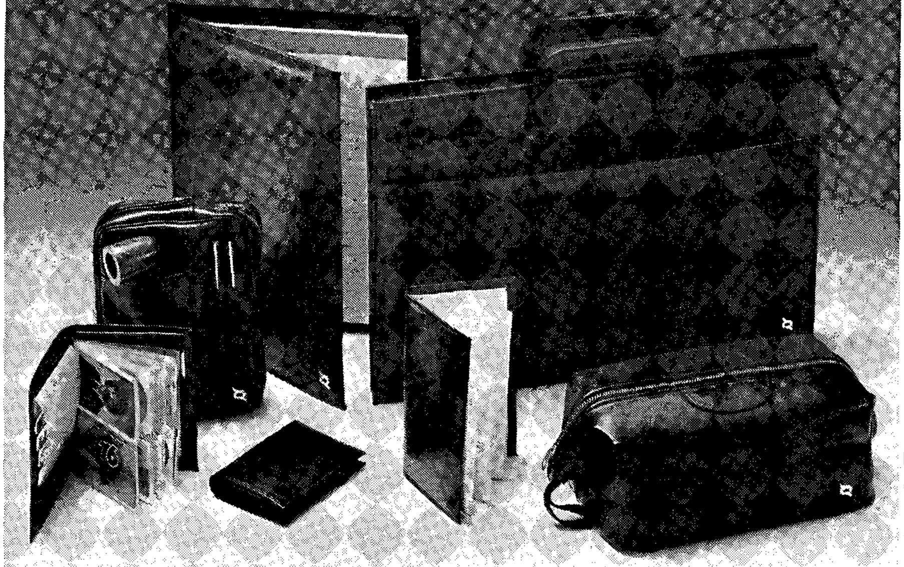

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reportorial magazine, and we would like to keep it that way. When someone criticizes *People*, I ask, 'Do you read it?' There is a lot of good writing in this magazine, and a lot of good reporting. But we depend on single-copy sales—eighty-five per cent of our circulation is in single-copy sales—and we are not a service magazine, like *TV Guide*, for instance, so the cover is crucial. We have developed criteria for cover material, and sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. First is timing. We put someone on the cover when certain outside forces are at work. A hit record. A hit movie. Best of all, a television special or a major news story. It is important that the attention that that person is getting not be exclusively the attention of *People*. It must be a coming together of forces. Recognizability, of course, is a factor. Attractiveness. And the cover should not be too much like last week's. Obviously, the forces we need do not always converge in exactly the right way. We do not have much control, really. In certain ways, the situation is maddeningly diffuse.

"For covers, the right moment is later rather than sooner, unless there is a real event going on. That's a difference from the way we worked on *Life*, for instance. The old way was 'Let's get it on the cover and be first.' Now you wait until the peak and maybe a little bit past it. Our 'Amityville Horror' cover is an example of how we create covers. 'The Amityville Horror' was the surprise hit movie of the summer. We didn't create the hit; in fact, from our point of view the movie had no redeeming value. The movie wasn't that good, and the story behind it seems to be a hoax, but it grossed forty million dollars in the first month and we decided we could take advantage of its popularity. Now, we'd already done a story on Margot Kidder, the star, so we didn't feel that it was appropriate to do that again. So we did this. We did a story on ' "The Amityville Horror": Hype, Hoax, and Heroine,' taking advantage of the fact that the movie was an incredible piece of flackery. Then we held it for a while. Each week, I'd look at the movie figures. I'd ask, 'Is it still building? Is it still growing?' Then, when I felt that the movie was beginning to collide with the new TV season, I ran the story. There was no point in holding it any longer, because the new TV season usually provides us with some covers.

"Now, the Farrah cover—'Why

Farrah Split'—was the first Farrah cover we'd had in a while. We had felt that she was beginning to pale. We laid off, because she didn't seem to be working. People were sick of her. But then we heard that she was saying that she was trying to be a more liberated woman, and that added interest, and then when she left Majors that added enough interest to justify a cover. In a case like that, we have to have a face-to-face interview. If we can't get it, we will decline to do the story. A story like this is a kind of comeback story; it involves a certain expiation on her part. There is a certain technique here—for us and for the subject. The smarter celebrities can use a *People* interview to keep from slipping.

"In a way, we are very dependent on certain celebrities and on the movie studios and the networks—particularly the networks. There are only certain people we want, and they know it, and we know they know it. When you get beyond that small group into marginal people, you have problems of one kind or another. So we have to surrender a certain control at times. But we are able to determine the timing. We have fought for that. For instance, the network always wants us to do the story the week before the show, to build audience. We want to do it the week of the show, to build sales. We've won that one."

●

The Context of No-Context

THE work of television is to establish false contexts and to chronicle the unravelling of existing contexts; finally, to establish the context of no-context and to chronicle it.

The Context of No-Context

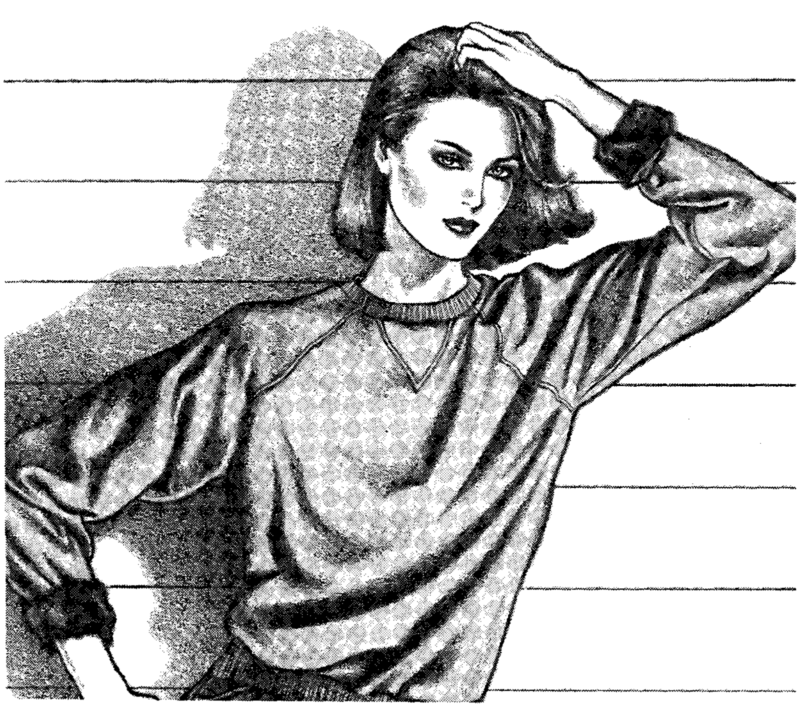
SOON it will be achieved. The lie of television has been that there are contexts to which television will grant an access. Since lies last, usually, no more than one generation, television will re-form around the idea that television itself is a context to which television will grant an access.

The Context of No-Context

ON cable: Flo Kennedy talks to Gary Indiana about Gary Indiana's new movie. In Gary Indiana's new movie, Gary Indiana performs a sexual act while an actress tap-dances on a driveway.

Channel 2: "Newsbreakers."

Channel 2: Promotional Announce-



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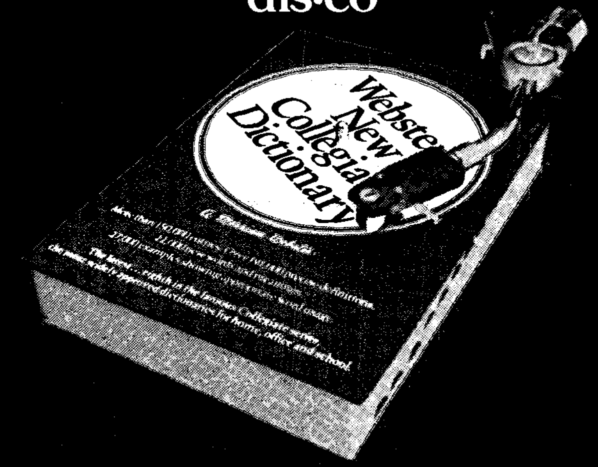
dis·co



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ment. Made-for-television: A girl explores the world of porn when her sister is killed.

Cable: "Love for Lydia." Alex drowns himself.

News: Iranians continue to hold Americans hostage. Bazargan government folds.

Cable: A man interviews his son about his sex life.

THE CONTEXT OF NO-CONTEXT

A MAN interviews his twelve-year-old son about his sex life. Father and son agree that the most important issue is *communication*.

THE CONTEXT OF NO-CONTEXT

A MAN interviews his twelve-year-old son about his sex life. In a state of weakness, the intimate grid imitates the mode of the grid of two hundred million, which it perceives as powerful. What could be more powerful than a talk between a father and a son? Many things. An *interview*, for instance, or something on videotape, or a discussion invoking the work of experts who have turned their attention to how a father might talk to a son. Pathetic, of course. It is as though, their little legs and feet gone into atrophy, people began, by the use of ingenious adapter kits, to fashion automobiles for use in the undertaking of chores around the house, all the while talking about "the need for transportation within the family."

THE CONTEXT OF NO-CONTEXT

AS television goes into panic, the truth of what it is will rise to the surface. *CBS and You. TV 6 and You. WRGB, Schenectady. Together: TV 6 and You.* It makes it clear. Nothing else exists. Just CBS and you. No city. No state. All those places where the series take place: *It's Boulder! It's Chicago! It's Indianapolis: Hoosiers!* All those places are *lies*. People will panic and want more in the way of company. A call on the telephone to a friend on public-access cable, for instance.

THE CONTEXT OF NO-CONTEXT

TELEVISION has problems with its programming, because the frame of all programs on television is television—nothing else—but, to get through the day, frames other than the frame-of-just-television have to be used. Baby-play backgrounds. The West. A brave pioneer family pushes across the continent. Now This. But

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[**] Suggested retail price P.O.E. East Coast $29,150. Price subject to change without notice.

not all programs fight it. There is a superior candor in certain places. There has always been a candor in game shows and talk programs and daytime stories. Daytime stories are just television loneliness. Talk programs are just the television context of no-context. Game shows have come to admit that they refer only to themselves. ("For ten thousand dollars and a chance to join the one-hundred-thousand-dollar playoff, according to what you just said, what did you say?") Very rarely are contestants asked about the old history, the history before demographics became the New History. When this older, more distant world is invoked, it is made obvious that this world is mystifying and too difficult to be comfortable with. One game-show host asked a question about the First World War and then described the First World War as "certainly a military event of considerable importance." He was assuring his audience that the First World War *was popular in its own day*.

An Interest in History

PEOPLE understand that certain things are "healthy" and certain other things are "not healthy." Recently, they have come to understand that certain things are "healthy" and certain other things are "decadent." To many people, a move to the country, the cultivation of a garden, the installation of a wood stove, by a man who had lived in the city and was driven nearly mad there, would seem "healthy." Similarly, to many people a stage show during which a group of young people damaged themselves and then destroyed a car would seem "not healthy," and possibly "decadent." But certainly it could be argued that the reverse was true—that the man who had moved to the country had abandoned any hope of having a share in the public culture of his time, while the young people who were damaging their flesh were involved in a legitimate attempt to form an aristocracy.

An Interest in History

WHAT characterizes the culture of those generations born during and after the Second World War is, first of all, their dominance. Since the history of their time has been demographics, and not history, what they have been and what they have wanted has been the history of their time. Do people wonder why high

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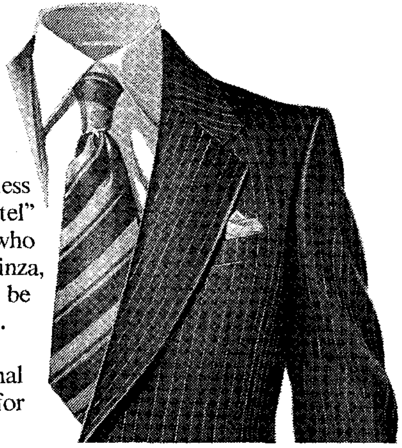

Hand forged 22Kt. gold choker of articulated beads. One of a kind. From a collection by Jean Mahie. New York and Neiman Marcus.

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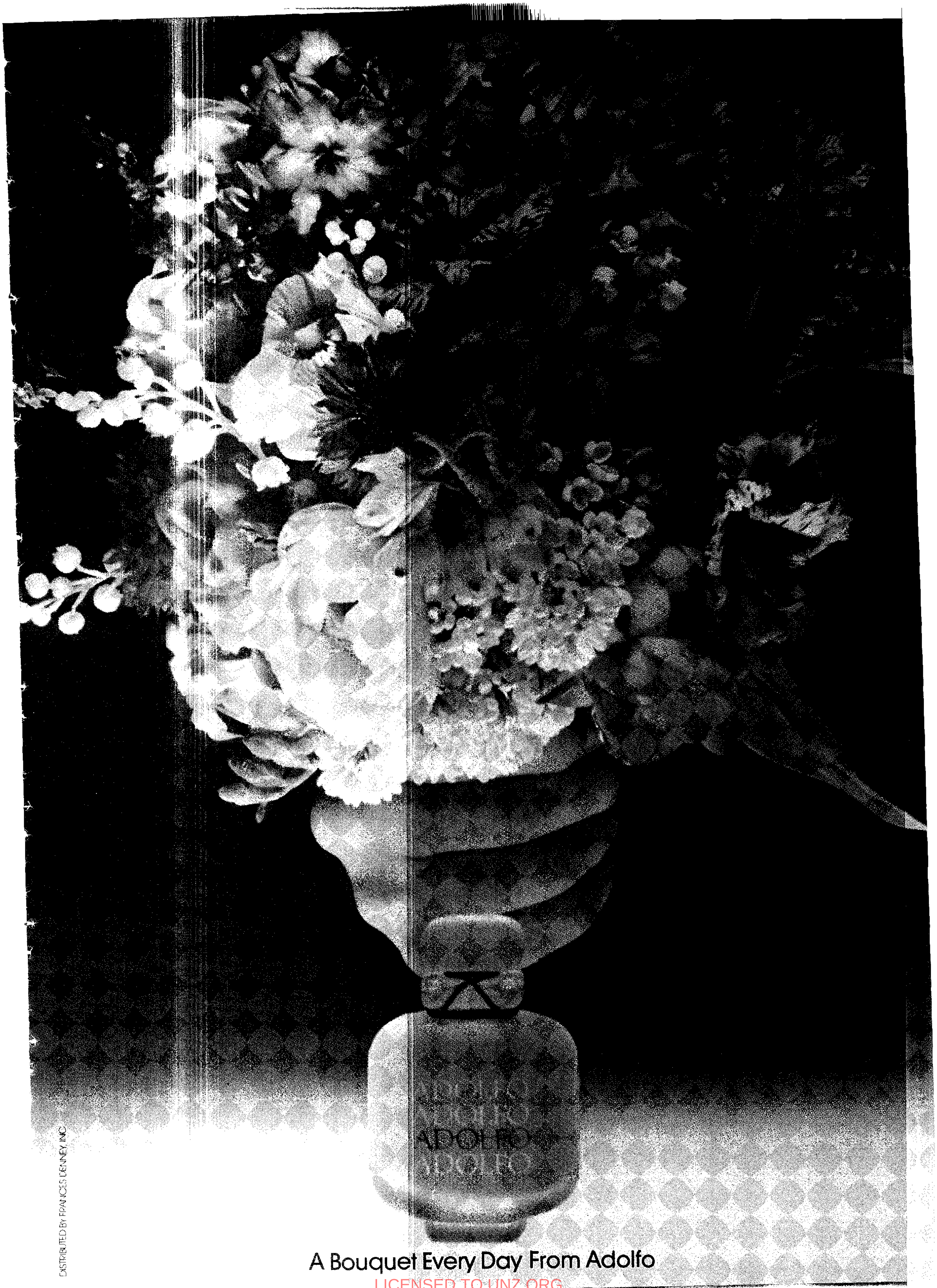ADOLFO
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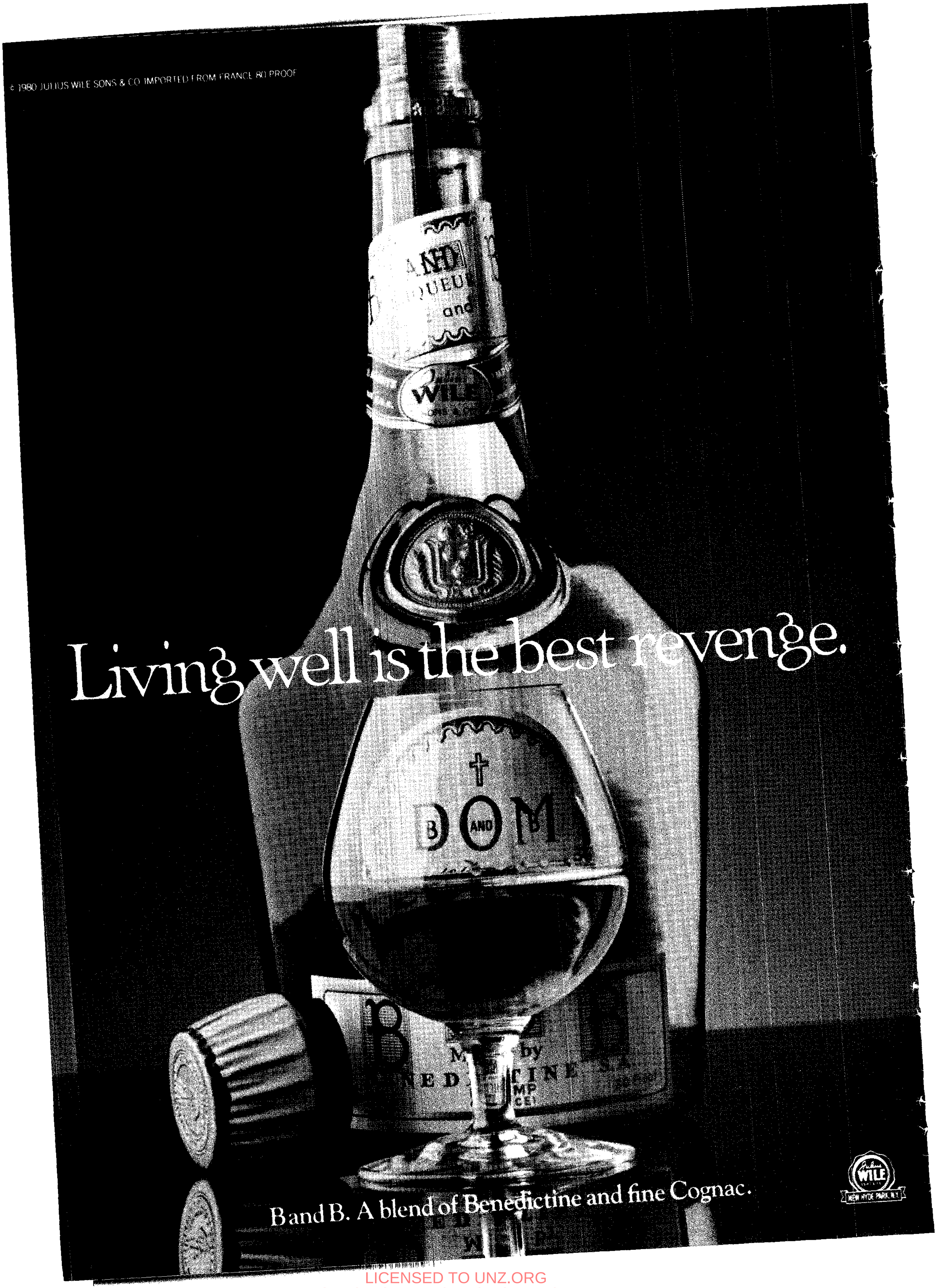
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prices are paid for Mickey Mouse watches? It is because of a hunger for history.

AN INTEREST IN HISTORY

SO when popularity is the measure things that were popular in the past can give a comfort. This works two ways. Very different. Not to be confused. But arising out of a single cause: the hunger for history. First, the purchase of objects from one's childhood. Second, the purchase of objects from someone else's adulthood. The first accounts for the Mickey Mouse watch. The second accounts for the rich young man who has had his duplex apartment arranged to resemble the public spaces of the Normandie. It is in an interest in *style* that an interest in hierarchy and history is first expressed among people trained to think of hierarchy and history as expressions of preference concerning trivial matters.

ADOLESCENCE

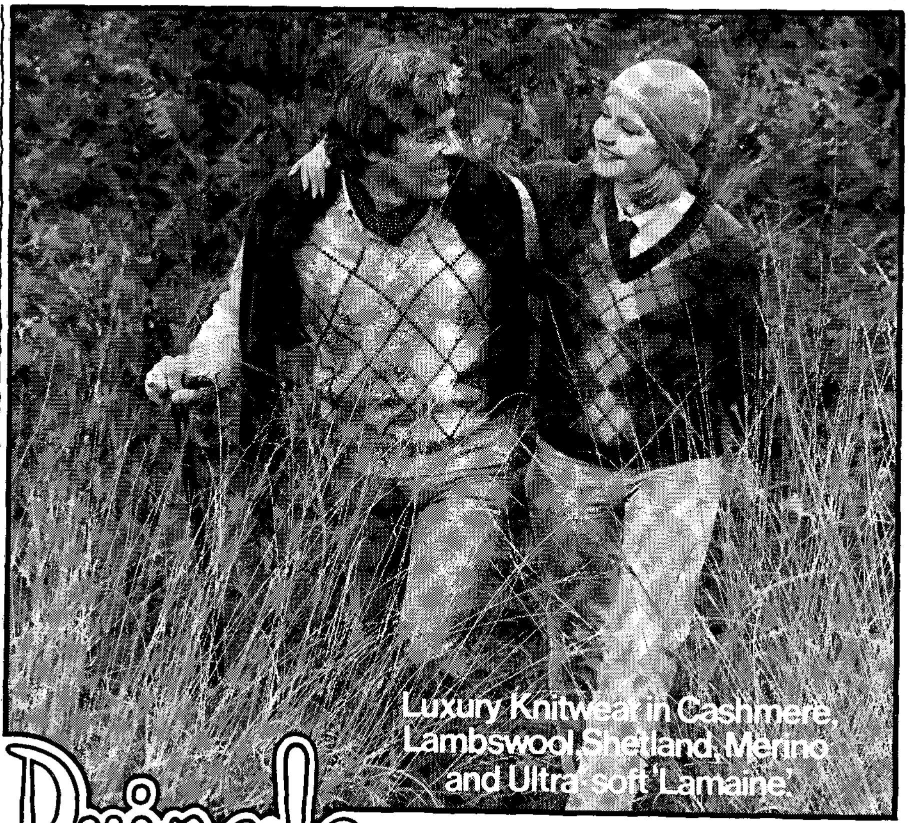
THE culture, for reasons having to do with the working of the marketplace, did not make available any but the grimmest, most false-seeming adulthood. Childhood was provided. An amazing, various childhood, full of the most extraordinary material possibilities. That was it. Nothing more. Just childhood. An adolescence had to be improvised, and it was. That it *was* improvised—mostly out of rock-and-roll music—so astounded the people who pulled it off that they quite rightly considered it the important historical event of their times and have circled around it ever since.

PARODY

PARODY. Parody is very popular. Parody is an art form for children who have had imposed upon them a meaningless iconography or a trivial iconography or an iconography of excrement.

DEFACEMENT

WHEN people grow older, they come to be responsible for what they know. If they then continue to refer to an iconography of excrement, they have to embrace excrement as worthy of their attention, and direct the enthusiasm of their fellows to excrement—not just to the discovery of the truth about excrement but to excrement. This is the movement from the excrement-childhood of television to a parody of television, to "Pink Flamingos" and "The Rocky Horror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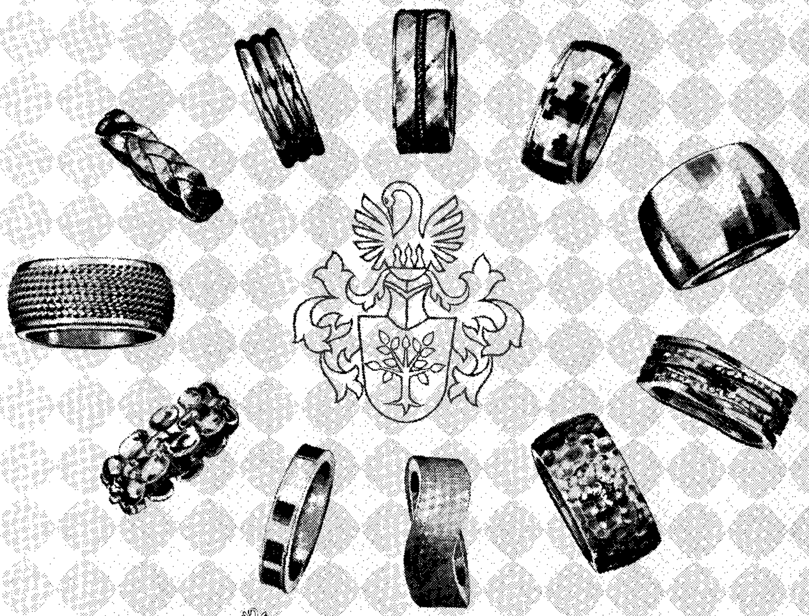

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Picture Show," or to the punk-art forms of excrement.

Defacement

PUNK art is allied to what an extraordinary prisoner might do in his cell. Not ask for parole, for instance, or bone up on his case, but etch crazy feathery patterns into certain secret places. There's arrogance in it, and pride, too.

Defacement

MUCH advertising now lets the children in on the joke, and many American babies are coming to loathe the joke.

Defacement

BABIES are babies, but they know when they are despised. But what if there is evidence, very powerful evidence, that the *way to comfort* is to join the body of the despised?

"You said . . ."
"Our survey said . . ."
"You said . . ."
"Our survey said . . ."
"You said . . ."
"Our survey said . . ."
"You said . . ."
"Our survey said . . ."

No Authority

QUESTIONS. "What is your name?" is a question. "Do you know your name?" is a question. "How many times have I asked you a question?" is a question. "How many spots, physical spots, has your boss kissed on you?" is a question asked on television. It is possible to get it right. That is the trick of American con games. *You make it easy for people to think they've got it right.* All you have to do is give the answer the man gave. The man said, perhaps, "I've kissed eleven spots, physical spots, on her," and if the secretary guesses the number he said she wins a point. If the wife guesses the same number of spots, physical spots, that the man said, then she wins a point. They can get it right if they try. He has got it right by definition.

No Authority

THE important moment in the history of television was the moment when a man named Richard Dawson, the "host" of a program called "Family Feud," asked contestants to guess what a poll of a hundred people had guessed would be the height of the average American woman. Guess what they've guessed. Guess

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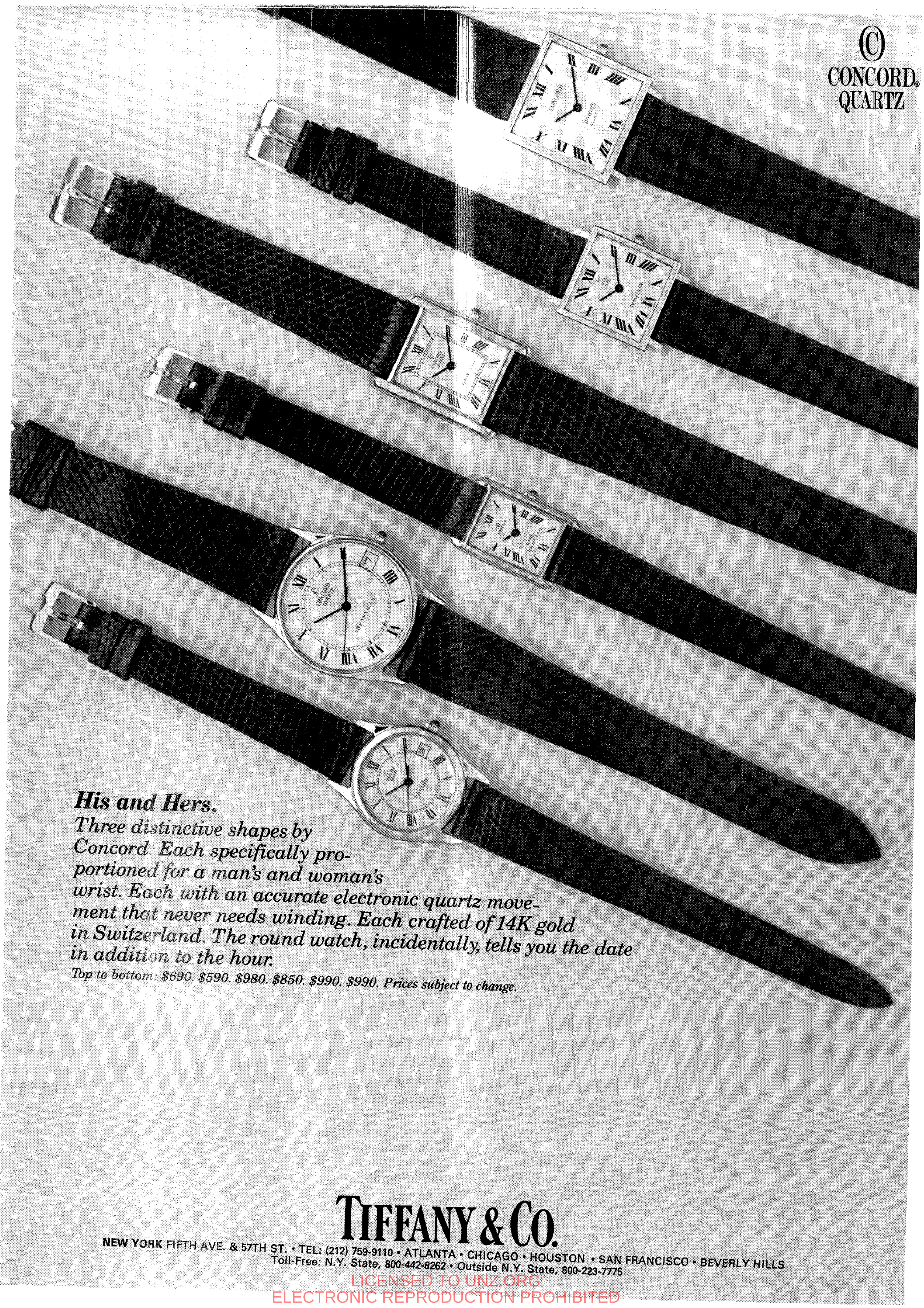

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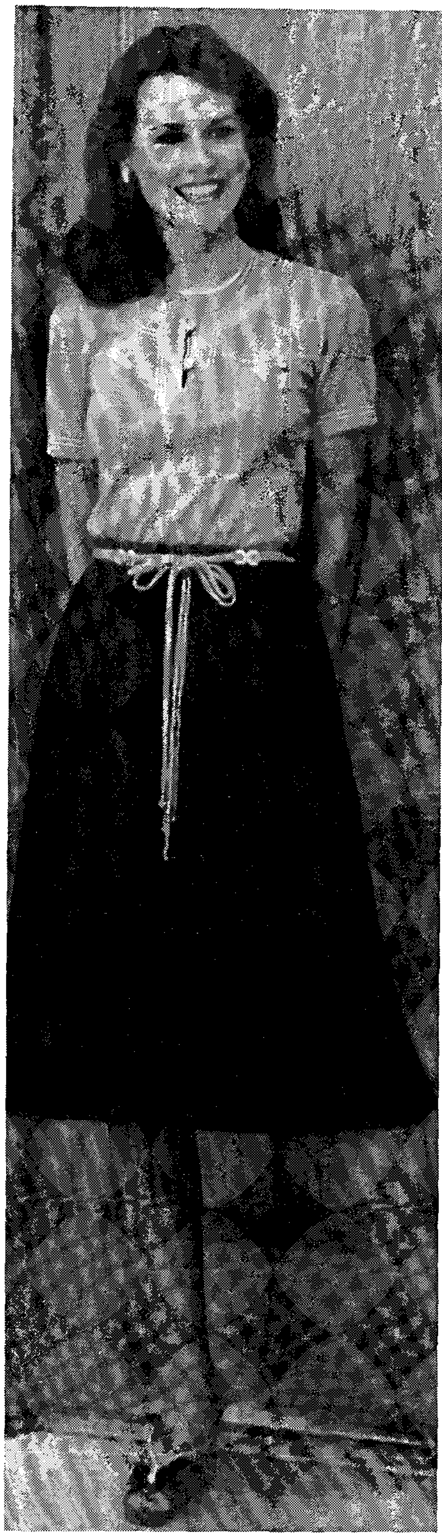

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what they've guessed the *average* is.

"You said . . ."

"Our survey said . . ."

•

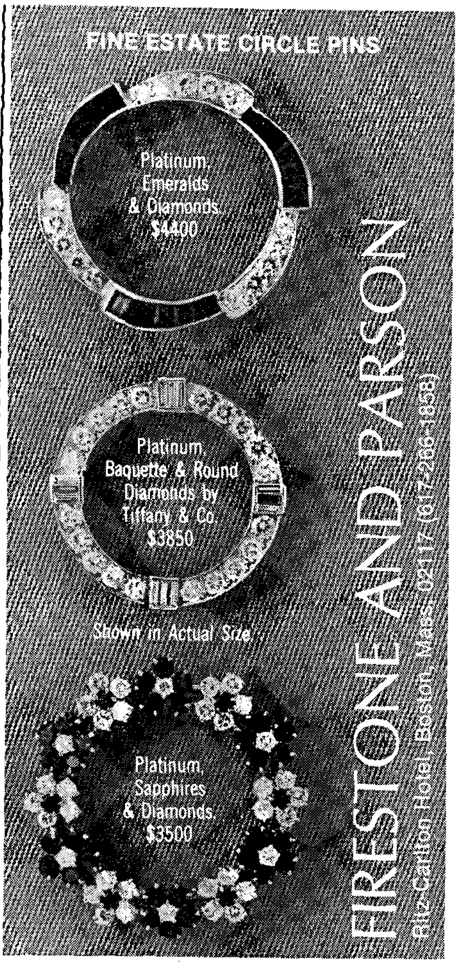
PEOPLE

IT is the superior candor of *People* to acknowledge that this is the process of history now. More ambitious magazines, or magazines descended from more ambitious magazines and continuing the names of more ambitious magazines—these magazines have to continue a dance in which they can attempt to obscure their loss of authority and confidence, their loss of the *active* principle. Magazines like *Esquire* and *Vogue* and *Time* and *Newsweek* have it as their function to dispense authority of one kind or another, but they know now that they have no authority apart from the demographic makeup of their audience. Consider it: All transactions involving authority involve an attempt to alleviate the sense of loneliness that is a condition of life. But when all partners in a transaction are passive, when the active principle consists only in describing the characteristics of the passive principle and playing on them, then no transaction has taken place, and the sense of isolation implicit in *no transaction* is increased, and everyone knows, deeply knows, that the attempted connection (which was coded in the syntax of success) has failed and left a dangerous residue, like an obstruction in the throat, which will make the next attempt much more difficult to complete, or even to fake.

The transactions of the American marketplace are very often criticized, but almost always what is addressed is the question of fairness. What if this were abandoned, perhaps only for a moment, and another question were asked: "Does this transaction add to my dignity or detract from it?" Or a still simpler question: "Does this transaction *exist*?" When people are involved in transactions that do not exist, it is not only their common sense that is put in danger but also their imagination. Indeed, imagination faces the larger danger, because in such a transaction common sense is ignored but the imagination is misused and debased.

CON

THE con man does give you something. It is a sense of your own worthlessness. A good question to ask: "Does this event exist without me?" If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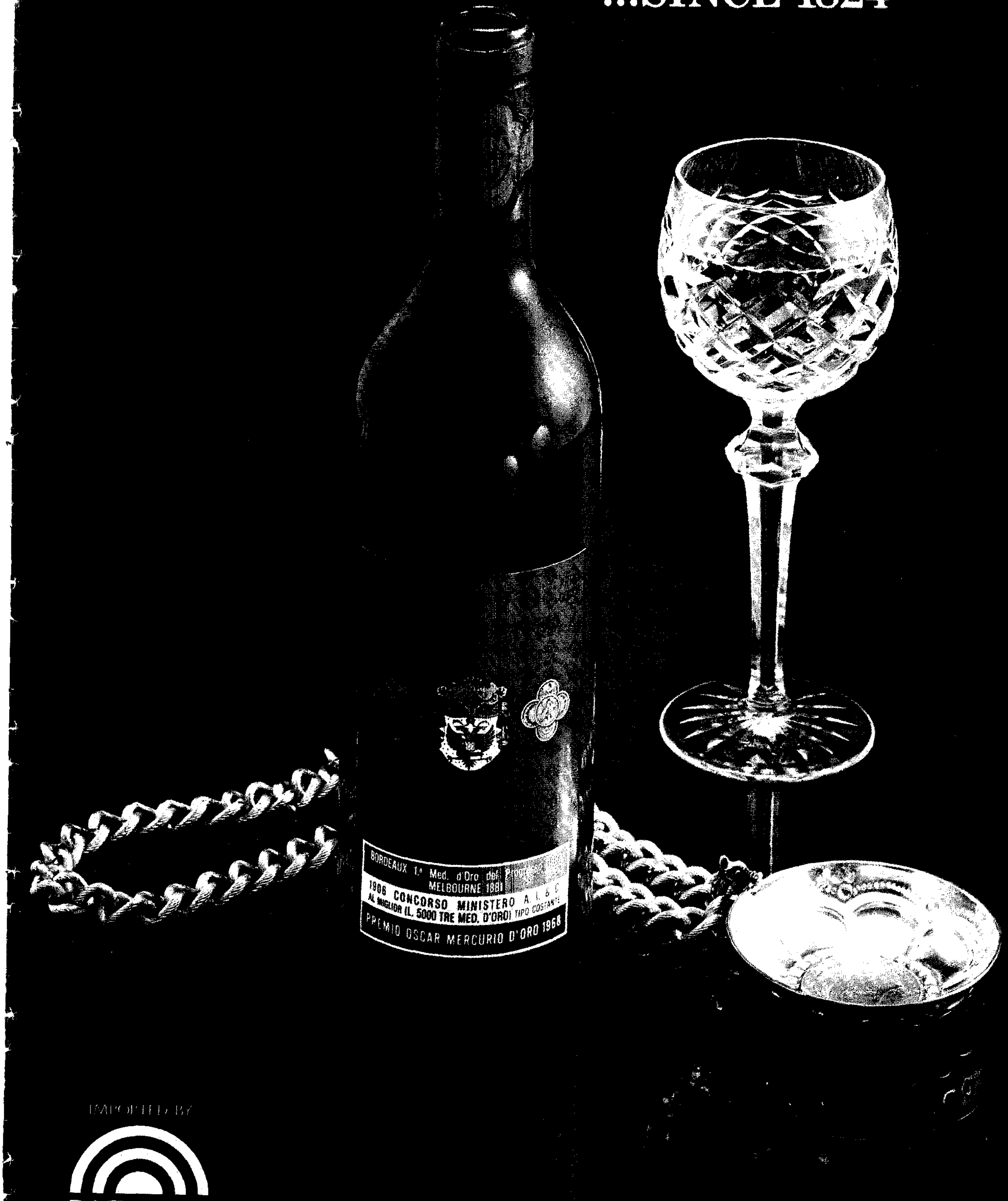
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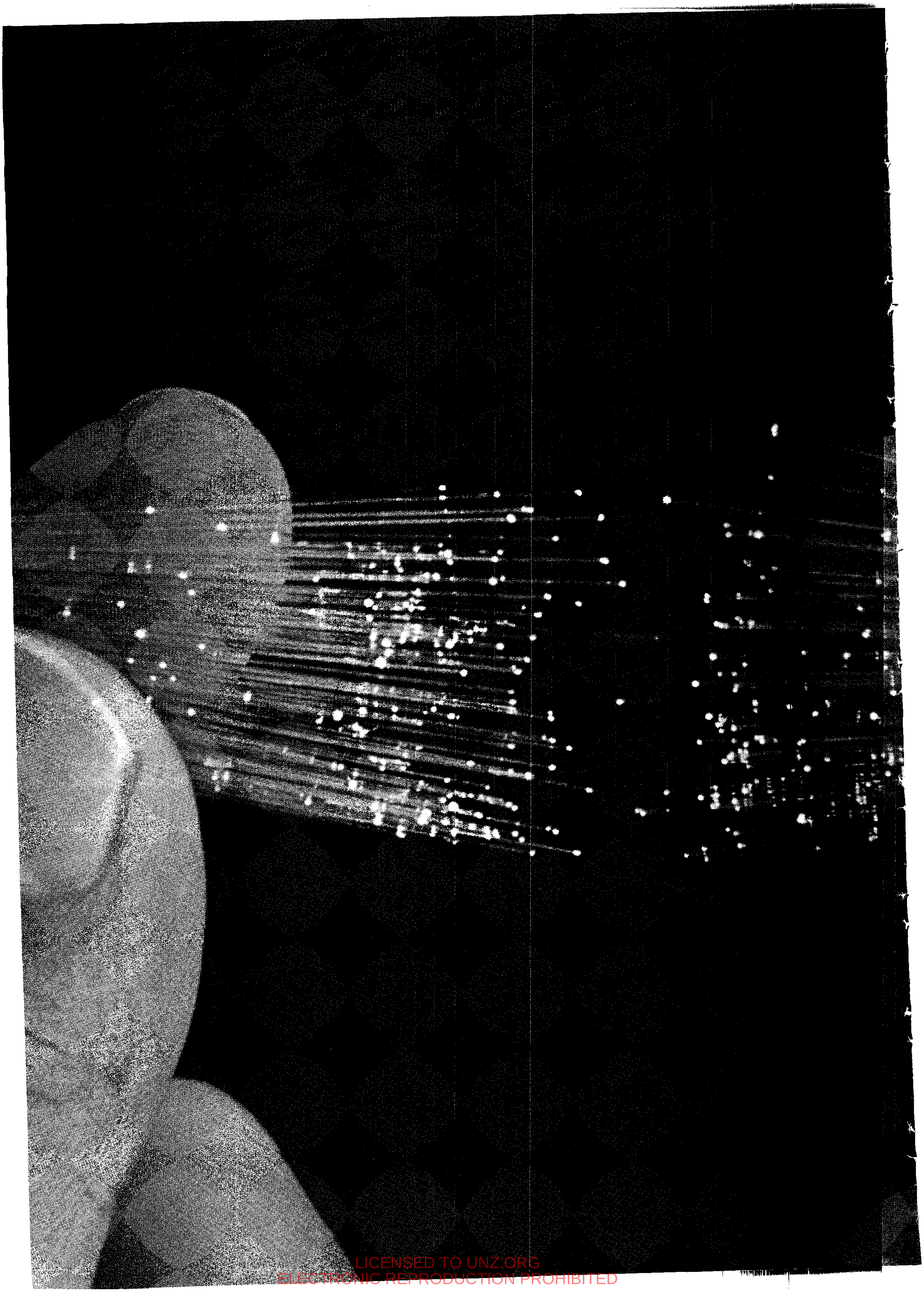

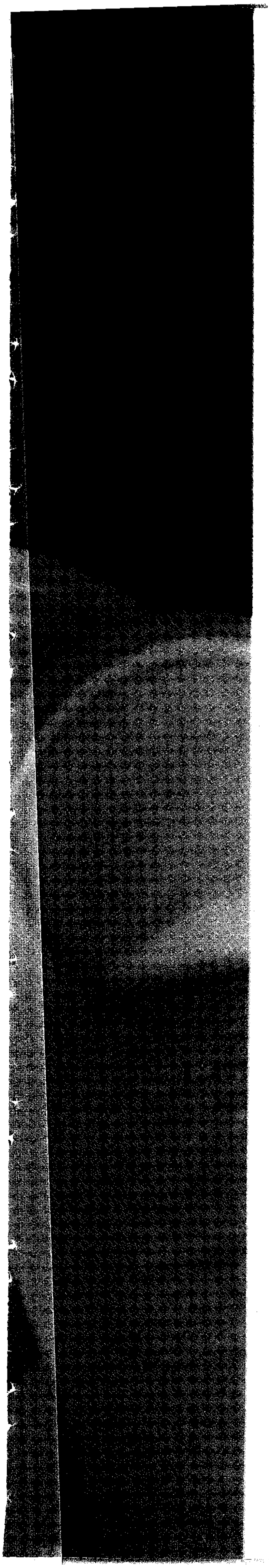

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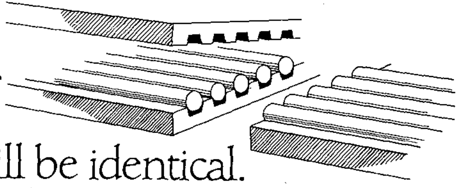

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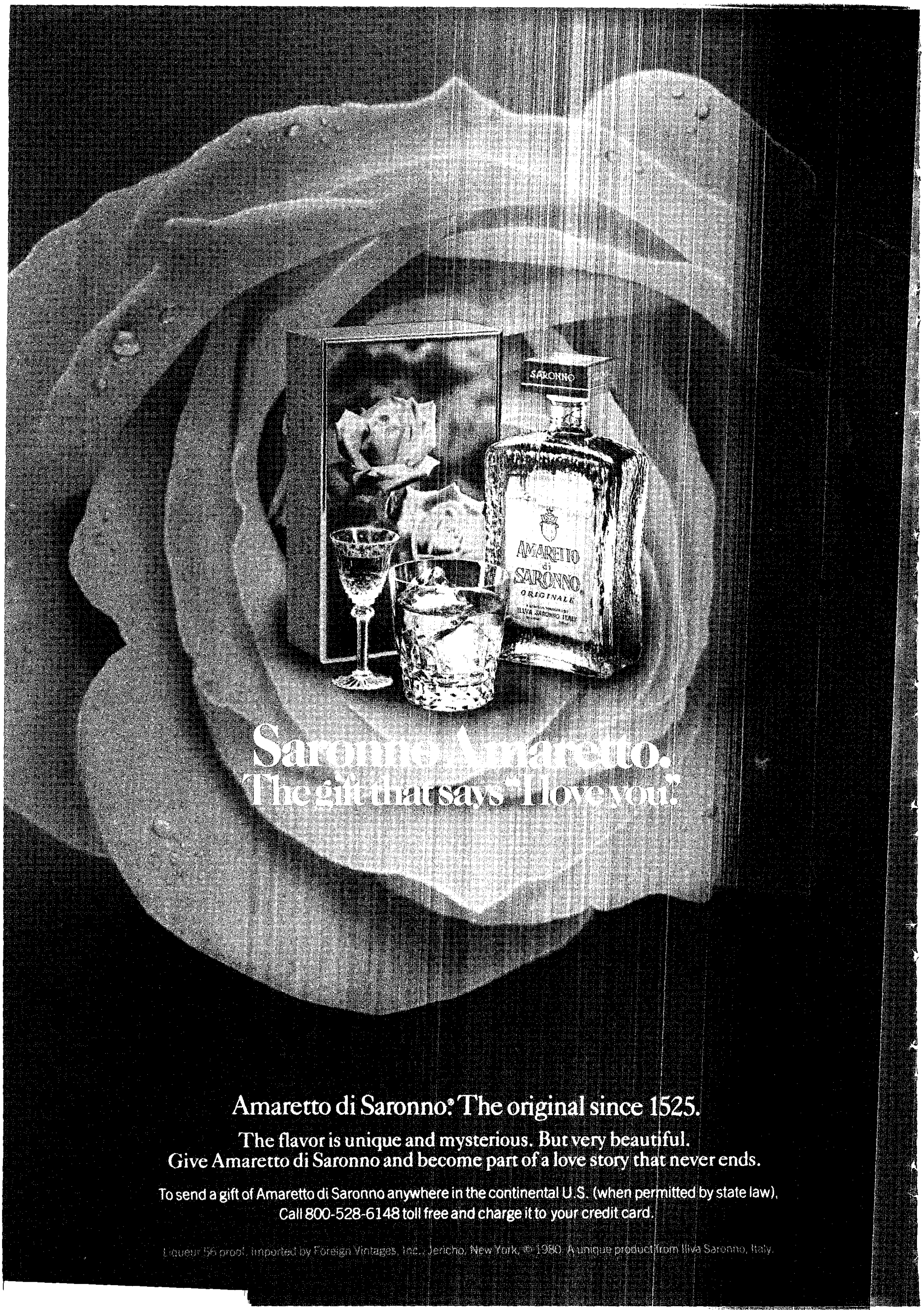
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the answer is no, leave. You are involved in a con game. When the con man tells you that he is about to present you with "a wide range of options," ask for one thing he will absolutely stand behind. Or beat him up. If he has some authority, you have a right to see what it is. If he is only describing the authority he senses in you, then do as you please.

The idea of choice is easily debased if one forgets that the aim is *to have chosen* successfully, not to be endlessly choosing.

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The insouciance of the rich, first of all. Their juxtaposition of steel mills and baby talk. How little care they take! How little care they need to take! Self-enclosed but, in a way, accessible. Through their flaws or through their baby talk. All those steel mills turned into a smile. And baby talk. You don't know her. Never heard of her. Spradlings have lived and died and you never cared. But you know who she is. It's the Riviera. Not the old Riviera, the one we know, the one we know about and want to know more about—but only under certain circumstances. No. This is the *new* Riviera. The South American Riviera. There is a whole new Riviera. Better, possibly. It *exists*. But no one knew. But people know what a Riviera is, and what novelty is, and what a pretty girl is, and that rich people call each other baby names, because to one another they are just little babies, although they own steel mills and automobile factories and ranches running the width of the pampas. This is not quite history, because no one claims that anything in particular has happened this week (or any other) on the novel South American Riviera. But it makes use of a saddened, vaguely remembered

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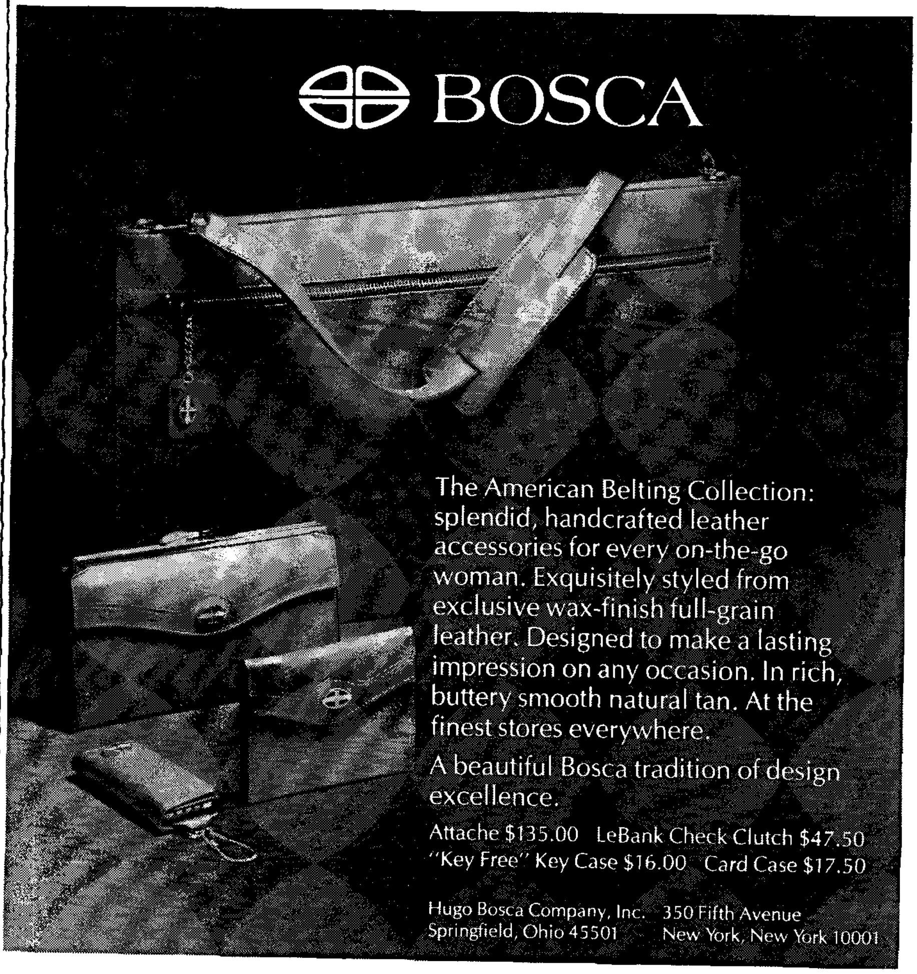

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sense of what history was. It evokes a place in history, and it announces, without excuse, a person who exists in a context, her own—the context of a South American Riviera—which continues on its own, without reference to its popularity among the mass of Americans.

It's not quite history. But it's almost reporting. There is, almost, a place known as the South American Riviera. There is, almost, a figure of importance called Beba Spradling. But not quite. And it's not quite reporting. Because they're quite interchangeable, a person has to notice—this South American Riviera, and this woman called Spradling—with a lot of other things. The message is presented with a certain authority, a little, self-assured baby voice of authority: "This is the South American Riviera. You really ought to know about the South American Riviera. This is Beba Spradling. You ought to know about Beba. Don't you want to know Beba? Know about Beba? We can help. She won't fight." But it's all a joke, because it's only a little general envy that's invoked, a small chip of envy and loneliness with Beba's face on it. No need for Beba. It could be Bobo. Sometimes it *is* Bobo. It could be Baba or Baby, or anyone. And it could be a new Riviera in South America or in any place at all with the right distance. It's not history, because nothing has happened, and it's not reporting, because it's no one from nowhere. The territory is loneliness and envy and the promise of access to a sense of ease. The truth, the history, is partly in 20 cents, partly in April 2, 1951. The principal truth is: Circulation over 5,200,000.

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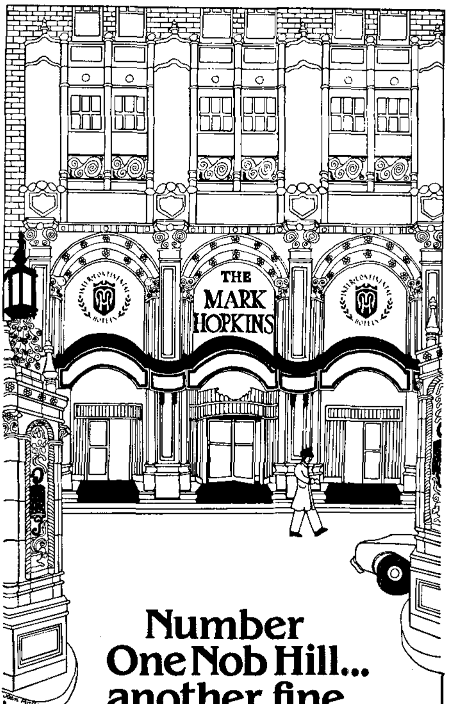
AT one moment early in the nineteen-seventies, at a time when Max's Kansas City had ceased to attract the people who had made its reputation but continued to attract other, newer people, because this reputation had been made, a thin girl named Andrea Feldman, who liked to be called Andrea Whips, used to put on something called "Show Time" in the back room. Andrea Whips was a minor Warhol girl at a bad time for minor Warhol girls, and "Show Time" had about it not just the flatness of diction associated with many Warhol girls but also *frenzy*. Once Andrea Whips had begun "Show Time," it was hard to get her to stop. She used to climb up on a table or a banquette and repeat something



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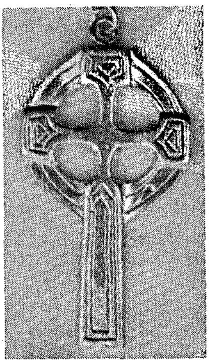

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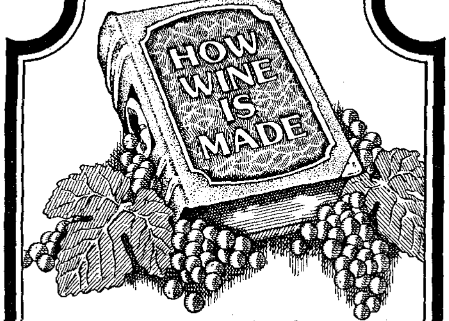

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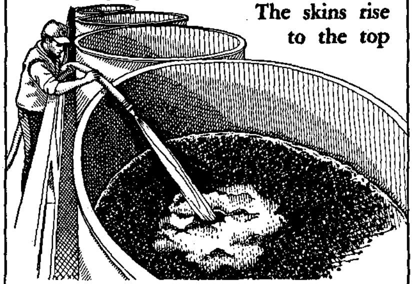

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over and over. "She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes" was something she repeated. As she chanted, she gave very specific readings to each of the words. At times, she would emphasize "coming;" at other times, "mountain." There was great purpose in her manner. Everyone in the room fed off it. If anyone had asked (as no one did) why she had chosen to stress "coming" during one recitation and "round" during the next, she would not have answered. If anyone had insisted on knowing, she would have answered with a drop-dead look or a scattered gesture. Andrea accompanied her chant with stylized movements. At one point, she would hike up her skirt; at another, perhaps as she was stressing a word—"coming" or "mountain"—she would tip her head to one side and allow that side of her body to relax. In these movements, too, she showed purpose. It was clear that to Andrea Whips at any one moment only one movement and no other, only one emphasis and no other, only one repeated act and no other had meaning. It was recognized in the back room of Max's that Andrea Whips was psychotic, but everyone knew she was on to something.

THE POINTER SISTERS: 1973

THE Pointer Sisters were four black women—Ruth, Anita, Bonnie and June—who wanted not to be poor, not to be unknown, not to live in Oakland, California. For a while, they were back-up singers. Then, under the influence of their manager, David Rubinson, they began to sing songs in the style of the forties, in clothes in the style of the forties, in a manner that was Negro rather than black.

One night, they went by car out from San Francisco to a suburban place to see a performance by Josephine Baker, a black woman from St. Louis who wanted not to live in St. Louis, and who in the twenties learned how to embody one aspect of glamour and coquetry, and who, after that had a sustained vogue in France. It was not the idea of the Pointer Sisters to see Miss Baker. A group of white fans had suggested it.

Down the street. Dark night. Certain flashing lights. "CONDOR... TOPLESS." Bonnie, looking pretty, said, "I just love to drive down this street. I can't help it. I just love those ladies." Bonnie had a nice fur coat, new. The Pointer Sisters drove right out of town. Things dispersed.

The theatre was like a bunker—

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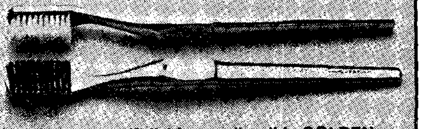

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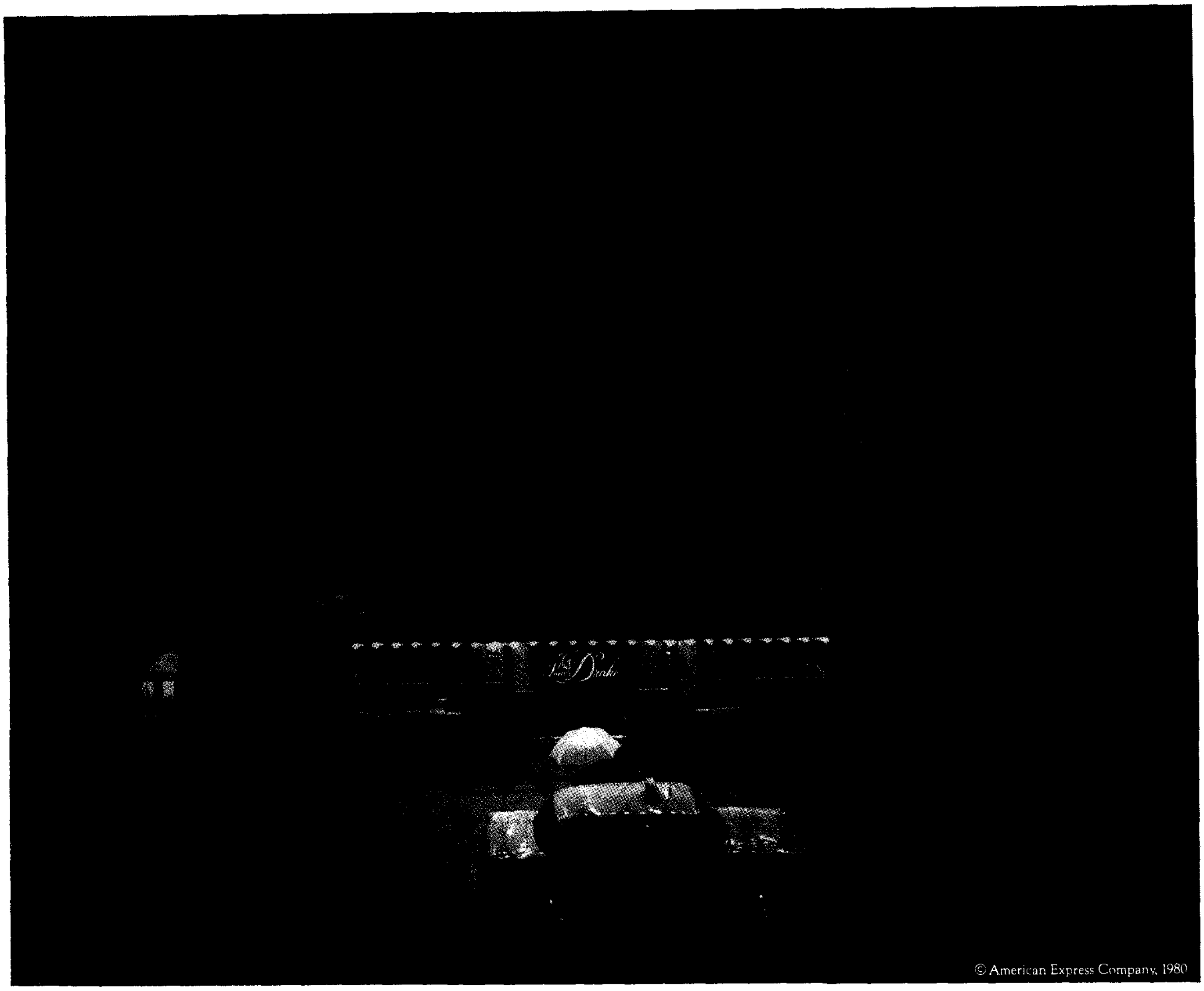

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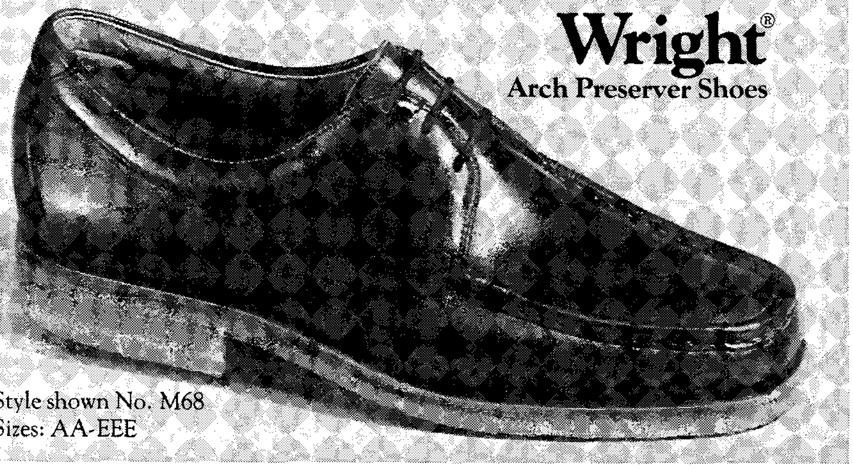
something in cement. The Pointer Sisters walked in. Inside, the theatre was like a round room, with a small circular stage at the center. The room was not half full. People were scattered all around—gaps everywhere. Nothing tight. The Pointer Sisters walked past a door in the perimeter of the hall—a little door, a door with a curtain over it. Not a door at all, just something with a curtain. Behind the curtain, Josephine Baker prepared to make her entrance. "Why did they seat people at the back?" the voice of Josephine Baker asked from behind the curtain.

The Pointer Sisters walked down an aisle covered with a gray substance not much like carpeting—like something to keep the dust down, like something to cover cement. Soon after the Pointer Sisters were seated, the lights went down, and Josephine Baker *ran*—almost ran—to the stage: down the aisle, and over the gray substance, which must have been a pad for a proper rug that had been taken up. Josephine Baker wore a peach-colored costume, tight-fitting and studded with sequins. She looked just like a dream. Several things at once. A star, but that was just the start. Then a *lady*, but that was just the start. Then a lady who knew when not to be a lady, and how to please, and how to have a little moment of this and one of that. Not teasing—*flirting*. Does anyone know the difference? A tease is a con. You press a spot because you know that it can be pressed, and while the sucker is feeling the pleasure or the pain resulting from the pressure, you take something from him. "Do you have the money? Good. Good. She'll be right down. Wait here; she'll be right here." And then, nothing. A flirt doesn't do that. A flirt does a dance within the context of giving pleasure. Referring to this, referring to that. And suddenly, following the references, you find a little surprise. Nothing enormous. Nothing like "Feed on me." Nothing like that. Something small with a bow on it. It's a pleasure. A surprise, and a *gift*.

Reaching the stage, Josephine Baker thrust up her hands in a gesture of exaltation. There was applause from patches of people around the room once they saw that applause was expected.

"Am I thin?" Josephine Baker asked.

Her coquetry dissipated in the round room. Nothing came back. It was a specific coquetry. Once, the line must have been "Am I pretty?" Her fea-



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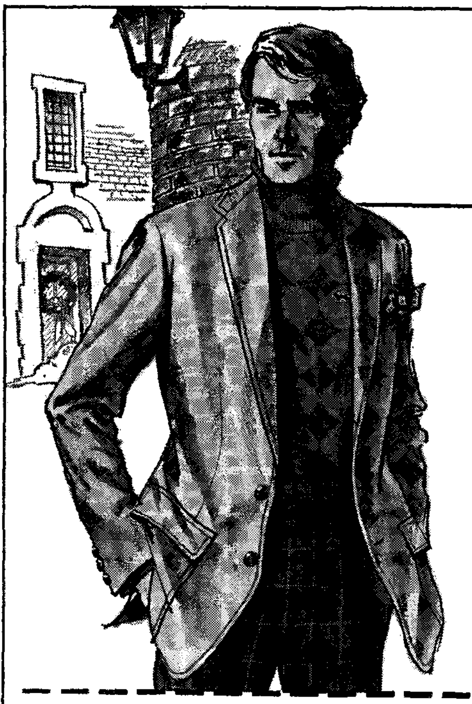

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tures, small and unusual, made it not quite arrogant to ask.

"And it took four or five hours to make myself more or less presentable," she said demurely.

"Why did she say that?" Bonnie Pointer asked.

"She *is* thin," Anita Pointer said.

Then Josephine Baker said, "I have an idea. It may be a bad one. You see, I'm being very impolite. I hate to be impolite, but in this great big round room I'm always turning my back on someone." Then, like a general, like someone who knew what it was to organize a raid on a trench, she gathered everyone in the sad, round theatre into one section of the room and faced that section. Then she said, "Oh, ladies, you are so absolutely divine. You look like flowers out there." Then she held up a rose. She addressed the rose. "You're so stately and dignified," she said. She passed the rose to a man in the front row of the audience and told him to pass the rose around the theatre. Her artifice drained into the room. Her artifice had depended on the effectiveness of certain small collisions—between things archetypically feminine, archetypically masculine, archetypically Negro, archetypically white. Essential to her performance was the idea of violation, and the idea that a violation could produce pleasure, and not damage.

In the round room, no reference had meaning. Josephine Baker referred to Paris as though it would mean a thing, and it didn't mean a thing. And Florence Mills, and this one and that one. She described a black actor but did not mention him by name. A man in the audience shouted, "Paul Robeson!"

"I didn't want to mention his name, because I thought you'd forgotten," Josephine Baker said.

Later, she said, "Thank you for coming and having the *courage* to stay."

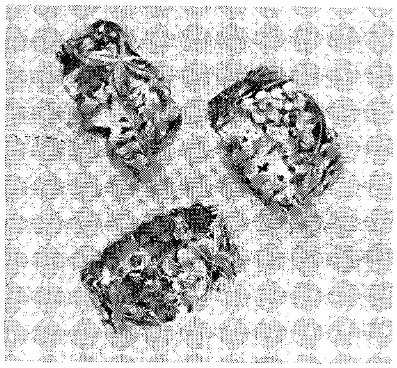
Anita said, "What a sweet remark."

Later, Anita said, "You have to have more these days. People expect more. It's not enough just to come out and do a dance."

"Especially if you're too old," Bonnie said.

"She *is* thin," Anita said.

After about a year, there was a little dip in interest in the Pointer Sisters. Later, it got better. They left David Rubinson and forgot about the idea of the fabulous style of the forties, and it picked up. But for a while there was a slight dip. During this period, they were booked into the Club Harlem in



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Atlantic City. A big room. Crowded tables. A little idea of the previous vogue adhering to it. The vogue for glamour. That continues in certain black places, the vogue for glamour. In some ways, black people are more ruthless than white people about what they like and whom they like, and the power of fashion is well established among them. But certain vogues are of very long standing—the idea of glamour, for instance. The Club Harlem was one room in which what the Pointer Sisters did made no sense. It made no sense to refer to Negro modes as though Negro modes were new and fresh and amusing. It made no sense to refer to glamour as though glamour were an idea in need of help. It made no sense—that's all. Civilization went on at the Club Harlem in a more continuous way than it went on in the white world. The Club Harlem represented a real context. In retreat, but still in existence. The fact that the Pointer Sisters had been equipped with a little ad-hoc context, a chimerical background for the foreground of their performance, did nothing to justify their performance from the point of view of the Club Harlem. The Pointer Sisters were unhappy. The juxtapositions that had supported them were gone. They were black women performing for black people in a black club, and no one got the point. "Why did David want us to take *a step backward?*" Bonnie asked.

About this time, I made friends with a black man named Donald. He was a criminal, more or less. He lived in what he called a penthouse. What it was was a room on top of a hotel that was a hotel for whores. In a way, it was a penthouse. It was at the top of the hotel, and there was a ladder up to the roof. In a way, it was just nothing at all. Sometimes Donald talked about his room as if it were a penthouse. Sometimes he talked about it as if it were just nothing at all. He always needed money. He got pieces of money from the whores, although he was not a pimp. On the one hand, he conned money out of them. On the other hand, he ran a lot of errands, and so forth. He would give a whore a line and she would give him some money, so he was on top, but then she might ask him to go and get some cigarettes from the machine in the lobby. He said, "Who I admired when I was coming up were the white gangsters. In the movies. I'd go see any movie about white gangsters." He also said, "You see, the trouble is you can get

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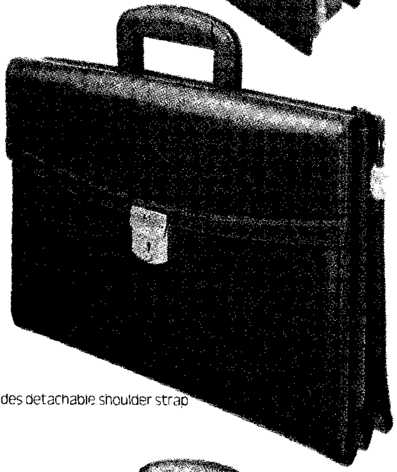

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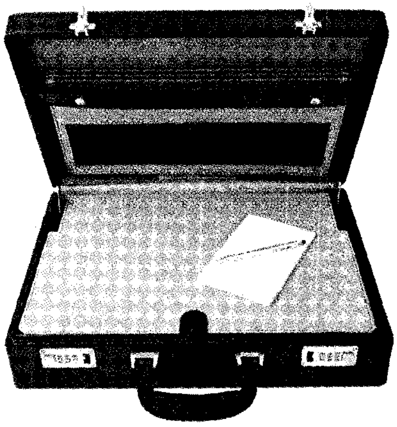

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con-goofy. You don't know where the con is anymore *in your own head*."

Drugs

AND then this happened and that happened, and people changed drugs. Marijuana is the drug of breaking continuity; cocaine is the drug that makes a context for people interested in authority. On cocaine, people tell a different kind of story. And people are polite when they ask for it. It's not here? It's not in the next room? Is it, possibly, within fifty blocks? Could you, possibly, make the call? Would that be all right? Shall we go with you? Will you go alone? You're sure you won't mind? Naturally, there is money. That question. Naturally, we share in that. Suddenly, people so pretty, so well dressed, bring out their money, and it turns out that they have twenty dollars. Just that much. Or forty. Just that, and a few dollars for a cab home. What the mugger leaves you—money for a taxi home.

When people take cocaine, they tell stories that have in them an interest in context. They tell stories about a deal, for instance—how one thing is put together with another thing in a way that may result in a movie, or they tell stories about a problem, or a special scene. A thing looms all at once. It isn't there, and then it is there, complete. It makes sense. Like a problem. A problem makes sense. A disease. A disease can make sense. If it pulls things together into the disease, then it makes a kind of sense.

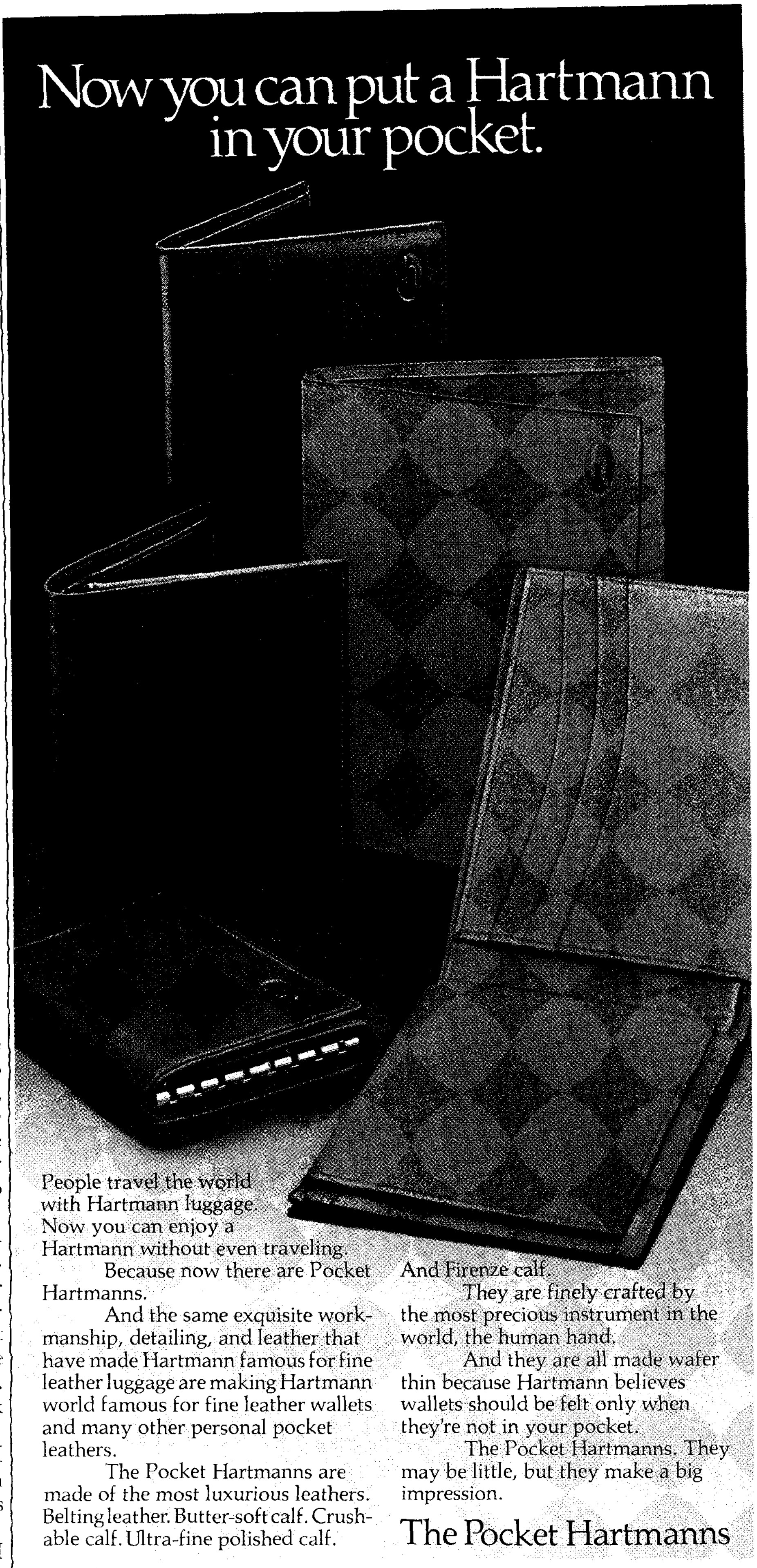
Sweet Babies

ONE of the sweet babies said, "He may have what kids have who have crib death. He was so laid back, this kid, that he stopped breathing. He was so laid back that they had to have a special belt, you know, like a sensor belt, all around him all the time, so that the parents could know."

One of the sweet babies said, "I had a virus and then I never had it again. When you have this, your sinuses expand and expand and expand and expand, until your whole face almost bursts. I had it, and when the nurse came in she looked just like an angel. Then I woke up and she didn't look beautiful at all."

One of the sweet babies said, "I went to an S. & M. club off Fifth Avenue. I couldn't believe it. It was *right off Fifth Avenue*."

One of the sweet babies said, "I thought he was straight with me, until right now. Except, when I went over,



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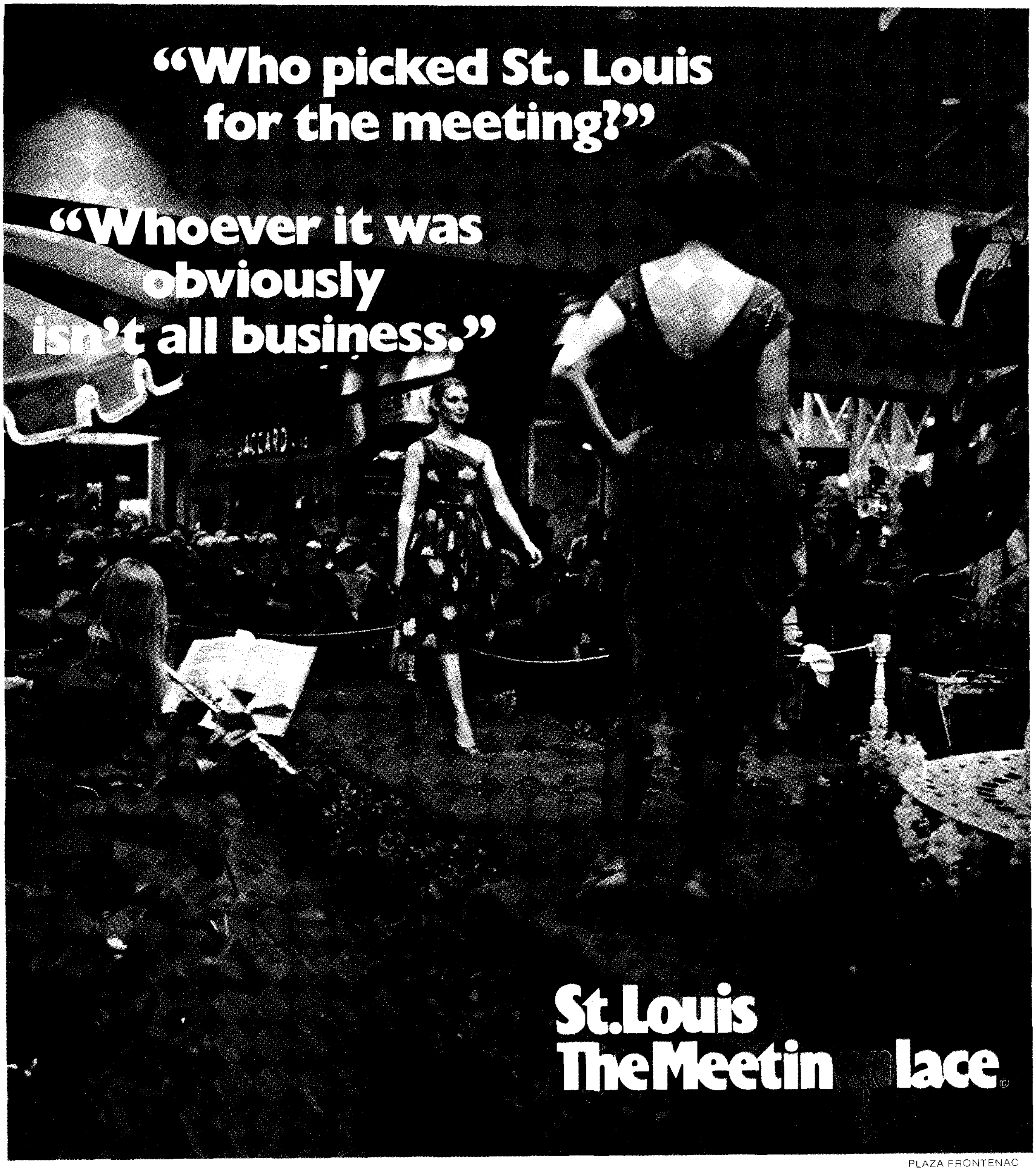
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*Sales and Marketing Management, Feb. 25, 1980

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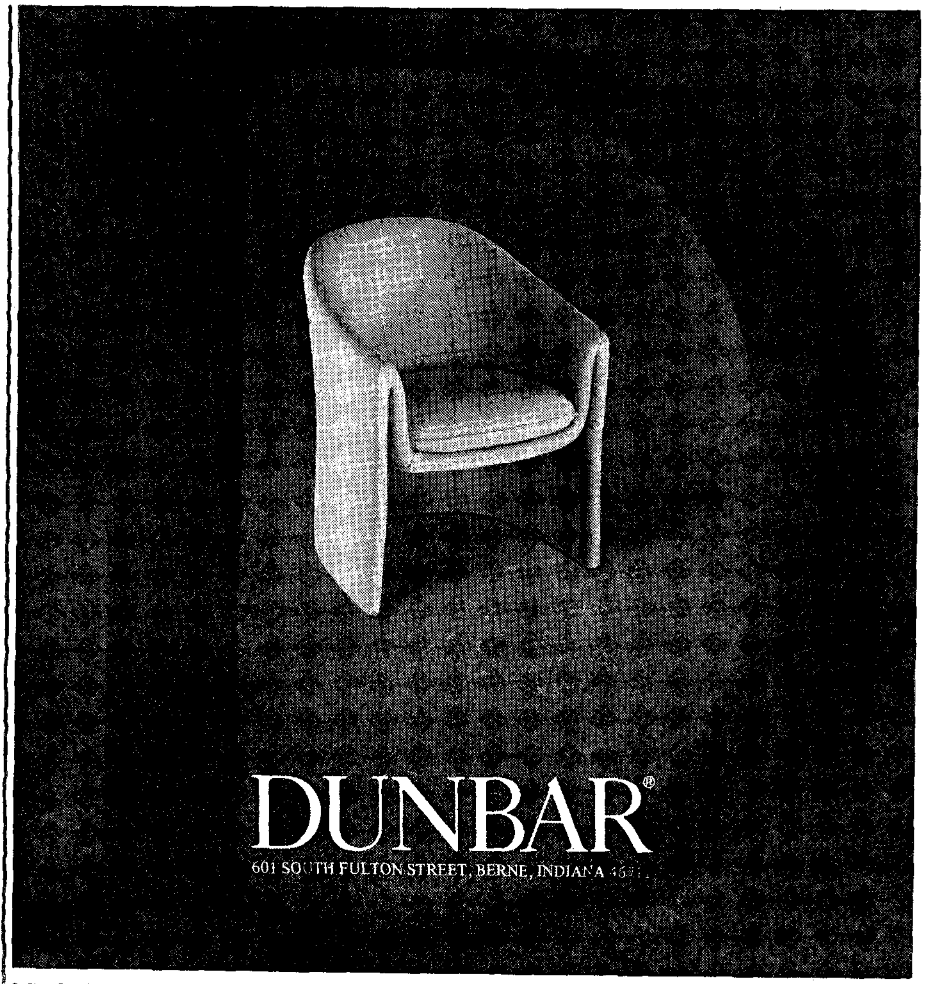
I knew that this girl he was seeing had left for the weekend to spend the weekend with someone else; I knew that, and he knew that I knew, and he said that he *understood* that she had to go, and then he said that she *hated* to go, and he said that she was so worried about him that she *filled his icebox* with groceries to last the whole time she was gone. And then he went out to get cigarettes or something and I looked in the icebox and there was just nothing."

One of the sweet babies said, "When I was on the cover of *People*, they chose the worst picture. And then I couldn't read what they wrote. It was confusing. It was *about me*, but it was confusing."

WORLD'S FAIR

WHEN I was twenty years old, and again when I was twenty-one, I worked for the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. I did not just work *at* the New York World's Fair, I worked *for* the Fair, which is to say that I worked for Robert Moses. This was the one time in my life I have had any benefit from the network of connections which was supposed to be a feature of my upper-middle-class education. Because I needed a job, I talked to a friend whose father was the mayor of the city, and he talked to his father, and his father mentioned me to someone at the Fair Corporation, and I was given a job as Guide in the Office of the Chief of Protocol at the Fair Corporation, for seventy-five dollars a week.

We had several different kinds of writing paper. Writing paper was a feature of the Fair Corporation. The standard writing paper was so filled with embossed information that it resembled a puzzle. The name of the Corporation, of course. And Mr. Moses' name, of course. And then the name of the divison to which the writing paper particularly belonged, and then, perhaps, the name of the person to whom the writing paper belonged. And the word "Unisphere," of course—for the vaguely atomic-looking construction that was the symbol of the Fair—and then a little ® by the word, and a picture of the Unisphere with another ® beside it, and, at the bottom of the page, this sentence, always: "UNISPHERE ® presented by United States Steel." In the years since the Fair, I have often had my pleasure spoiled by a sense of the contract behind the event. I was less easily offended then, but I did dislike the Unisphere



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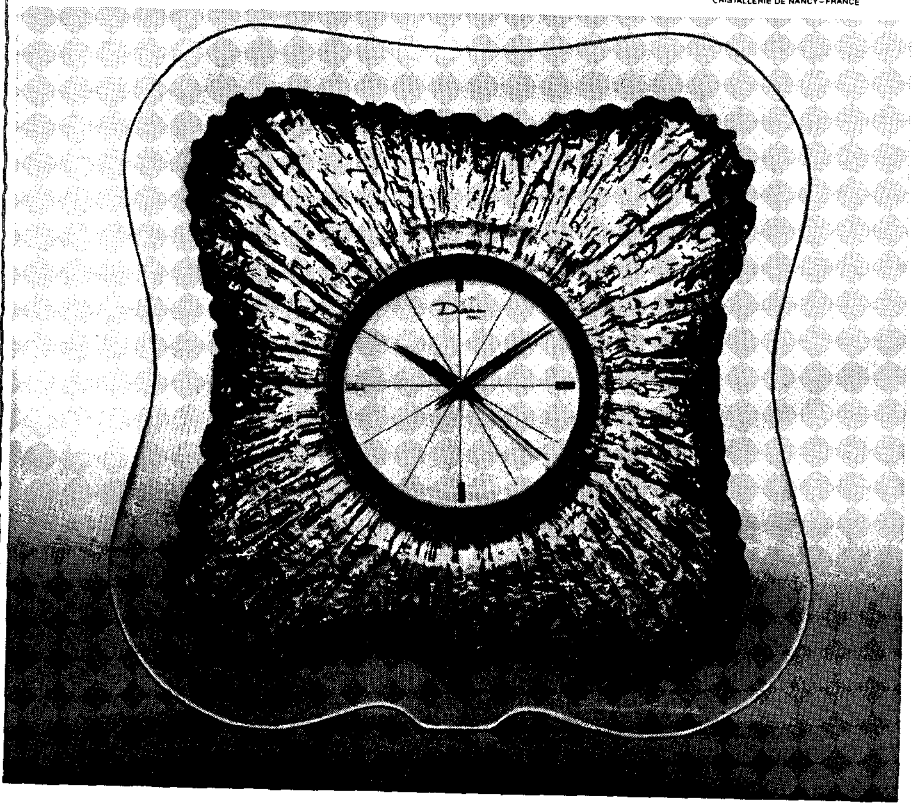

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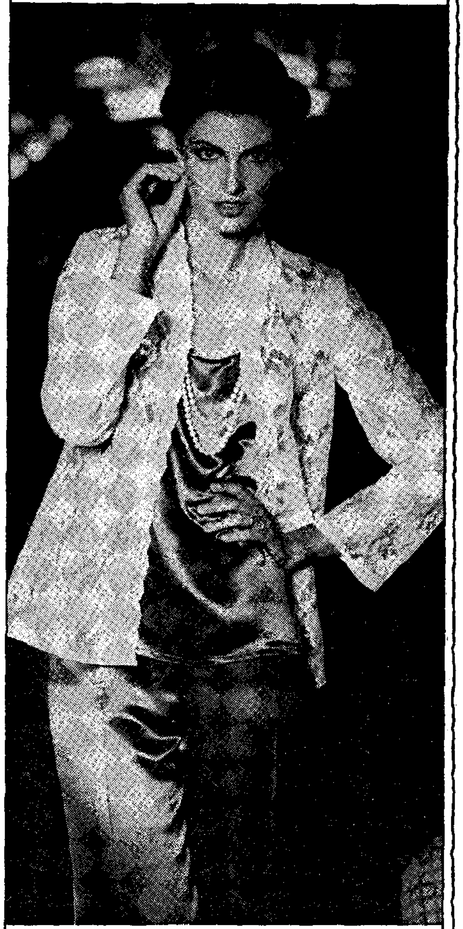

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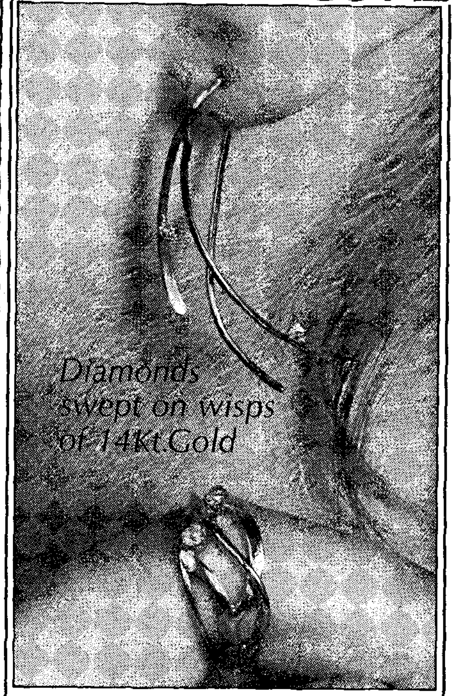
writing paper and preferred to use another sort we had, which said merely, "Office of the Chief of Protocol."

It did not bother me, nor did it bother anyone in our office, I think, that people sometimes confused our office with the Office of the Chief of Protocol in Washington. There was even a sense that we had a claim to a superior dignity. Certainly our standards were very high. We routinely had telephone calls *from* Washington, and we were instructed to say that we arranged Protocol Visits for "Cabinet level and above" only. We referred congressmen and senators to the United States Pavilion, which we regarded as an inferior institution, rather like a consulate. When a daughter of President Johnson came to the Fair, we handled the visit, but otherwise we saw very little of the government in Washington. We did see a number of governors, but this was because governors attended State Days—promotional events arranged by the Corporation to honor states that had agreed to build pavilions. There was a State Day nearly every day, and it was a low-priority event as far as we were concerned, and assignment to State Days was not sought after by the Guides. In fact, we treated state delegations rather shabbily, although we were rarely overtly rude. They were met at the gate, greeted by one of the Assistant Chiefs of Protocol, and then taken out "on the site" by a Guide or two Guides. I do not remember that any member of any state delegation was ever taken to meet Mr. Moses.

We all came to know very quickly not just the hierarchy of possible visitors but also the hierarchy of pavilions. Planning a Protocol Visit thus became a question of matching the level of the visitor with the level of the pavilion. We were very good at this. In arranging State Days, for instance, we had several conflicting imperatives to keep in mind at once, and we weighed them all. The first of these imperatives was our own lack of interest in arranging these visits and a deep dread of being trapped at a meal by a state official who had the mistaken idea that we would want to sample the hospitality of his state. The second was the fact that a State Day delegation was usually very large, and therefore many of the most desirable pavilions would be reluctant to take it. Third, we knew that the visitors could be fooled *just so long*, and would insist on see-

KRISTIN MOORE



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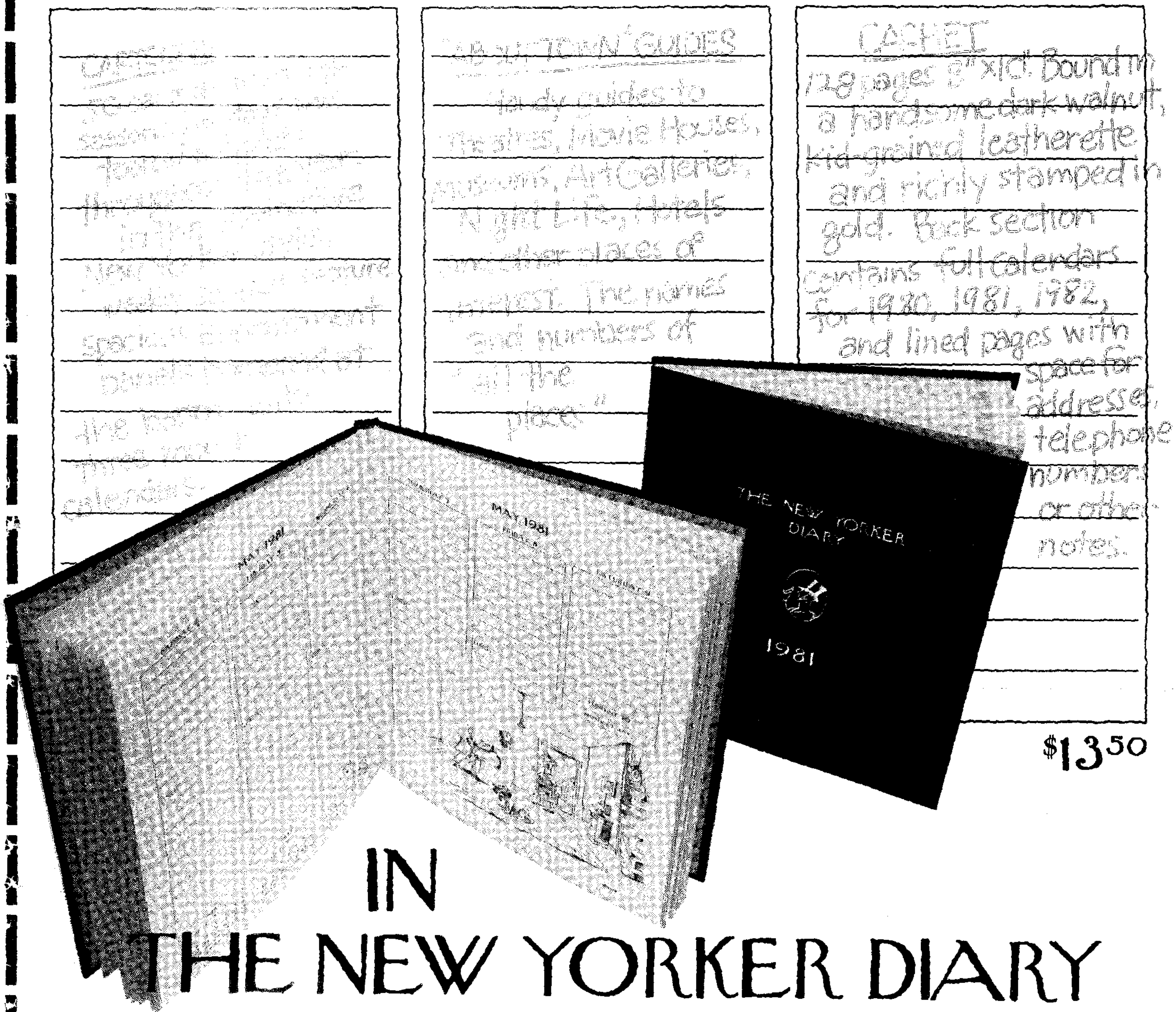

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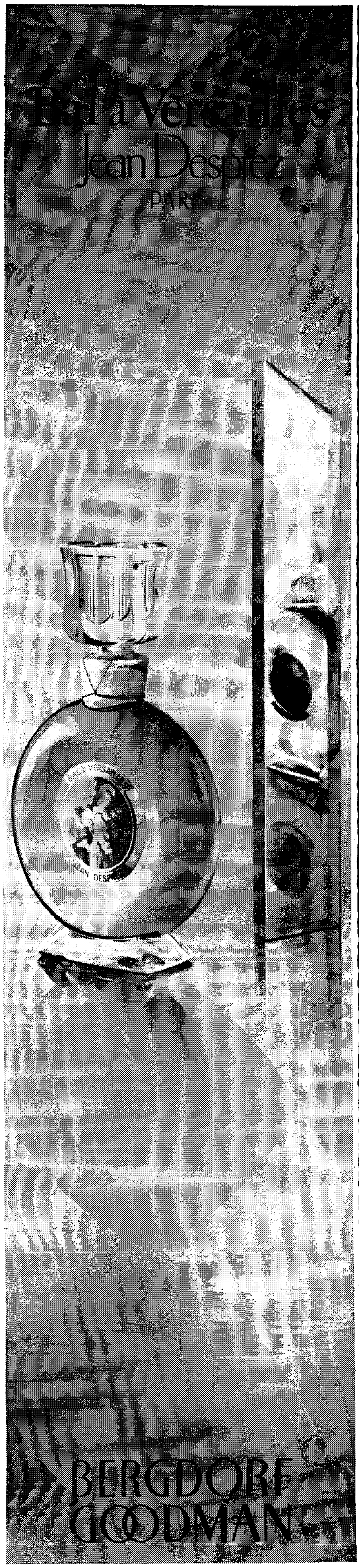
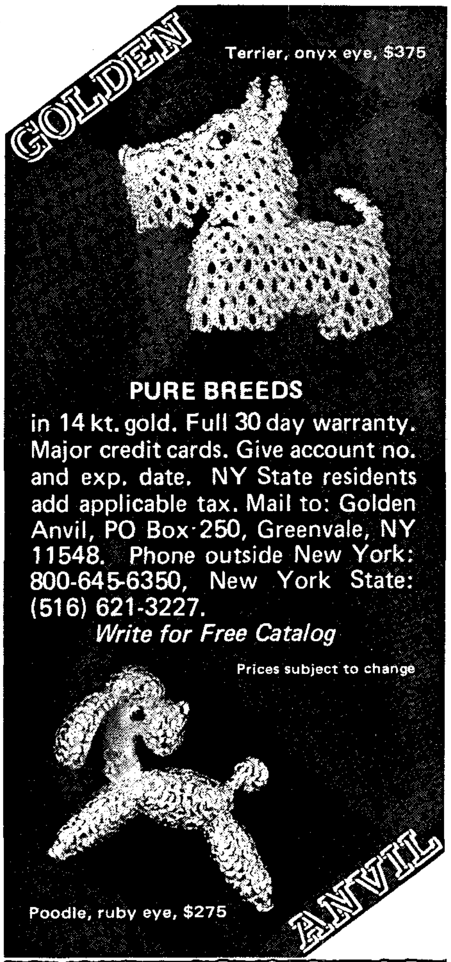


ing one or two of the most popular exhibits.

We developed a little rhythm and a clever sense of misrepresentation: what could be represented as a good time, what could be represented as an obligation, what could be represented as special treatment, what could be represented as a sense of home. We started with a real treat. Most state delegations were given a *Glide-a-ride* in which to make their visits. A Glide-a-ride was a little motorized people-mover built by the Greyhound Corporation. Then we took them to *Illinois*. The Illinois Pavilion had several advantages. It was a state pavilion (the only state pavilion one could plausibly visit), so the issue of courtesy could be introduced—one state paying a visit to another state. It featured one of the Walt Disney automatons that were the hit of the Fair. And it was just inside the gate. The best part was, it was so boring and stupid that it was never, never crowded and the Protocol Contact at the Pavilion Guest Relations Office could be counted on to take any number any time.

It wasn't short, the show at the Illinois Pavilion. You could put the state delegation in and have half an hour to yourself. What it saw, the state delegation, while it was in was something almost sadistic in its absurdity. The Illinois people had paid the Walt Disney organization to contrive an automaton to resemble Abraham Lincoln. It was a sombre automaton. The automatons at the General Electric Pavilion gestured and smiled and moved and did this and did that just the way a certain sort of person would, but the Lincoln automaton was less ambitious. He sat there, just the way he does at his great memorial in Washington—in that pose—and then he stood up, and talked and talked, putting forward a pastiche of his great words, and then, at a certain moment, he moved a finger of his right hand in a kind of twitch. Then, at the end, at a time when people in the audience were beginning to retch with boredom, he sat down. The pastiche he was speaking began to take on the form of the Cooper Union address, and he sat down. The sky behind him began to go blood red. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" began to play, and the sky resolved itself into an American flag, and he sat down. It was not so impressive, his sitting down, as it was when he *stood up*. It was the important moment of the show when he stood up. He did it in two movements.



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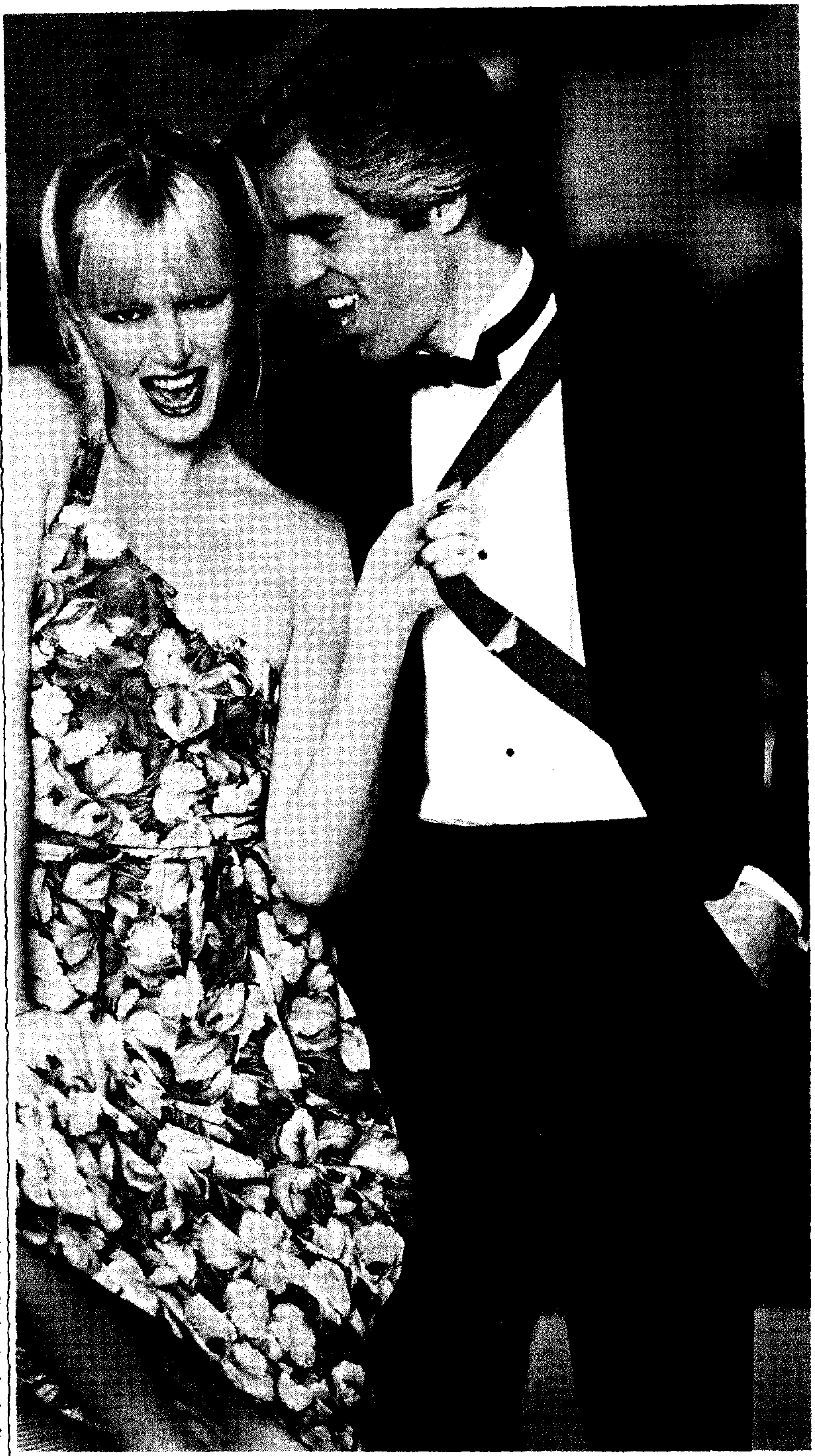
He pushed himself forward, head down, and propelled himself out of his chair. Then he raised the top half of his body. He stood. It was poignant that he *could* stand. After I saw this spectacle a few times, I realized that Lincoln was being portrayed *as a cripple.*

We often took state delegations to the Federal Pavilion after their visit to the Illinois Pavilion. This was a little dangerous, as the Federal Pavilion was very boring, but it was just across the way from the Illinois Pavilion and we were able to invoke the official aspect of the visit to make the boredom into a kind of duty. There were three parts to a Protocol Visit to the Federal Pavilion. The indispensable part was signing the book, which was the act of official courtesy. The second part was viewing the exhibits: something that could be done quickly—at a run, if necessary. The third part was taking the ride. The ride was an event that threw people deep into gloom. There were no amusing automatons, no singing dolls. Rather, a tall, narrow seat, something like a pew, moved slowly past a series of movie screens while an imbecile narration poured out from a speaker lodged in the pew at ear level. This narration had to do with American History, and it had a *booming* quality. The syntax was that of Walt Whitman, within a public-relations framework. *America* was made personal in a way that made her sound like a smug bully. "So you conquer a continent, etc." Emerging from this ride, one wanted never to hear another word about America or any event associated with America, and one wanted never to hear again any sentence cast in the historical present. Our office was careful never to send anyone important on this ride. Important guests came and signed the book and looked at the exhibits. Very important guests came and signed the book and left. It was embarrassing sometimes. A well-dressed official attached to the Pavilion would be waiting with the book, and it was embarrassing to bring someone in and have an official of the Pavilion waiting and then to leave right away when the Pavilion had expected a longer visit. "Don't you want to take the ride?" the official would ask. He was a grown-up man with a career in the State Department. He was an adult working in the service of the most powerful government on earth, and his pavilion was not popular, and he knew it. After a while, we began to warn our Contact at the Federal Pavilion at the time we



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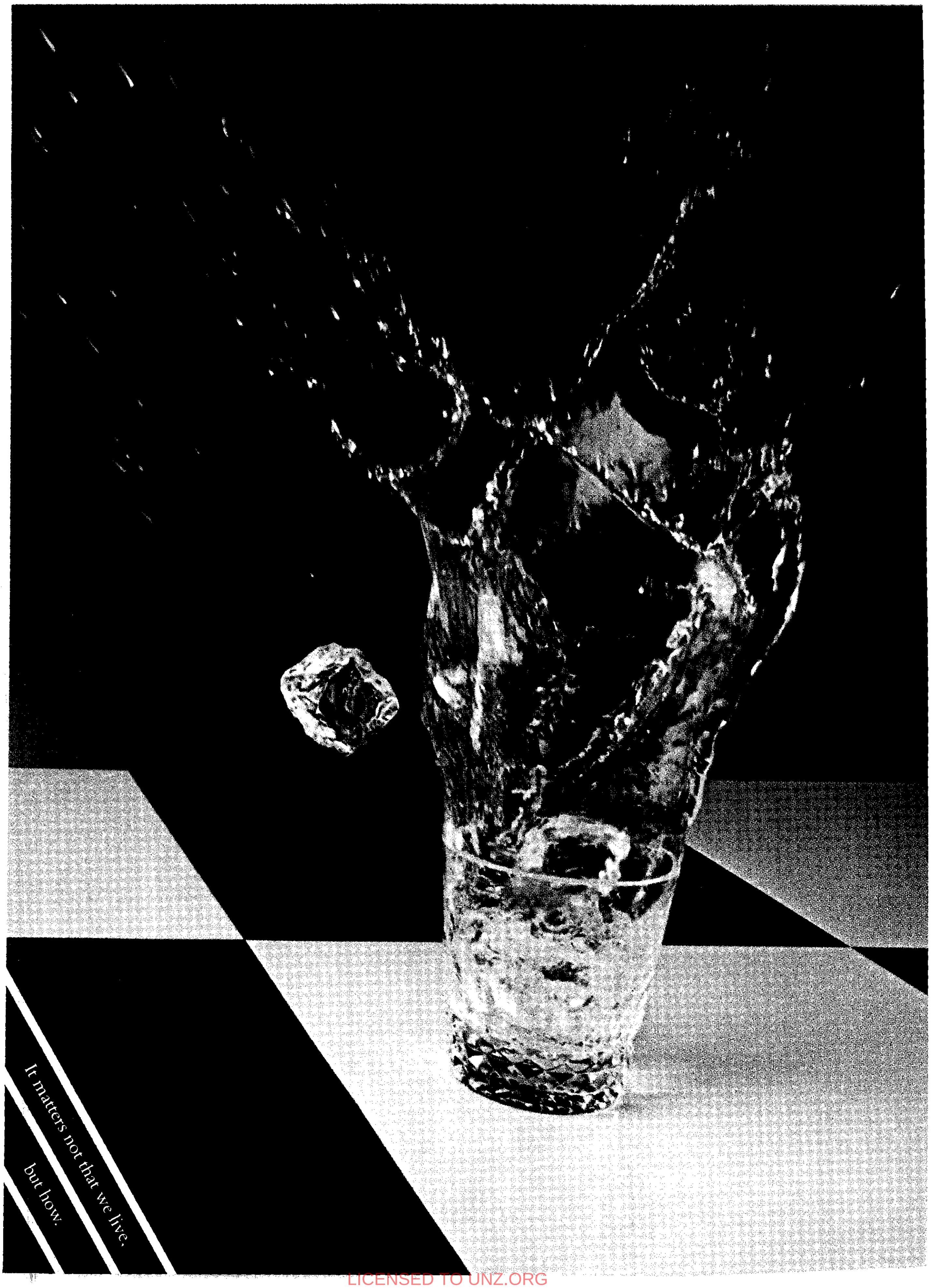
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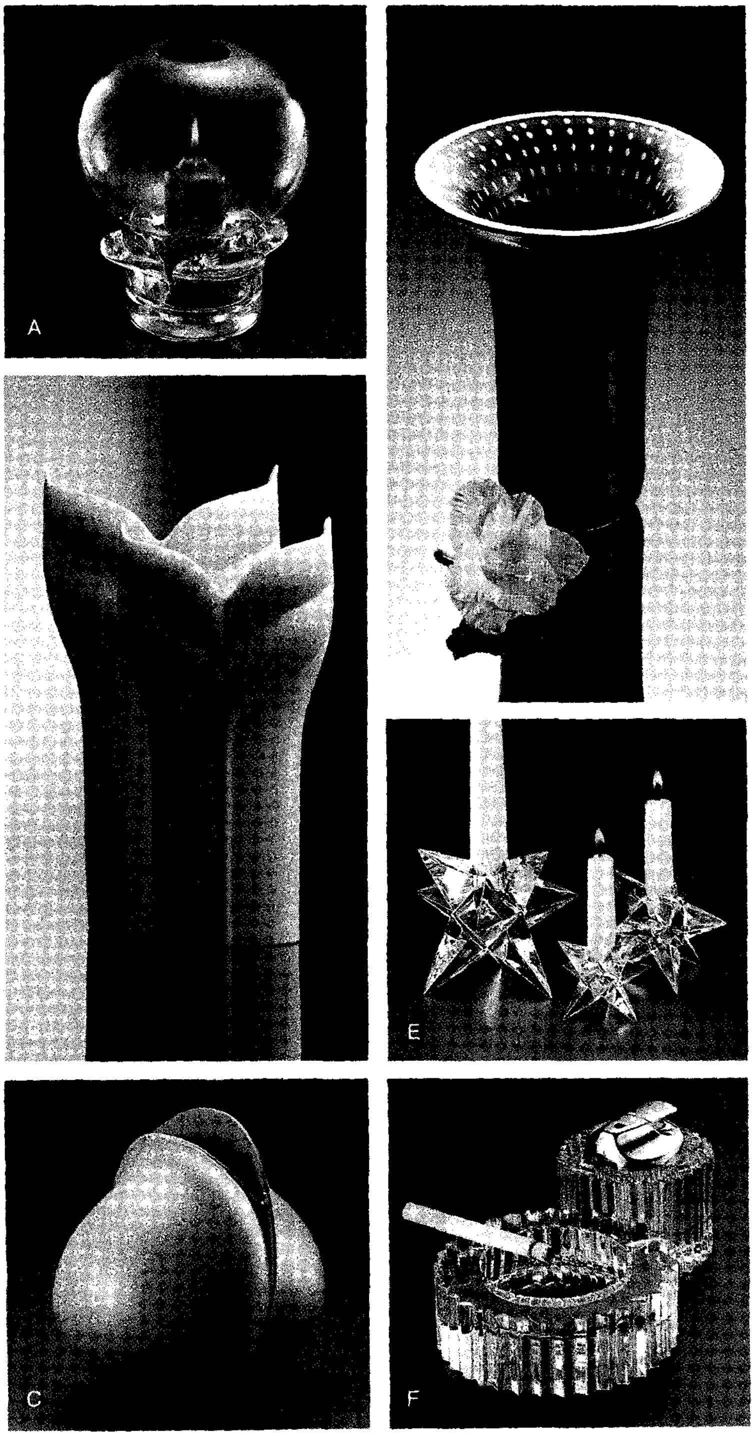

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made the appointment. "Just the book, I'm afraid."

State delegations went on the ride, however, and by the time they emerged they were likely to be glum. They had been at the Fair for an hour and a half, and they had seen nothing, just nothing. Their special Protocol Treatment had involved them in two pavilions that no informed child would agree to visit. So then, as a treat, we took them to General Motors.

I can remember quite clearly what constituted a standard tour for a person of unquestioned importance: Ford, General Motors, the Vatican, Johnson Wax, and I.B.M. in the morning; lunch at the Spanish Pavilion; General Electric and du Pont in the afternoon. I can remember because I visited these pavilions more than fifty times each summer. I sometimes think that I saw more of them than any other living human being did. There were variations, of course. Johnson Wax and I.B.M. might be in the afternoon and General Electric in the morning. Someone with children (or with a reputation for taking the Global View) might request the Pepsi-Cola Pavilion, where there were hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of tiny dolls singing "It's a Small World" in many, many languages, all at once, like polyglot peepers. Johnson Wax (the most exclusive pavilion) might decline even an important visitor if the timing was wrong, and we would have to suggest the film at the Protestant and Orthodox Pavilion. But generally an important visit consisted of Ford, General Motors, the Vatican, Johnson Wax, I.B.M., General Electric, du Pont, and lunch at the Spanish Pavilion.

Lesser visitors, or delegations of unwieldy size, could not count on a tour of all these pavilions, however. Usually, we could arrange General Motors and Ford (not the V.I.P. lounge, just the ride), but not always. The Guest Relations Departments of General Motors and Ford, while friendly, had been set up with the aim of offering hospitality to automobile dealers, and they were sometimes dubious about the importance of people we recommended to them. They were interested in all forms of standard energy, but exotic titles failed to impress them, and I remember, in particular, having difficulty in arranging the visit of His Holiness Mar Shimun, Patriarch of the East—the leader of a sect of Asian Christians. I was very aggressive, and I inflated His Holiness's importance as far as I dared. "He is the spiritual leader of two hundred million Christians," I said. The Contact at General Motors demurred. I abandoned the distanced tone we usually adopted. I said, "His Holiness really wants to visit General Motors. He's counting on it." Our Contact said nothing. I said, "You don't have to greet him. Just let him cut the line at the Futurama ride."

I knew what pavilions were important, and I knew what visitors were important. Pavilions that were important were pavilions that were totally persuasive. Pavilions that left no room for doubt. Pavilions that had solved every problem and left no room for doubt. Pavilions that had solved every problem and, from the surplus of what they had, had agreed to supply a sense of the-transaction-as-entertainment. Visitors who were important were important because they were important to Mr. Moses. Congressmen and senators were not particularly important to Mr. Moses, but they might come along on State Days, although those were more for governors. People from England and France were not important to Mr. Moses, because England and France had declined to build pavilions. In fact, people from England and France were the reverse of important to Mr. Moses.

Our building, the Administration Building, which was the seat of authority, was dreary in a certain way. Certain things were available—electric typewriters, for instance, and writing paper, and Touch-Tone phones. But not sunlight. Or very much space. One of the things that were available was a very long hall. You came in the door. Into a little vestibule. In the vestibule (1964 season only), there was a special little instrument that counted down the days until the opening of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Sometimes I came into the vestibule and just stood with this, as you would stand with a friend. It was busy, full of purpose. Then down the long hall. Off to the right was another hall, not quite so long. This led to the International Division, the division of the Fair Corporation which had failed to persuade the governments of France and Germany and Great Britain and the Soviet Union and Canada, for instance, to build pavilions. International was headed by Governor Charles Poletti, who had been Governor of New York State for a month in the early nineteen-forties, after the retirement of Herbert Lehman. Governor Poletti was always

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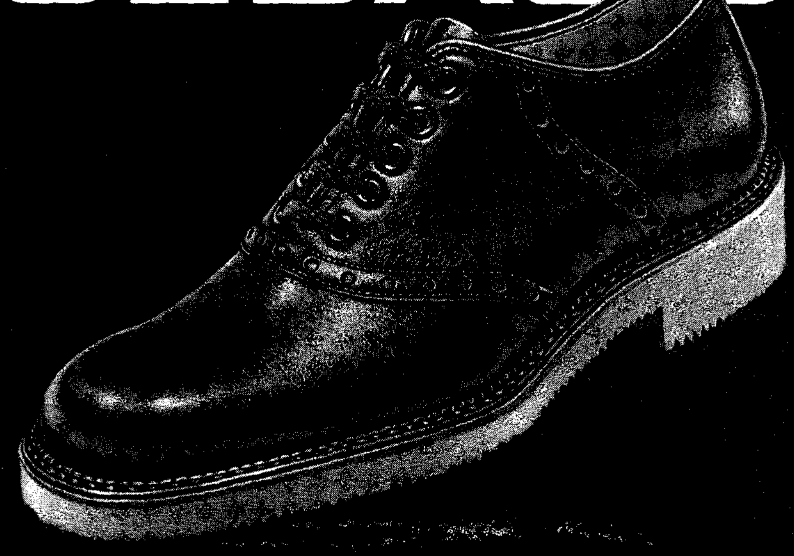

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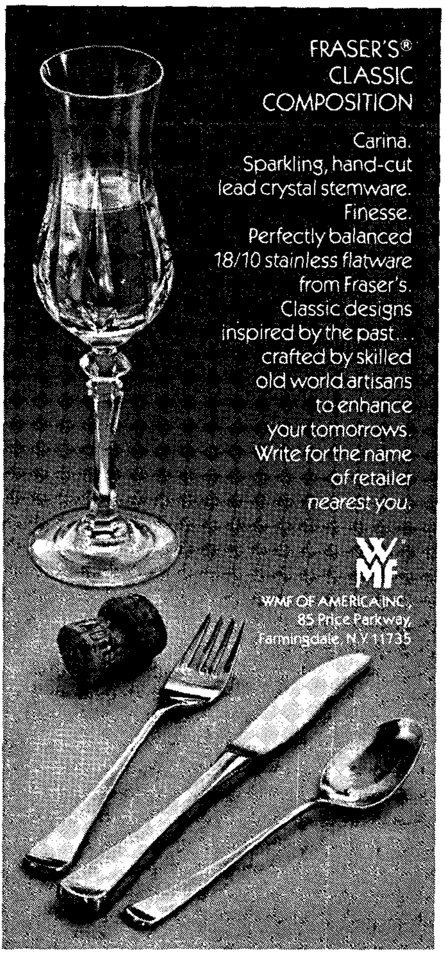
called Governor Poletti. Walking farther down the long hall, you came to the Industrial Division on the left and the Office of the Chief of Protocol on the right, and then, at the end of the long hall, there was another hall off to the right, and at the end of that hall was the office of Mr. Moses.

I saw Mr. Moses twice during my time at the Fair. The first time, he called me to his office expressly to congratulate me on the completion of a project I had undertaken. I meant to be winning, and I was prepared to be talkative, but Mr. Moses said something almost immediately about Yale, which showed quite clearly that I had been summoned to his office to share a Yale moment. Mr. Moses was full of that Yale spirit, which spans generations and reduces to nothing the distance between the head of the Corporation and its most insignificant trainee, but since I had not been to Yale and knew almost nothing about Yale, I was silent until I was allowed to leave.

The second time I saw him, I was in the company of President Park Chung Hee, of South Korea. It is important to understand that Mr. Moses, having built the Fair, had no particular interest in what actually happened at the Fair, and no interest at all in people like President Park. Several layers of elaborately titled people were ranged around Mr. Moses to deal with people like President Park. There were elaborately titled people in the Office of the Chief of Protocol and in the International Division. In cases requiring special attention, Thomas J. Deegen, Jr., the chairman of our Executive Committee, was usually prepared to be helpful. But, unfortunately, President Park, in his long study of the modes of American power, had learned just who Mr. Moses was, and he was very certain not only that he was going to meet Mr. Moses but that he was going to have lunch with him. Now, Mr. Moses did sometimes have lunch, but it was not a usual circumstance, and it was very rare that he had lunch with someone who was not a friend or a member of his family or a member of the Class of 1909 at Yale. The moment was a difficult one. I left President Park at the little place where the long hall crossed the hall to Mr. Moses' office, and passed the desk of his secretary, Hazel Tappen, who had been with him through the twenties and thirties and forties and fifties and the parkway system and the Tribor-



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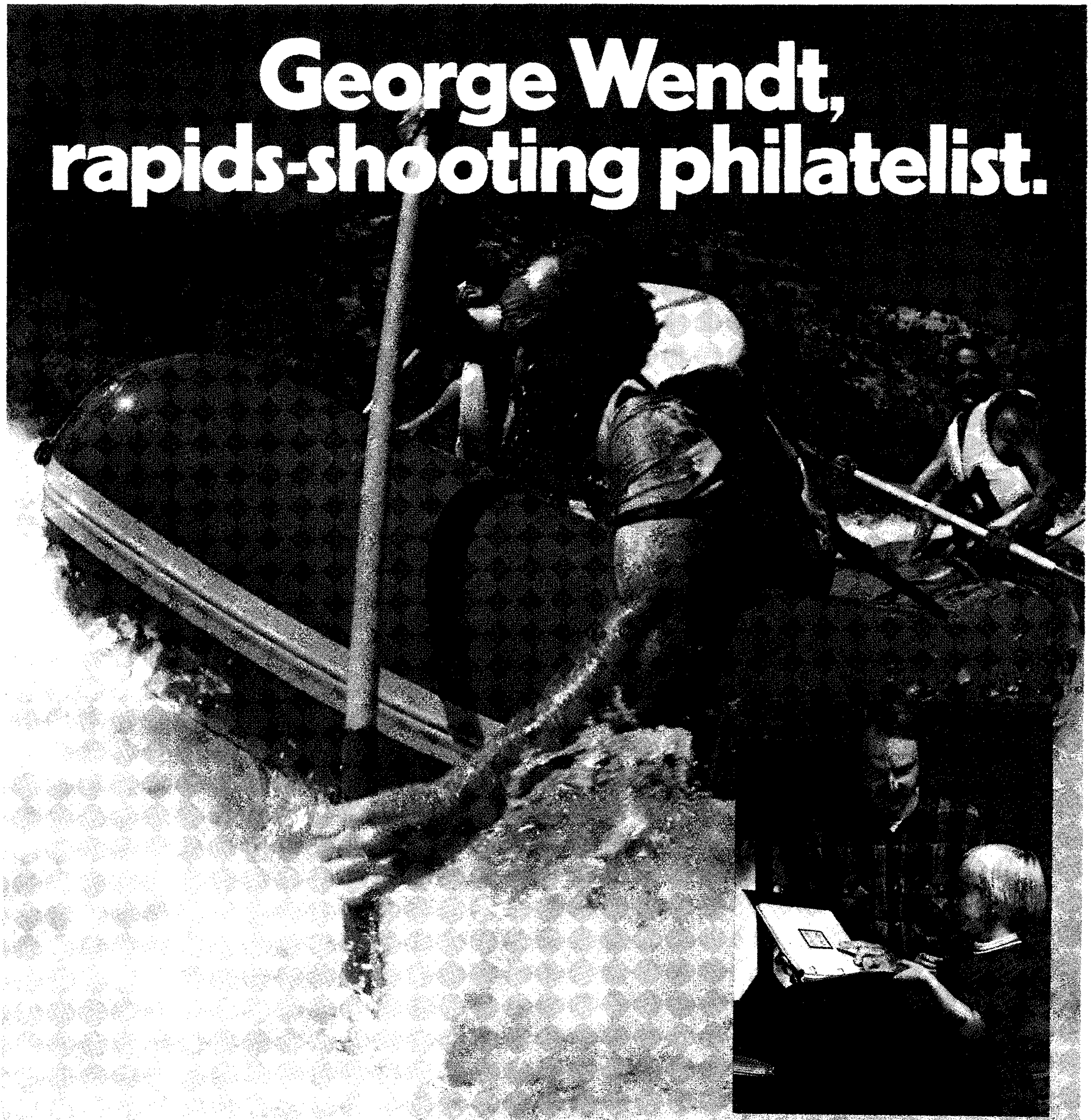

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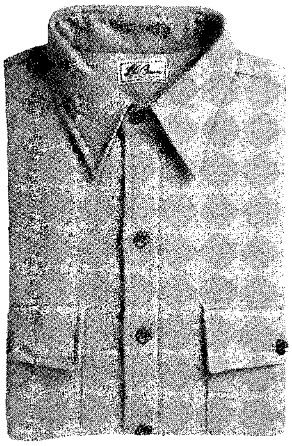

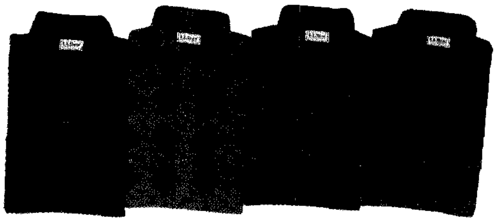

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ough Bridge and the Long Island Expressway and the building of the Fair and the building of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, and I went into the private office of Mr. Moses and told Mr. Moses that President Park was expecting to have lunch with him.

"What?" Mr. Moses said.

I explained.

"Deegen will do it," Mr. Moses said.

I explained that President Park had met Mr. Deegen but was not content.

"Deegen's the chairman," Mr. Moses said.

I explained that President Park knew that he, Robert Moses, had built the Fair. There was a moment's silence. Mr. Moses was reputed to soften under the influence of the verb "to build" in any of its forms. I asked Mr. Moses if he would go to lunch with President Park at the Spanish Pavilion.

Mr. Moses thought for a moment more and then said, "No. Medal only."

I then went out and brought President Park into Mr. Moses' office.

Mr. Moses rose slightly, then sat back down and gazed rather sweetly at President Park. "So what do you like about the Fair?" Mr. Moses asked.

"President Park is just about to go out on the site now," I said.

"Well, be sure you write and tell me what you liked," Mr. Moses said cheerfully. Then he rummaged in his desk and found one of the rather cheap medals we sometimes gave to visitors, and almost shoved it at President Park. Then, very soon, President Park left, and I followed. Just before I left, Mr. Moses said in a loud voice to me, "Don't worry. It's not a very important pavilion." I spent the rest of the day with President Park and five Korean plainclothes security men. At the Korean Pavilion, President Park gave *me* a medal even smaller and cheaper than the one we gave him. It read, "Distinguished Visitor, Pavilion of Korea."

Out on the site: So many different forms of transportation. A bus around the Meridian Road, just like a real bus. The little Glide-a-rides, and the little Escorters. Just like a private pram, the Escorter was. In our office, we sometimes had other things—special things—in the way of transportation. Cushman Cars, for one thing. Little electric golf carts. Not always. But sometimes. I had a friend, a woman in the Industrial Division, who had access to Cushman Cars.

Sometimes she took me out on the site. She staged *raids* and took me along. It was the successful division, Industrial. Something more like the big time. Something less like Estoril. There wasn't a single exotic title in Industrial. They didn't have a governor or an ambassador or a princess. Just people who knew how to get from A to B. The thing about the people in Industrial was that they were going to have *jobs* after the Fair closed. And they had *standards*. Some things didn't meet their standards, and they *raided* those things.

My friend took me out in a Cushman Car. We went to raid the Hall of Education. So embarrassing, the Hall of Education. It wasn't exactly a Hall of Education. It was a Hall of a number of things. There was the *Daily News* Public Opinion Poll, and that was educational, and there was a place where you could sign up for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and that was educational, but some other things were less educational. We went into the Hall of Education. The Hall of Education was a sort of box. It was a box that had been meant to be divided into smaller boxes and then divided again. It had been meant to be kind of a maze. And it was a maze, but only for a while. After a while, the maze gave way to an empty space like a dirty clearing. For a while, there were cheerful exhibits, and then, all at once, there was just nothing. I came with my friend into the empty space. Someone had set up a little stage there; it was empty, like the space. My friend and I looked at it. She had heard about the stage. It was *illegal*. It was not in the contract of the speculators who had erected the Hall of Education that they should allow a sorry little stage. Then two people came in. There was a woman of middle age and a child—a

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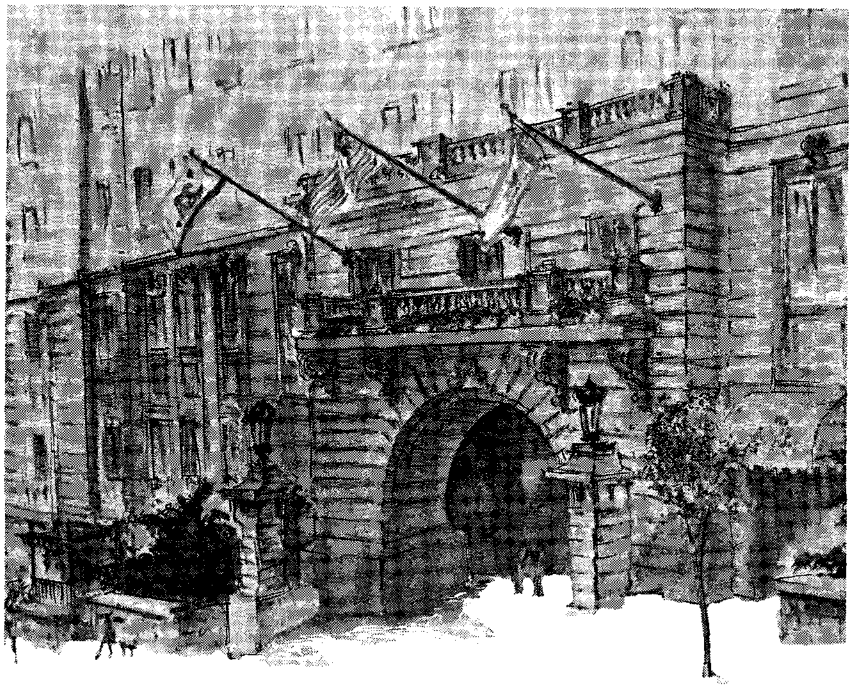

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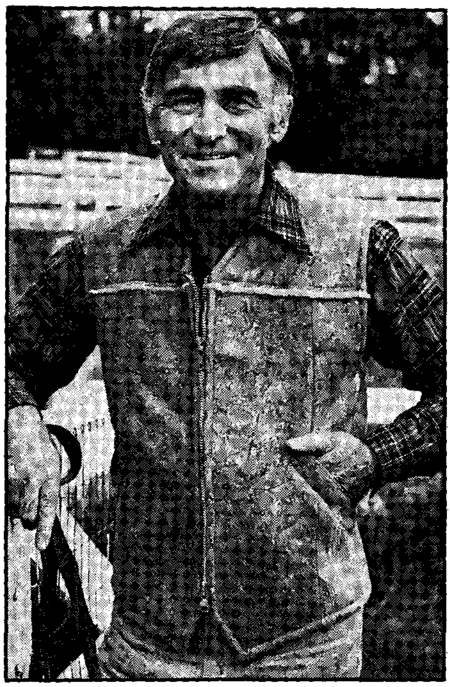

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boy. They were in costume. The woman looked at my friend in something like a panic.

My friend told me about the Garden of Meditation: "It was the World of Food Pavilion. Elsie the Cow was its big attraction. It was speculation, of course, but it looked all right, with the commitment from Borden. But it wasn't all right. Construction had started, but it wasn't all right. The money wasn't there, the commitments weren't there—just Borden. The building was about to go up, and suddenly it was very, very wrong. It was just before Opening Day, and it was very, very wrong. We went to Mr. Moses. He had everything out in twenty-four hours. Demolished. Out. It became the Garden of Meditation. There wasn't time for trees, I'm afraid—just grass. We moved Elsie to Better Living."

In some ways, the Fair was the loneliest place in the world. Usually, around the Court of the Universe it was crowded, but sometimes even there you could sense an empty space. There was a solid line of pavilions, naturally, but some pavilions were very lonely.

The Tower of Light. The Tower of Light was very lonely. Hardly anyone ever went there. It was such a good *location.* Near the Court of the Universe, the very heart of things. Near General Electric, which was so popular, and not far from Pepsi-Cola, which was so popular, and near Clairol, the Clairol Pavilion, where women lined up hours at a time to get advice on their hair—the color of their hair, how their hair should be arranged. It was a good location, but it was lonely. Once, on purpose, I arranged for a person I didn't like to go to the Tower of Light. I put him in the Tower of Light and went away. When I came back, he was *so glum.* I had a big smile. It was one of my most American moments: meeting someone who was glum because I had pretended to do him a favor and hadn't done him a favor at all.

My friend in Industrial had a daughter, a beautiful blond girl. She was the daughter of my friend and a man who had been married, at another time, to Gypsy Rose Lee. The daughter came to work at the Office of the Chief of Protocol. One day, she brought Andy Warhol to the Fair. He was very quiet. He came with people. This was at the time when he came with people and stayed quiet. The other people talked and talked, but he

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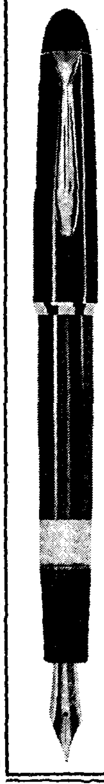

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didn't say a word. The other people referred to him, though. Without him, they would have had to shut up. In some way, he gave them permission to speak.

Sometimes Andy Warhol said something. It was simple, what he said, but it was not a comfort. He was *so polite*, but it was not a comfort. He used simple words, words that honored the idea of simple agreement—"Oh, it's so big!" and "Oh, yes!" and "Oh, he was so cute!"—but there was no comfort in the agreement. And sometimes the agreement turned a corner. "Oh, he was so cute! But all he was interested in was drugs."

Andy Warhol looked like a little god. It was so comforting the way he made everything uncomfortable. And the way the damage rose to the surface around him. The people around him had this in common, at first: a sense of sin. They knew what was damaged and what was whole. Andy Warhol knew, too. But sometimes he was coy. Sometimes he wouldn't tell. People around him wondered if they had got it right. People around him wondered if they should be more damaged or more whole. It was hard to tell.

Popular pavilions: Ford. You got in a car, a Ford car, and the car drove itself along a track. A voice came out of the radio. Then you saw the history of the world shown by Walt Disney automatons. It was not complete. The Future was shown as empty highway. Suddenly, there was just nothing. In the sky, there was a kind of glowing ribbon. Just that.

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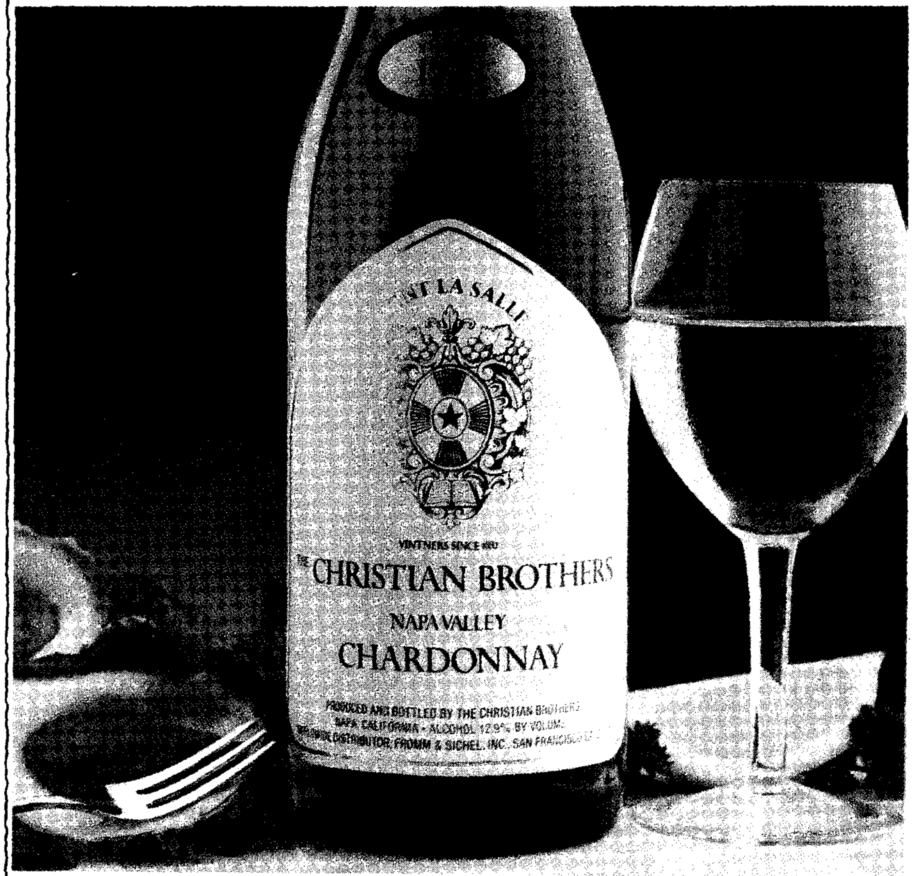

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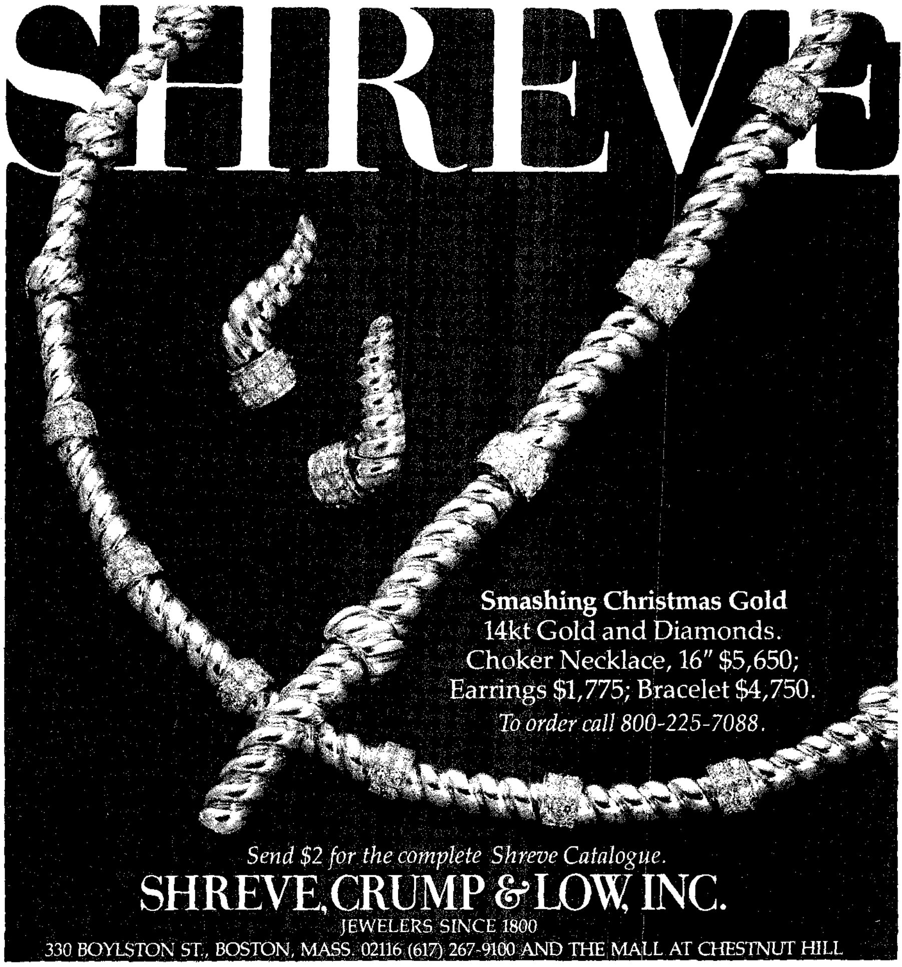
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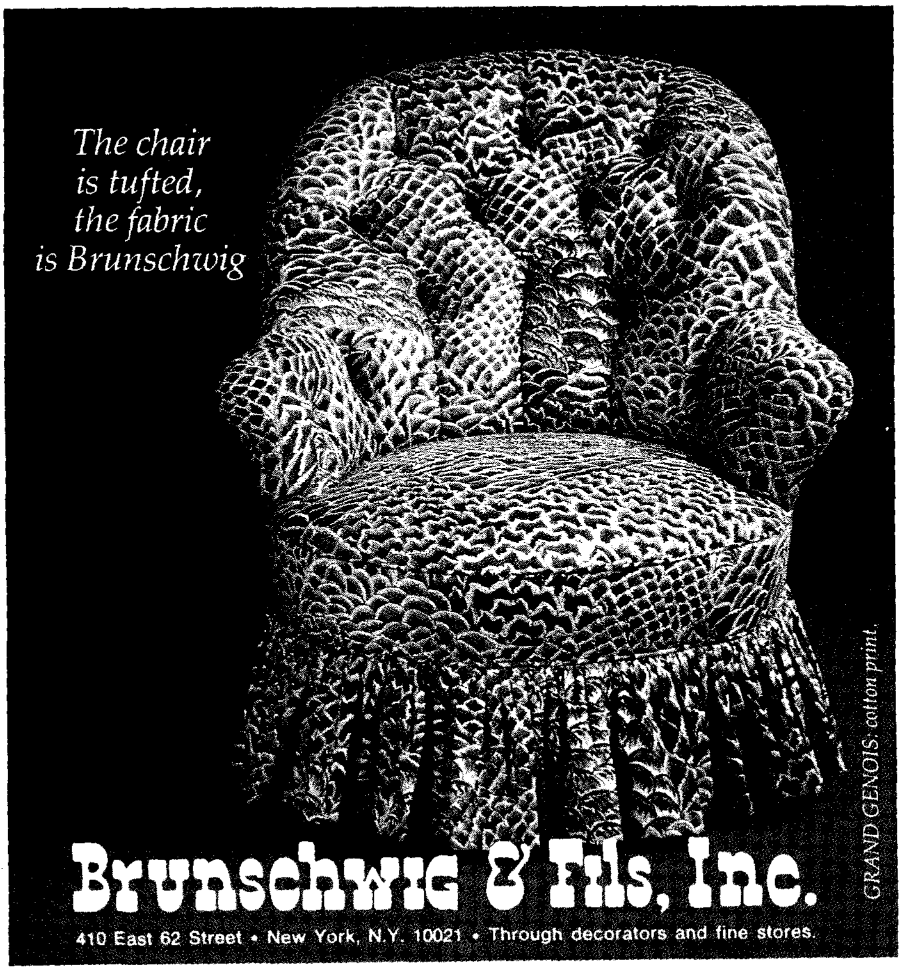
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WORLD'S FAIR

PEOPLE didn't like the Fair. People tried to like it, though. They agreed to like it. The Fair was hard to like, but they agreed to like it. Not to like it was the same thing as to break the agreement that was all that stood between them and being alone.

WORLD'S FAIR

THE message of many things in America is "Like this or die." It *is* a strain. Suddenly, the modes of death begin to be attractive.

WORLD'S FAIR

WHO we were, in the Office of the Chief of Protocol, was something I did not ask myself. It did occur to me at the time that we were not all Americans. It occurs to me now that we were all refugees. The man who bore the title Chief of Protocol was an unsalaried political appointee: the Honorable Richard C. Patterson, Jr., former Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Guatemala, and Switzerland—Uncle Dick to my friend the son of the mayor. Not only did he have no duties; he did not have an office. He was a genial and polite man, but it *was awkward* when, on the odd impulse, he decided to come to work. For a while, on these occasions, we adhered to the fiction that the little lounge where the Guides assembled was his office, and when he came we went into the cafeteria for as long as we could stand it. But Ambassador Patterson was too kind a man to allow this once he found that he was subjecting us to inconvenience, and he asked for a little screen to put around one of the desks in the room, so that he could have some privacy. But this was so embarrassing an idea that we never got him one.

Our real boss was a stylish and sweet-tempered man from the North Shore of Long Island. He was a graduate of Yale and the son of an old ally of Mr. Moses. He drank quite a bit in a way that was entirely attractive. He was very loyal to us and rather contemptuous of the Fair except for the Spanish Pavilion. Once, when the Guest Relations Department of the General Electric Pavilion complained about me, he wrote back a note that said simply, "George can do no wrong."

There were others. There was a woman from a Polish princely family, a man from a Pakistani princely family, a man who had formerly been with the State Department, and Guides with every sort of unimportant social and political connection. But the stars of our office, the two Officers who defined the purpose of our operation, were Major Selma Herbert, who had formerly been a Wac officer with Army Public Information, and Dr. Roberto de Mendoza, who had formerly been Cuban Ambassador to London under Batista, and who was one of the last gentlemen in the world. Major Herbert and Dr. Mendoza did not get along in the ordinary sense, but they complemented one another in a way that was impossible to ignore. Major Herbert had angles; Dr. Mendoza sloped. Major Herbert had one kind of urban voice; Dr. Mendoza had another. Major Herbert was practical down to the last detail; Dr. Mendoza was a little *superstitious*. Major Herbert wore open-toed shoes; Dr. Mendoza wore luxurious ties, which he claimed he had bought from an elevator boy who stole them. Major Herbert never mentioned the Army; Dr. Mendoza never mentioned Cuba. Major Herbert called Dr. Mendoza "Ro-beh-toe" in a way that eclipsed all other pronunciations of the name.

The most memorable day I spent at the Fair was spent with Major Herbert and Dr. Mendoza. Together, we made possible something called Conference of American Armies Day. Dozens of Latin-American Army officers were there. The Chief of Staff of the Brazilian Army and the future military dictator of Argentina. And General Anastasio Somoza, the head of the Nicaraguan National Guard. We had them in a Glide-a-ride. It was a long visit. It was long. We took them everywhere. The day stretched on. Every visit seemed so long. They liked everything. They were friendly. Dr. Mendoza was very sweet to them. We all were. We took them to General Motors, where they went on the Futurama ride, and to Ford, where they rode in new Ford cars through the history of the world. They saw Johnson Wax—the famous and popular movie "To Be Alive." They signed the book at the United States Pavilion. They stayed deep into the night. They looked just like little boys. They stayed and stayed. We grew

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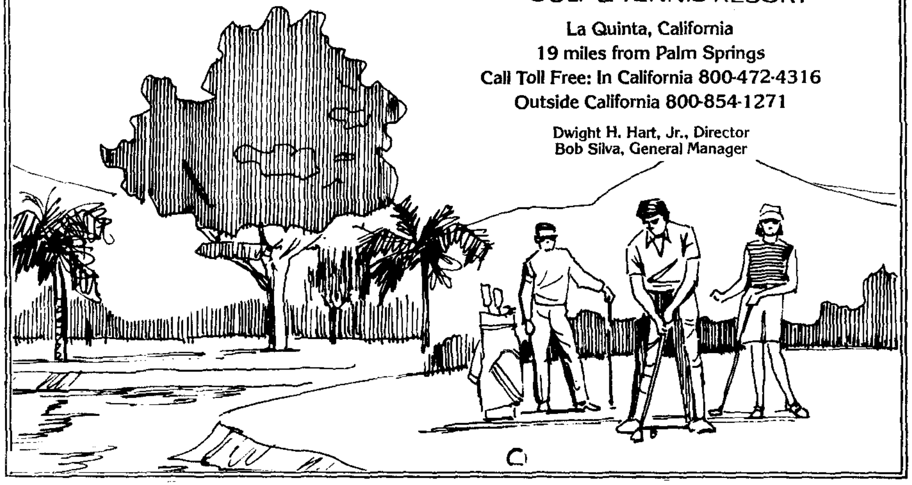

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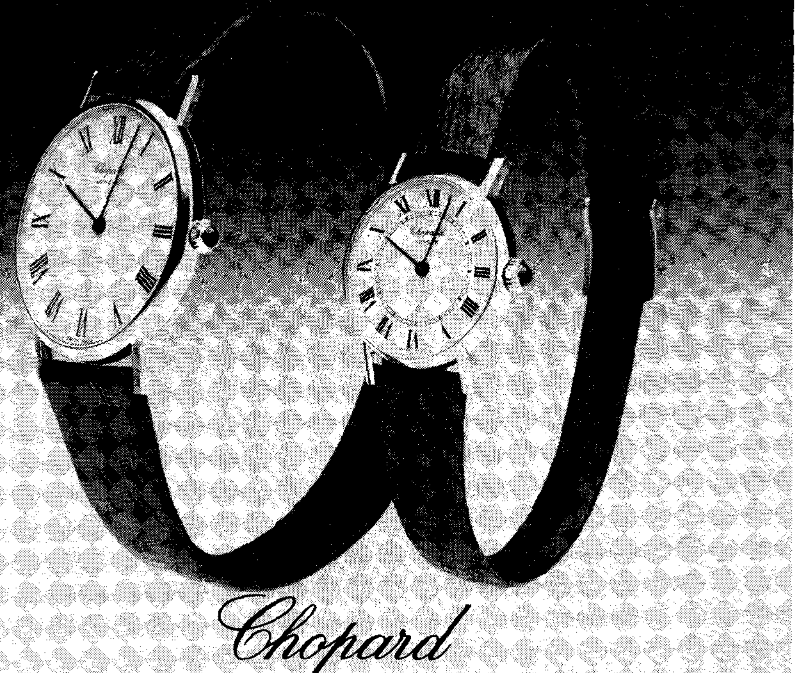

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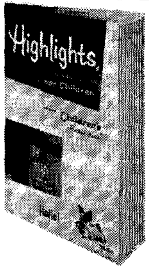

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tired, but we did our job well. We took them back to the gate near the Administration Building, and they got off the little Glide-a-ride and got into regular cars. Cars with drivers. Black limousines. They looked a little different then, but the friendly, tired feeling continued. What I remember is Dr. Mendoza and Major Herbert *leaning over* as each limousine came by with our new friends. Dr. Mendoza leaned over and waved. Major Herbert leaned over and waved and called "Goo-*bye!* Goo-*bye!*"

Because it was so late, I took a taxi back to the city with Dr. Mendoza. Usually, I declined to go with Dr. Mendoza, because he always insisted on paying, but it seemed right to go with him that night. Sometimes, I'm afraid, I turned Dr. Mendoza into a father. Sometimes, for instance, I said something in the way I used to say a thing to my father—to provoke a story. There were favorite stories I liked to hear Dr. Mendoza tell. His voice had all the time in the world and a gentleness that couldn't make distinctions. In some deep way, he wanted only to please.

"Ah, there's the Tower of Light," I said as we left the Fairgrounds.

"The Tower of Light," Dr. Mendoza said. "The Tower of Light. When I first came to the Fair, before the Fair was built, when it was only the idea of the Fair, we used to have meetings with Mr. Moses. They were very serious, those meetings. I have attended other meetings in my life, but none were so serious as those, I think. Mr. Moses had great hopes for the Tower of Light. It was going to be a 'cathedral of light.' They said that, over and over. That and 'from Boston to Washington.' It was to be a cathedral you could see from Boston to Washington—the beam of light. But it didn't work out. There must be some reason. You can't see it except in Queens."

What the Fair was: The Fair was so small. It was just tiny.

WORLD'S FAIR

WHAT was the Fair? It was the world of television but taken seriously. A serious tone of voice. That was what remained from the previous orthodoxy—the booming voice. At the Fair, one could see the world of television impersonating the world of history. It was the world of television, but they wouldn't let *you* in on the joke.

This was what it was like when the

Alan Paine

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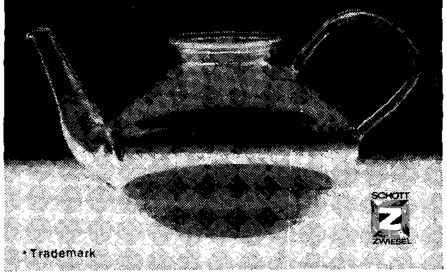

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orthodoxy of false authority gave way to the orthodoxy of television childhood. What will it be like now when, the absence of authority noted, a *vogue* for authority passes through the orthodoxy of television childhood? What are *children* like who are asked to salute? Some pout and won't do it. Some grin and do it badly. Some do it surprisingly well.

What is so defeating is this everlasting *good-spiritedness,* the application of enthusiasm against loneliness. The expression of the force that seeks to go with the grain—actually to become the grain—is, everlastingly, a smile. But the smile is a lie, and it makes people glum. And the glumness then flows against the grain, being confident of its bit of truth: *that there is a lie in the smile.* In our time, nearly all art has been made from glumness and has had very little power, because it feeds on this tiny bit of truth: *that there is a lie in the smile.*

It's so little to feed on. That little bit of truth. Feed on it only and you go mad. Nourished by just that little truth, how can you have strength enough to resist your enemies? The smile, for instance?

How lonely the white men are. They are not the grain that goes with the grain, nor can they bring themselves to dye their hair green. They thought they would have both things: the flow of history, because they knew history; and the *edge,* because they had talent. But history belongs to children, and the edge belongs to adolescents, so they have neither. What they have is a kind of superior whining, and the one freedom they have been able to make use of is the freedom carved out by certain adolescents to make an aesthetic out of complaint. So this is what they inhabit now: a tiny space where they struggle toward a sense of history and a sense of edge by refining their whimpers. *Something happened. What went wrong? I want to tell you about my divorce.*

Literary men now routinely tell their readers about their divorces. In newspapers. In columns in newspapers. Special columns devoted to the personal papers of literary men. One literary man who reviews books wrote, in reviewing a study of Ruskin, that he had never read a book by Ruskin but that the study confirmed him in his belief that he didn't want to read a book by Ruskin. This man very often writes about his family life.

Is he a fool? No. Absolutely not. He

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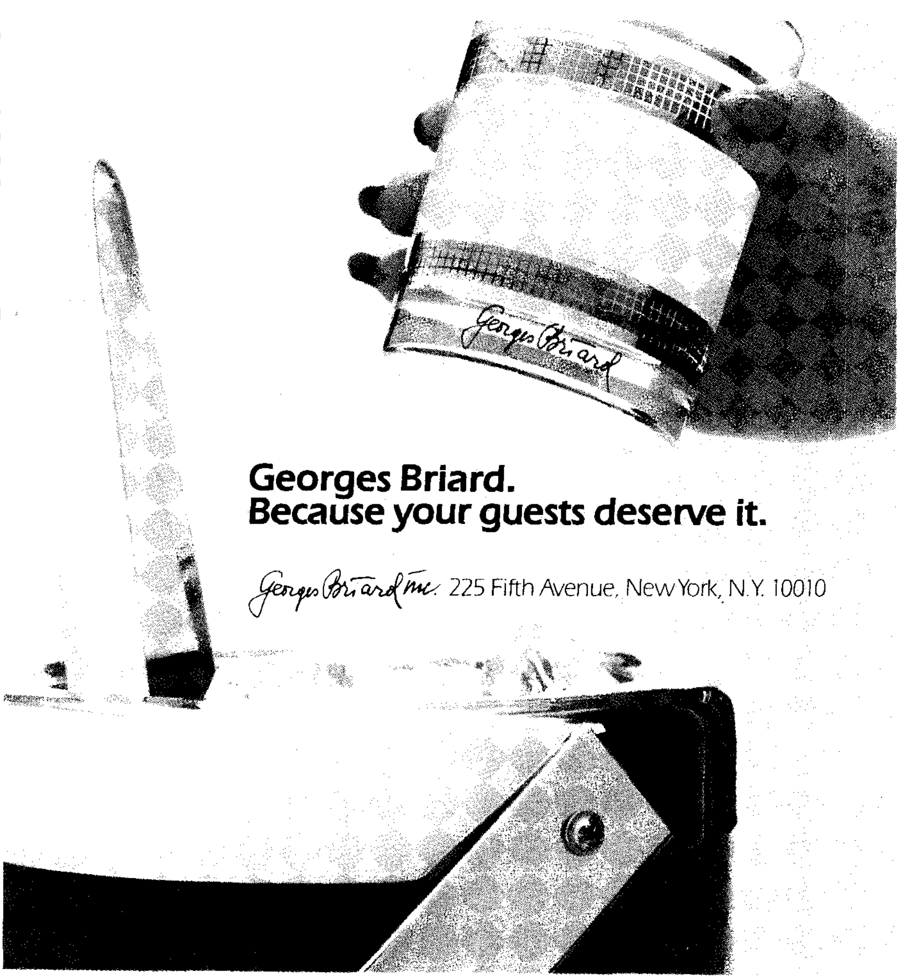

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And comfort? What is comfort? It's *focus*. You bring this grid together with that grid, you get the images to overlap, and suddenly things have a bit of focus, as in a certain sort of 35-mm. camera. What shall we bring together? The two grids. You and me and baby and baby's problem breathing and the grid of two hundred million. *It is such a comfort.* So it is a comfort when the literary man who knows no Ruskin tells us how it feels in his marriage when a friend brings home a pretty young girl. And it is a comfort when a comedienne whom we know, whom we love, whom we've known for years and years, whom we've loved for years and years, tells us that there has been a drug problem in her family. Suddenly, the grids merge. You and me and baby and drugs together on the grid of two hundred million. It's so intimate. It's like waking up with a friend. But just for a minute.

DIARY

EXCERPT from a diary, 1975:

When I was very young—four years old, that is, and five—it was my habit in the late afternoon to stand at a window at the east end of the living room of my family's house, in Cos Cob, Connecticut, and wait for my father to come into my view. My father commuted on the New Haven Railroad in those days, and walked home from the station. When I spotted him, I waved. I usually saw him before he saw me, because my eyesight was much better than his. When he saw me, he waved back and walked (I believe) at a faster pace until he was at our door. Once inside, he put down the bundle of newspapers he carried under his arm (my father, a newspaperman, brought home all three evening newspapers and, often, one or two of the morning papers as well), and hugged my mother. Then he took his fedora hat off his head and put it on mine.

It was assumed that I would have a

fedora hat of my own by the time I was twelve years old. My father had had his first fedora hat at the age of nine, but he said he recognized that the circumstances of his bringing up had been different from the circumstances of mine (it was his opinion that his mother, my grandmother, had been excessively strict in the matter of dress), and he would not insist on anything inappropriate or embarrassing. He said that probably it would not be necessary for me to wear kid gloves during the day, ever. But certainly, he said, at the end of boyhood, when as a young man I would go on the New Haven Railroad to New York City, it would be necessary for me to wear a fedora hat. I have, in fact, worn a fedora hat, but ironically. Irony has seeped into the felt of any fedora hat I have ever owned—not out of any wish of mine but out of necessity. A fedora hat worn by me without the necessary protective irony would eat through my head and kill me. I was born into the upper middle class in 1943, and one of the strange turns my life has taken is this: I was taught by my parents to believe that the traditional manners of the high bourgeoisie, properly acquired, would give me a certain dignity, which would protect me from embarrassment. It has turned out that I am able to do almost anything but act according to those modes—this because I deeply believe that those modes are suffused with an embarrassment so powerful that it can kill. It turns out that while I am at home in many strange places, I am not free even to visit the territory I was expected to inhabit effortlessly. To wear a fedora, I must first torture it out of shape so that it can be cleaned of the embarrassment in it.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW, JR.

◆

CORRECTION

The title of a biography of the bullfighter, El Cordobes, written by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, should have been listed as "Or I'll Dress You in Mourning" yesterday rather than "Or I'll Dress You in the Morning," as reported.
—*San Diego Union.*

Not if big sales are any object.

◆

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From Folio, program guide of WBAI*]

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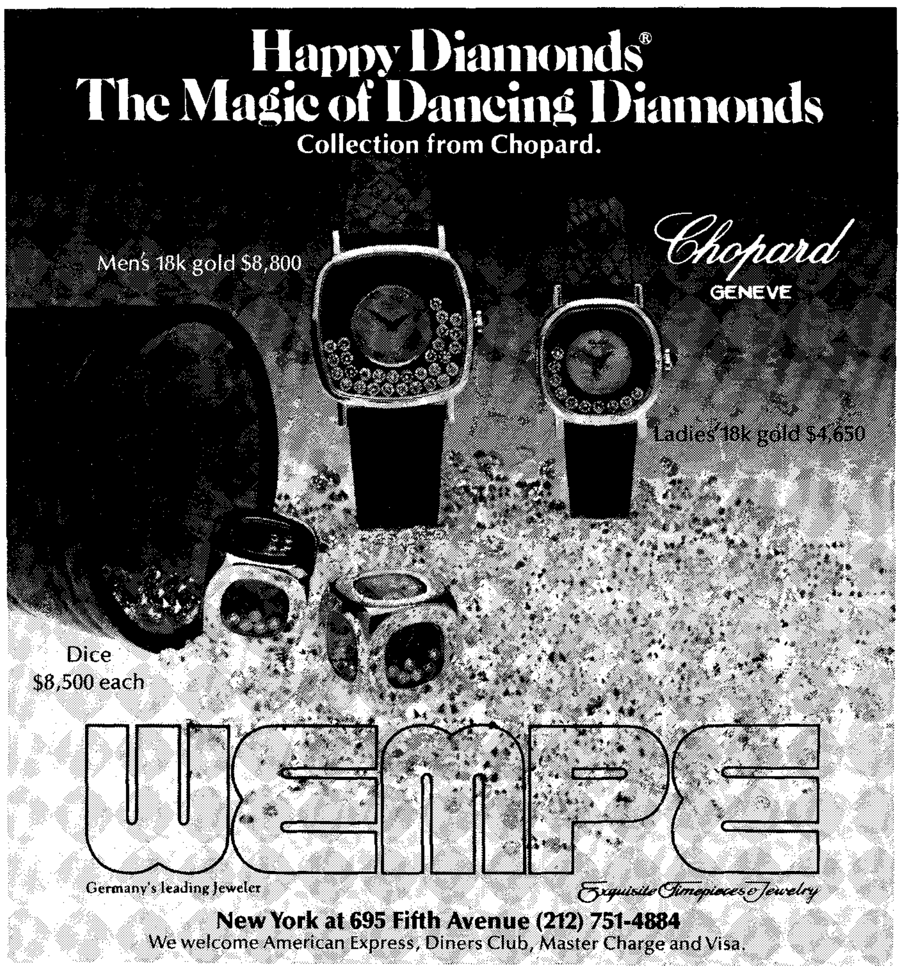
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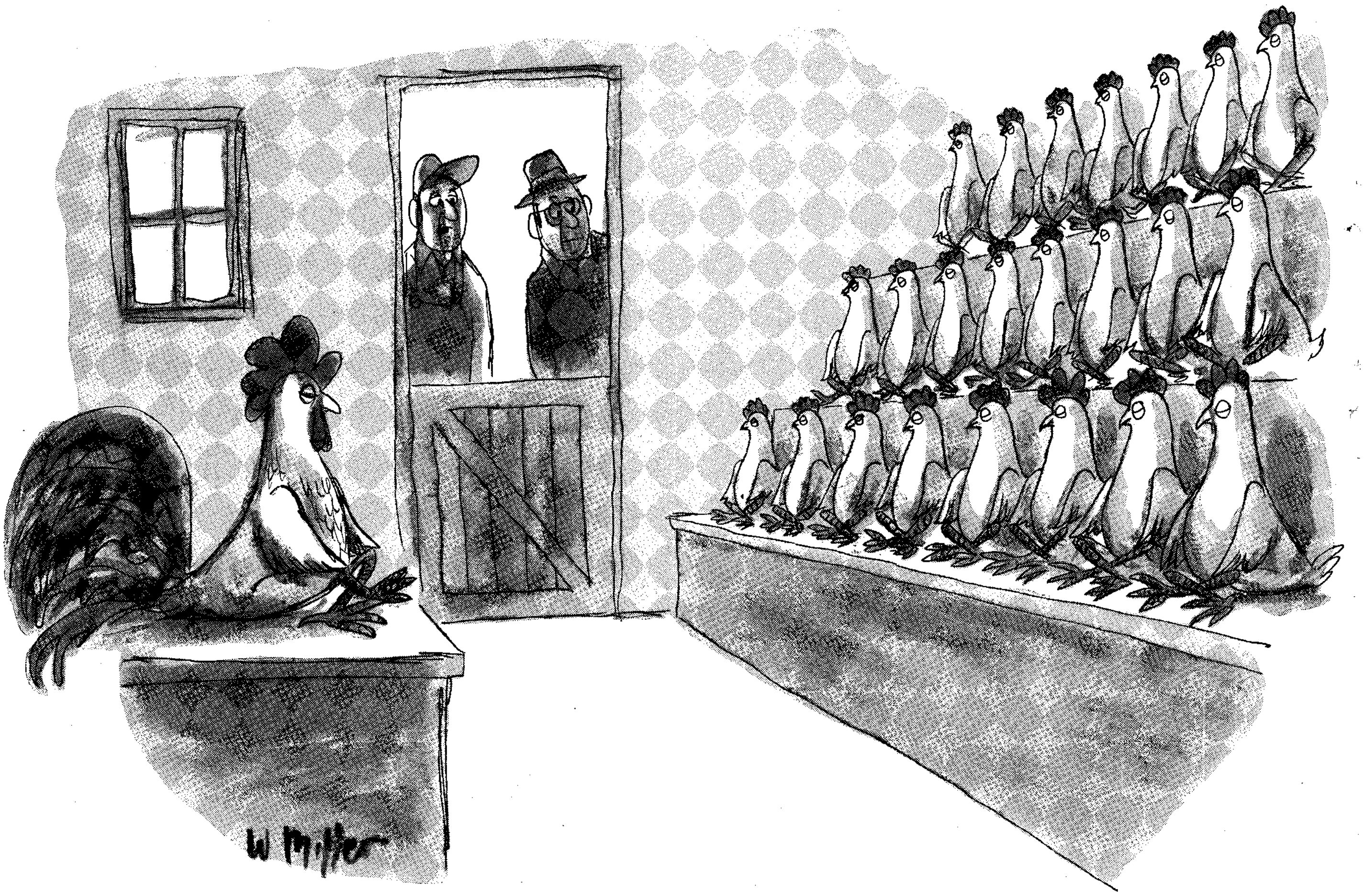
THE THEATRE

Missouri Circus

LANFORD WILSON marries the playwriting strategies of a George S. Kaufman to the sensibilities of a Tennessee Williams, and the consequences are by turns hilarious and heartbreaking, which is to say intensely Wilsonian. Kaufman used to like nothing better than to fling together on a stage half a dozen disparate individuals, each of them possessing an attribute that could be emphasized with an increasing assurance of recognition, and therefore with increasing comic effect, throughout the evening; Williams, though he has a gift for ingenious plotting (think of the opening passages of "Sweet Bird of Youth"!), tends to lose interest in inventing actions, preoccupying himself instead with nuances of character. The latest of Wilson's plays to reach Broadway is "Fifth of July," at the New Apollo, and in the course of it Wilson proves to be as busy a plotmaker as Kaufman and as sedulous a prober of the Southern psyche as Williams. His setting is a small town in Missouri, and his hero is Ken Talley, Jr., a young man who, having lost both legs in Vietnam, has come home to make a new life for himself as a teacher in one of the local schools. Ken owns and occupies the ramshackle old Talley homestead, in the company of a devoted male lover, a sister, and the sister's thirteen-year-old daughter. Momentarily present is Aunt Sally, who is in her sixties, and whom we met in Wilson's last play on Broadway, "Talley's Folly," which concerned Sally's love affair in youth with a Jewish outsider, Matt Friedman; now Matt is dead, and Aunt Sally carries his ashes around with her, awaiting a suitable time and place in which to scatter them. Two former schoolmates of Ken's, Gwen and John Landis, are paying a visit; Gwen, a copper heiress, is hoping to become a big singing star, while John is making shrewd use of their marriage to further his business career. The Landises have brought along with them a friend, Wes Hurley, who fugitively strums a guitar, and whose chief function in the play is to tell a very funny scatological story about an Eskimo igloo and some frozen caribou meat.

During the first few minutes of "Fifth of July" (which is one of a cycle of plays that concern themselves with the fortunes of the Talley family), we are hard pressed to distinguish the various circus rings in which star turns are being more or less separately performed. Little by little, relationships begin to assert themselves, and we learn that Ken is terrified of assuming his task as a teacher; that his lover, a horticulturist, is bent upon turning the Talley place into a second Sissinghurst Castle; that Ken's niece ("the last of the Talleys," as she proudly proclaims herself) is not a miniature madwoman of Chaillot but a gifted adolescent, fiercely impatient to achieve adulthood. Much is at stake on this fifth of July, for Ken in his terror is tempted to sell the house to the Landises, and his lover, his aunt, and his sister are all determined that he will do no such thing.

Many veteran theatregoers have been pleading for a return to the well-made play, and "Fifth of July" is certainly that, but isn't it the case that in



"Egg production is only up four per cent, but on the other hand clucking and cackling is down ninety-seven per cent."

our time well-made plays give off strong hints of contrivance, if not of carpentry? "Fifth of July" ends with the neatness of a circle drawn in space by the steadiest possible hand, and yet even as we take pleasure in this neatness and steadiness, something in us protests that a serious work of art must be looser, more open, more charged with ambiguity. That cavil aside, I salute Wilson for his having aspired to depict so much life upon so comparatively small a canvas; I salute him, too, for writing so many amusing scenes. If there is much suffering in "Fifth of July," there is much raucous comedy as well.

Christopher Reeve plays Ken with a reserve that is no doubt intended to imply valor but that leaves his audience at perhaps too great a distance from him. As the foulmouthed Gwen, Swoosie Kurtz threatens at every moment to steal the show by her exuberant hamming; in extenuation, I have to admit that I can't imagine any other way of playing the role successfully. Jeff Daniels is sturdy and appealing as Ken's lover, and Amy Wright as his niece, though plainly not thirteen, admirably personifies the ignominy of *being* thirteen. Mary Carver is Ken's aunt, Joyce Reehling is his sister, Jonathan Hogan is the scheming Landis, and Danton Stone is the hapless guitarist. The setting—a cozy ruin of a house—is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Laura Crow, the lighting is by Dennis Parichy, and the confident direction is by Marshall W. Mason, who is as much at home in the Talley country as Wilson himself. —Brendan Gill

◆

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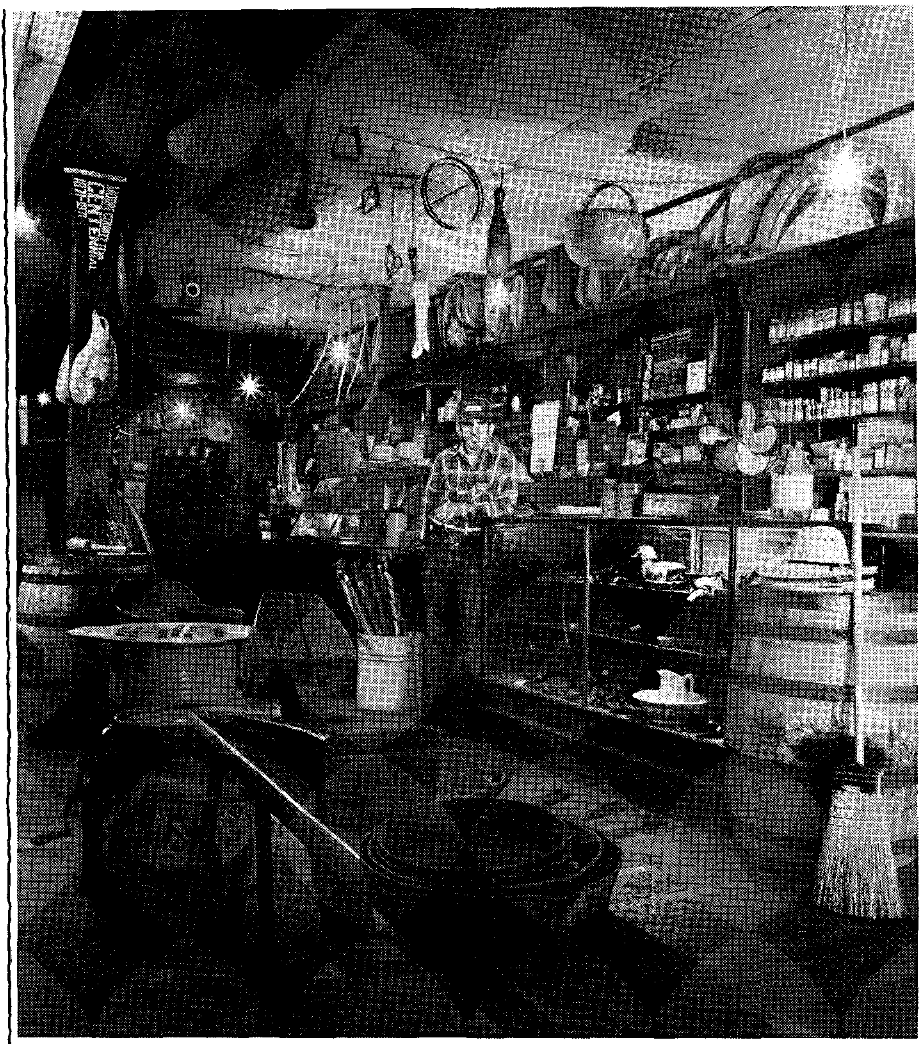
When they hear the name Winslow Homer, most people think of his most well-known painting, "American Gothic" (the portrait of the straight-laced, straight-faced farm couple with wire-rimmed glasses and pitchfork).—*Westchester Illustrated.*

With wire-rimmed glasses and pitchfork, and a shark slowly circling their dismasted fishing boat.



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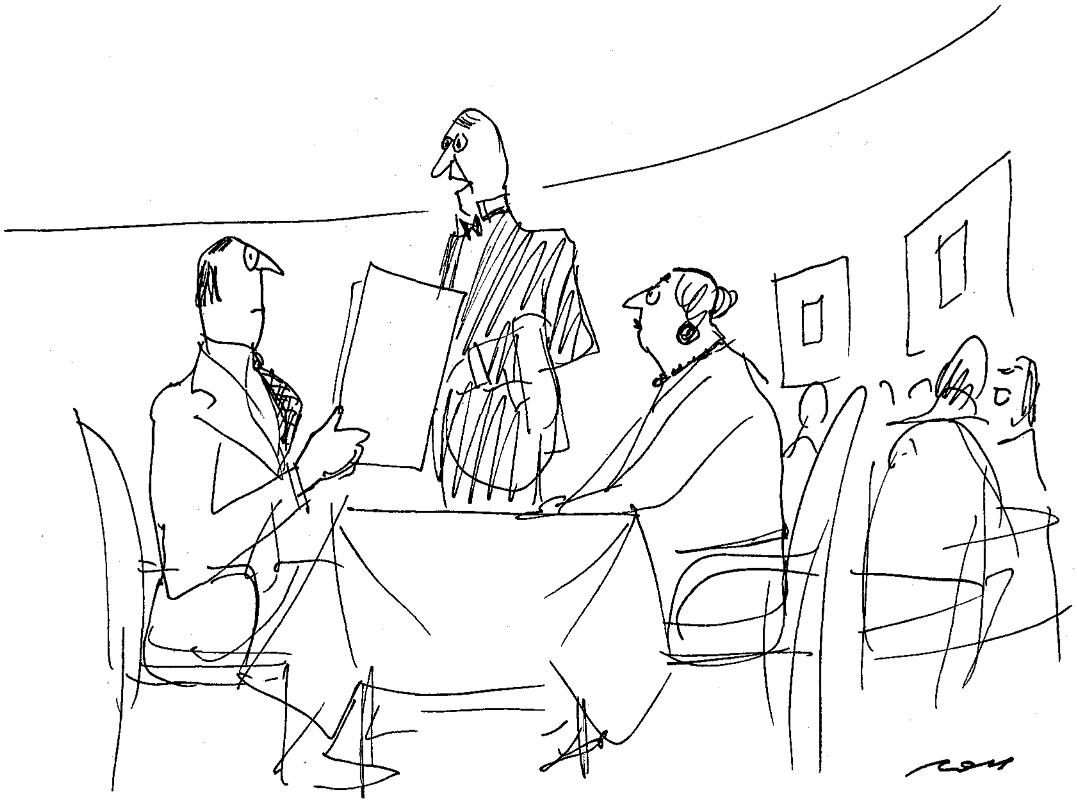
LETTER FROM SOUTH KOREA

THE bizarre assassination a year ago of the authoritarian President Park Chung Hee of South Korea by the chief of his own intelligence agency was more than a political murder; it was the start of an erratic revolution that has passed rapidly through successive stages of democratic aspiration, violence, and repression, and has now settled back into what is likely to be a long period of renewed authoritarianism. The proclaimed benevolent intention of the latest generation of military rulers—to build a democratic welfare state amid a cultural and political "purification" of Korean society—is regarded by most thoughtful Koreans with as much skepticism as hope. "Purification" has become a shibboleth, a code word, for removing from their jobs, and in some cases jailing, a broad array of people, including allegedly corrupt and incompetent politicians, bureaucrats, judges, journalists, other writers, publishers, professors, and labor-union chiefs. Thousands of ordinary hoodlums and alleged social miscreants—such as purportedly "vulgar" entertainers, whose moral behavior and sense of rectitude are not deemed sufficient to meet the high standards of conduct demanded by the new rulers—have been arrested and sent to "reëducation" camps. The country has suddenly found itself caught up in an astonishing mixture of Cromwellian righteousness and Mao-style Cultural Revolution, emphasizing eradication of "social evils" and accompanied by various hastily introduced programs of administrative, economic, and educational reform. Some of the reforms seem genuine, but others seem designed to impose such a strict sense of law, order, and austerity that a growing number of Koreans have already begun to look back with nostalgia to the carrot-and-stick days of the Park Chung Hee regime; as one academic friend of mine, who had his troubles under Park, put it, "Then you at least knew what the rules were. Now no one knows." Comparisons are also being made to the revolution of 1960-61, which culminated in Park's takeover of the country, after a swift military coup by a handful of zealous young officers, in May, 1961. There are some striking similarities in the ascendancy to power of President Chun Doo Hwan, a forty-nine-year-old former protégé of Park, whom he called "Father" when he was one of Park's top young assistants during a similar purification campaign twenty years ago. But there are as many differences —among them the fact that Park took the advice of the Americans on a variety of political and military matters, whereas this time the United States has played little or no significant part, notwithstanding the fact that the two countries remain firm military allies, and thirty-nine thousand American troops are still stationed here. The diminution of our paternal role is no accident. In the wake of our troubles in Vietnam and Iran, about which the Koreans are not reluctant to remind us, and in view of their own great economic growth over the past decade, which has turned the country into a leading "middle power," they are not receptive to interference from us or anyone else. The truth of the matter is that the United States, having threatened, at the start of the Carter Administration, to withdraw most of its troops and then having changed its mind, for self-evident security reasons, has little leverage here nowadays. In the absence of precise new policy determinations from Washington, whatever leverage might have been exerted after Park's death was nullified by our government's scolding expressions of disapproval during the subsequent course of events. These diplomatic statements of dismay and concern had little effect—in fact, they were purposely misinterpreted in the government-controlled Korean press to give the impression that Washington favored what was happening. As the verbal fencing increased, the Americans were hoist with their own petard. When General John A. Wickham, who heads both the United Nations Command, consisting of Korean and American armed forces, and the United States Eighth Army, took it upon himself early in August to express our readiness to accept General Chun as President, in the interest of "peace and stability," the State Department immediately repudiated Wickham's statement, and his return to Seoul from a visit to the United States was intentionally delayed. Ambassador William H. Gleysteen, Jr., was also home on leave, and there were rumors that *his* return might be delayed, but both Wickham and Gleysteen came back—Gleysteen bringing with him a letter from President



"There are no prices listed, sir, because prices tend to put people off."

Carter to Chun which politely but firmly reminded the Koreans of pledges they had made about liberalization. The Korean press pretended that the Carter letter, which was not made public, was more congratulatory than admonitory, which further annoyed the White House and the State Department. None of the American hand-wringing and complaining has made much difference as far as the Koreans in control are concerned. The military has simply moved ahead confidently, if with somewhat frenetic haste, to consolidate the new government. When, on August 27th, Chun, the sole candidate, was unanimously elected President by the twenty-five hundred members of something called the National Conference for Unification—a puppet political body hand-picked earlier by Park—and then, on September 1st, was inaugurated, the Americans could do nothing more than accept the new dispensation and hope that Chun means even half of what he says about gradually moving Korea toward some form of home-grown democracy.

DESPITE the apprehension over the new regime's methods—particularly the open-ended scope of the purification program, which has affected at least forty thousand people so far—the majority of Koreans seem to feel that President Chun should be given a chance to prove himself and carry out his bold plans for the future. Purification—the Sino-Korean phrase is *chung hwa*, which means to make clean by purging—is not historically unique in Korea, or elsewhere in Confucian northern Asia. It has frequently marked the transition from one dynasty to another—in Confucian terms, the transfer of the mandate of Heaven—and its purpose is to justify that transfer by blaming those who were responsible for the violation or loss of the earlier mandate. What offends Westerners is the absence of due process of law—an Anglo-Saxon concept—and there is no doubt that many of the purification victims, especially academics, writers, and other intellectuals, whose only apparent wrongdoing has been their opposition to authoritarian controls and their desire to obtain more freedom of expression, have been badly treated. Some have been arrested and held for weeks without any proof that they were engaged in anti-government activity; others have been sent to reëducation centers; still others have simply been fired from their

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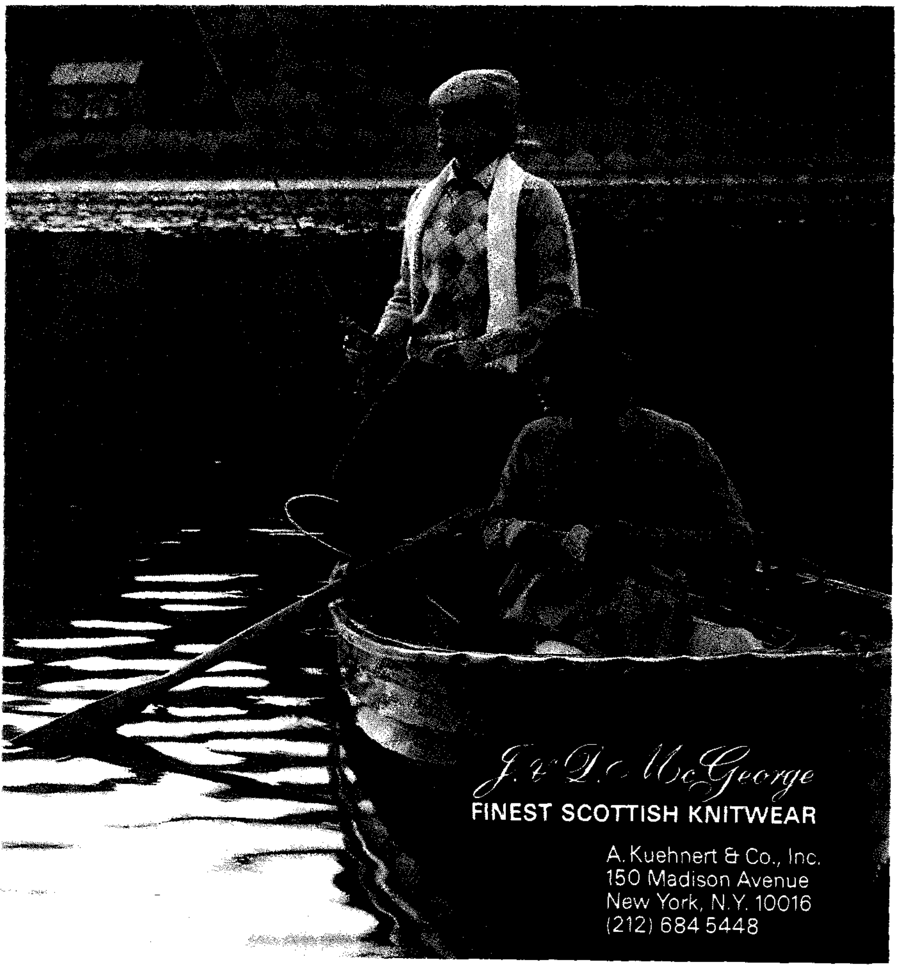

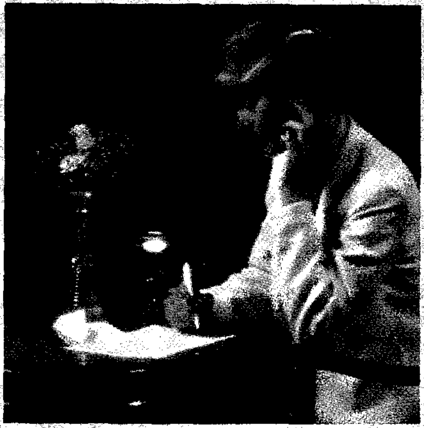

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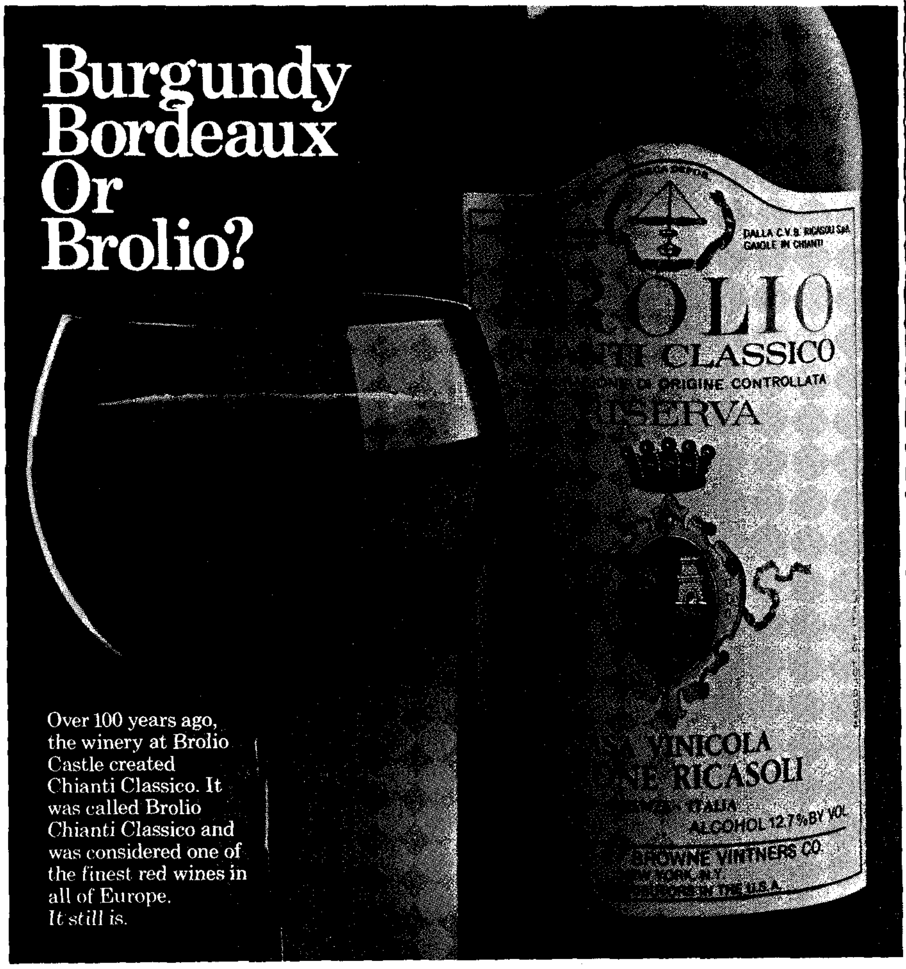
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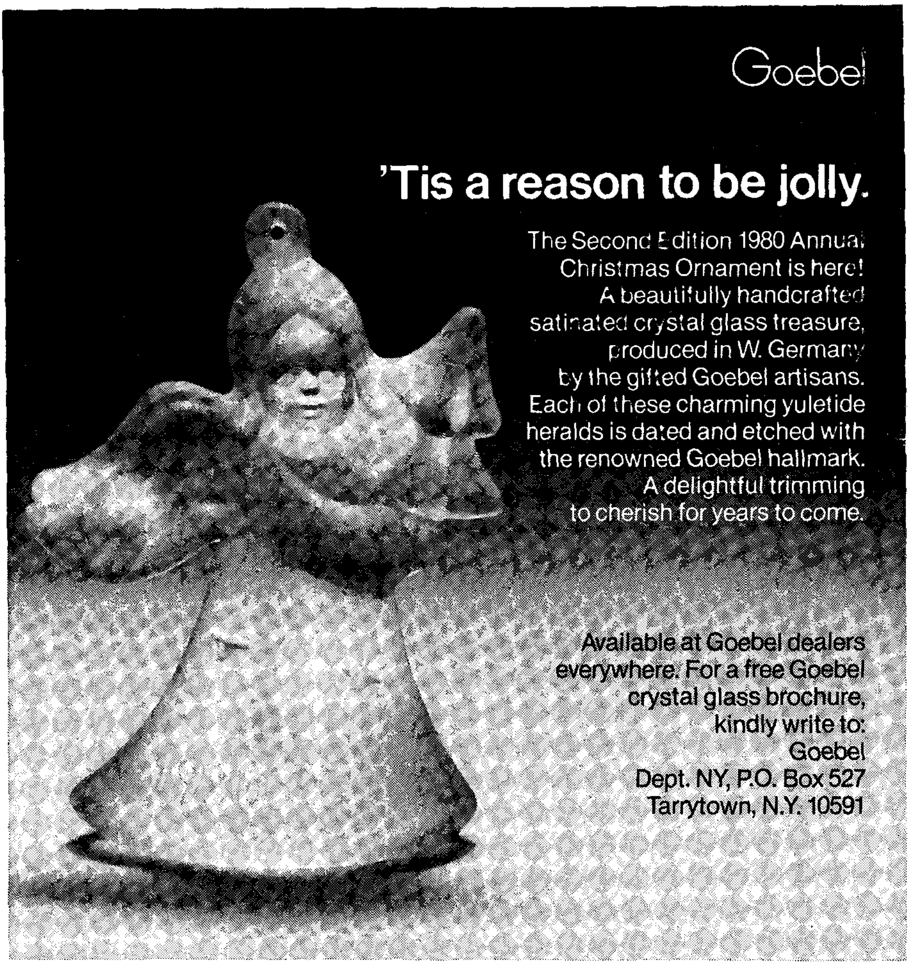
government, university, or newspaper jobs and left in limbo. Active dissent of any kind, whether it is expressed by encouraging students to organize and demonstrate or by opposing martial law and the government itself, remains as taboo as it was under Park Chung Hee. A new constitution, which was approved by a national referendum late in October, for the first time includes the right of habeas corpus, but the Western concept of human rights is still not recognized here, nor is it soon likely to be. The Chinese concept of law is punitive, and the legalistic tradition adopted by the Koreans from the Chinese does not include a conception of legal rights as they are understood in the West. Individuals, according to law, simply have duties and obligations appropriate to their status. Until the last century or so, there was no commonly used Korean word for "freedom," and although the concept is now known as *chayu*, its usage, in relation to rights, is still constricted by societal custom and tradition, and particularly by the patriarchal family structure. For this reason, among others, Western democratic standards and values are no more likely to be comprehended here or in other rigid, authoritarian Asian societies than they were in South Vietnam, a somewhat less rigid society.

There are various anomalies and ironies in what the new Korean regime has done so far. For example, a general amnesty has been declared for all those who have been subject to "inconveniences and disadvantages"—in other words, who have been on some sort of blacklist—because members of their families were convicted of Communist activities, had connections with anyone who lived in North Korea during the Korean War, or were engaged in dissident actions of any sort in the South. The records of those who were "blacklisted" are being erased, which means that, for instance, they will have less trouble obtaining jobs, or privileges granted to other citizens, such as the right to travel abroad. This also represents the sense of forgiveness in the terms of Asian dynastic change, and it is particularly germane in the special climate of Korean authoritarianism, which has been historically constant. Significantly, though, this forgiveness has not yet been extended to those who have themselves been found guilty of alleged crimes against the state and imprisoned. One such prisoner is the well-known poet Kim Chi Ha, whose original life sentence as eventually reduced by Park Chung ee to twenty years but whose convic-on was based on trumped-up charges participating in a North Korean ommunist conspiracy—something at, in the opinion of most indepen-nt observers, was never proved in urt. He has become a non-person, d the irony of his case lies in the fact at many of his best poems are about e corruption of Korean bosses and ureaucrats. He can now be said to be he unsung poet of purification, but he nade the mistake of including the ilitary in his litany against corrup-on, and that, apparently, is not for-ivable. "Criticism of social ills is a roper role for intellectuals and jour-alists, but this criticism must be con-ructive, and not of the type that tends destroy the nation," President Chun id before he took office. This, it ems, applies to both Kim Chi Ha and im Dae Jung, the best-known oppo-tion leader during the Park regime, ho has now been found guilty of in-iting sedition and insurrection and as been sentenced to death, though any believe that his sentence, upheld the military appeals court early this onth, will be reduced by the Supreme ourt, or, ultimately, by Chun, as a sult of strong pressure from the nited States, Japan, and a dozen or other nations. Still, the possibility nains that Chun, who has made it ar that he resents such pressure and eager to assert South Korea's inde-ndence, will execute Kim, notwith-nding the country's need for eco-mic and military assistance from Ja-n and the United States.

BEHIND the cases of the two Kims and other people still in l is the constantly reiterated threat, al or exaggerated, posed by North orea—a threat that continues to jus-y almost everything that is done re in the name of stability, purifica-n, or efficiency. This threat was other justification for the rather un-emly haste with which Chun and his mpanions completed their takeover. nce the start of the year, the South oreans had been involved in the latest stallment of a decade-long series of rgely unproductive dialogues with e North, seeking some sort of long-rm accommodation that would grad-ally erase the division between the vo countries. Now, however, the orth Koreans have again stalled the lks, on the ground that the Chun e is a "military fascist" one. In se and uncertain atmosphere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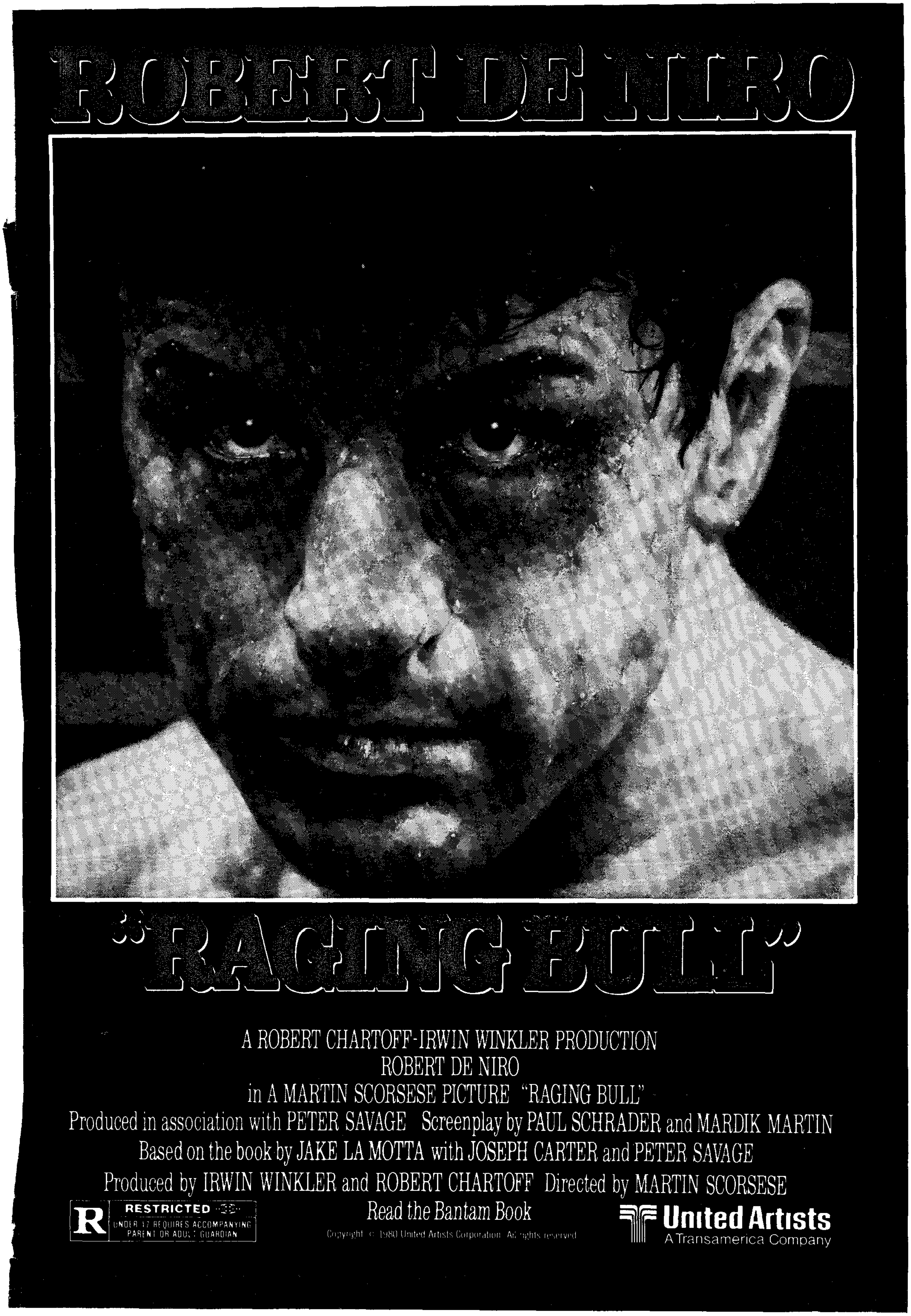
following Park's murder, the threat of another North Korean attack was used by the military as an excuse to crack down on student demonstrators in Seoul and other cities and on rioters in the southern city of Kwangju, and to impose martial law on the country. There was solid evidence at the time that the North Koreans had been engaged in unusually large-scale maneuvers north of the Demilitarized Zone, which divides the two countries at the Thirty-eighth Parallel. The North Koreans, according to intelligence people, are now said to have as many as nineteen tunnels either built or being built under the D.M.Z., and the South makes constant efforts to detect and block them. There is no argument about the capability of the powerful North Korean Army and Air Force to conduct an attack or a commando raid if and when the Pyongyang government of Kim Il Sung wants to risk it. Security and stability are thus constantly cited by the South Korean leaders as primary requirements, but they had a special political motive as well for establishing a new "legitimate" government as quickly as possible: the North Koreans, for the first time since the end of the Second World War, have been engaged in their own major political reorganization. The sixth Congress of the North Korean Workers Party met in the second week of October in Pyongyang to prepare the way for the selection of a new secretary-general to replace Kim Il Sung, who is sixty-eight. The sole prospective candidate was Kim's forty-year-old son, Kim Chong Il. Though the elder Kim will for the time being retain the secretary-generalship, as well as the godlike revolutionary image he has calculatedly contrived for himself over the past thirty-five years as leader, the son was elevated to three important new posts in the Party hierarchy and is clearly emerging as his father's heir apparent. This unprecedented feat of dynastic succession in a Communist country has been laboriously engineered since 1973 by the elder Kim, in the face of dismay among many of North Korea's Party cadres and technocrats, who regard the younger Kim as an unproved leader.

General Chun Doo Hwan undoubtedly speeded up the final steps of his rapid rise to the Presidency during the busy month of August because he wanted to be in office before the ascension to power of Kim Chong Il. When he formally resigned fro the Army, on August 22nd, in bri ceremonies at a military headquarte bristling with guns only two mil from the D.M.Z., his retirement speec was not only an acceptance of tl nomination for President but a cle warning that the North Korea would be "irrevocably punished" ur less they abandoned "their wicked d sire" to Communize the South. Tl message was firm and sharp: Chun was signalling the North that he wa already South Korea's supreme leade and that, despite several months c political turbulence, he and his military compatriots had the situation we in hand. The North Koreans remaine singularly unimpressed. After Chu was elected President, they describe his "shameless and brigandish usurpa tion of power" as "a political farce. There are strong indications, however, *that the planning for Chun takeover, at least on a contingenc* basis, began six months ago, and perhaps as far back as Park's assassinatior

Chun, a crack paratroop and infantry commander and a Vietnam Wa veteran, is a skilled professional soldie whose revolutionary and politic pretensions have been less visibly a parent than were those of Park Chur Hee. "I never had the ambition become the leader of the nation Chun told me during a two-and-half-hour conversation I had with h three weeks before he became Pres dent. "Politics is not one of my ho bies. I've always wanted to be a soldie and I was a happy warrior until Oct ber 26, 1979. But events sometim take over, and now they've made r an unhappy warrior. But you car always live the way you want. I w thrust into this position." Listening this trim, smiling man—wearing banker's blue suit and neat shirt a tie—I was almost convinced that meant what he said, and that his rep tation for having "big ears" and f listening to what others, includir military subordinates, technocrat academics, outside critics, and ev certain former dissidents, had to co tribute, was well earned. But there little doubt that when, as a result his being assigned to investigate th murder of Park, he was offered the opportunity to move into a decisive position he acted quickly to take advantag of it.

The complete story of what occurred on the evening of October 26 last year, when Park was assassinat will probably never be told, espec



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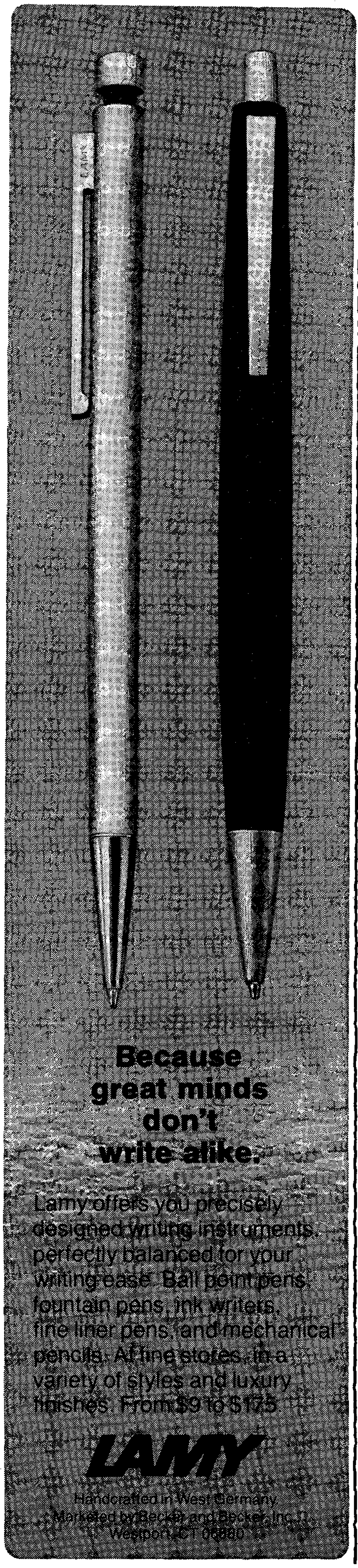

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since Kim Jae Kyu, the chief of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency and the man who killed both Park and Cha Chi Chul, the head of the Presidential security force, was executed last spring, along with four of his K.C.I.A. assistants who were present that night, when five of Cha's security men were also killed. The key to Park's murder was the bitter relationship between Kim Jae Kyu and Cha Chi Chul, a fanatic, driven man who was one of the last survivors of Park's early revolutionary days. Cha had become Park's closest and most trusted adviser in recent years, especially after Park's wife was assassinated in 1974 in a Seoul theatre by a man who set out to kill Park but missed and shot her instead. Park, always a remote individual, whose deep rural roots caused him to regard modern urban life as "rotten" and "filthy," withdrew more and more into himself after his wife's death. He seldom appeared in public, spending most of his time in the Presidential Blue House with his two daughters, and conferring when necessary with Cha and his other advisers, of whom Kim Jae Kyu, as head of the K.C.I.A., was one. But Kim, who was close to the Americans, began to lose favor, because he preached moderation, whereas Cha was a hard-liner who was against a relaxed approach to dissidents like Kim Dae Jung and "troublemakers" such as student activists and labor demonstrators. These issues had come to a head earlier in the month of October, 1979, as a result of severe labor riots in the southern cities of Pusan and Masan, which developed into major demonstrations against the regime. They had their inception, in part, in the expulsion from the National Assembly of Kim Young Sam, who had replaced Kim Dae Jung as head of the opposition New Democratic Party, and whose political base was around Pusan. The Americans, particularly after a visit to Korea by President Carter in July, had counselled Park to adopt a more liberal course—advice that he had taken, at least temporarily, in the past, but then, largely at Cha's instigation, had always veered away from. Park and Cha, especially Cha, blamed Kim Jae Kyu and his K.C.I.A. subordinates for allowing the Pusan-Masan disturbances to get out of hand. Citing the killings in Cambodia under Pol P Cha, according to the report of t subsequent investigation, told Park, guess we can kill ten thousand Pusan if we have to." Cha was ha not only by Kim Jae Kyu but by m other Korean officials, who felt t Park was losing his grip, because Cha's rabid views and Rasputin-l influence. They became more a more worried about what was happe ing and felt that the Confucian man date of the ruler was slippin away from Park and that r proper plans had been ma for a smooth transfer power to a suitable success —certainly someone oth than Cha. One of those w felt this way was Chun, w was concerned about t abuses of the Praetori guard around Park a about the fact that Park w no longer being properly a prised of what was going in the country, mainly b cause Cha was keeping t facts from him. According to what was told, Chun had decided to confro Park, tell him the truth, and fa whatever punishment Park chose even death. But Kim acted first, a Chun subsequently regarded him a traitor and coward for shooting P instead of adopting Chun's plan of tion.

No one knows for certain if K Jae Kyu set out that October even to kill both Park and Cha or only C but it is known that he expected to dismissed, and the investigators la said that he admitted to hav planned the murder of both men four months. He was summoned dinner in a K.C.I.A. residence on Blue House grounds late in the aft noon of the twenty-sixth by Cha, P having called for a meeting on his back from a tour of the south. O four men were present—Park, C Kim, and Kim Kae Won, the Pr dent's chief secretary. The dinner served by two young girls, and Ch and Kim Jae Kyu's security gua were in separate anterooms. Th was a lot of drinking, and Cha beca increasingly critical and nasty ab Kim Jae Kyu's failure to control t recent riots. According to the report the investigation, Kim Kae Won an Kim Jae Kyu were the first to arriv Kim Kae Won began complainin about Cha's arrogance and abuse of h position, and Kim Jae Kyu agree saying, "I'm going to finish him o

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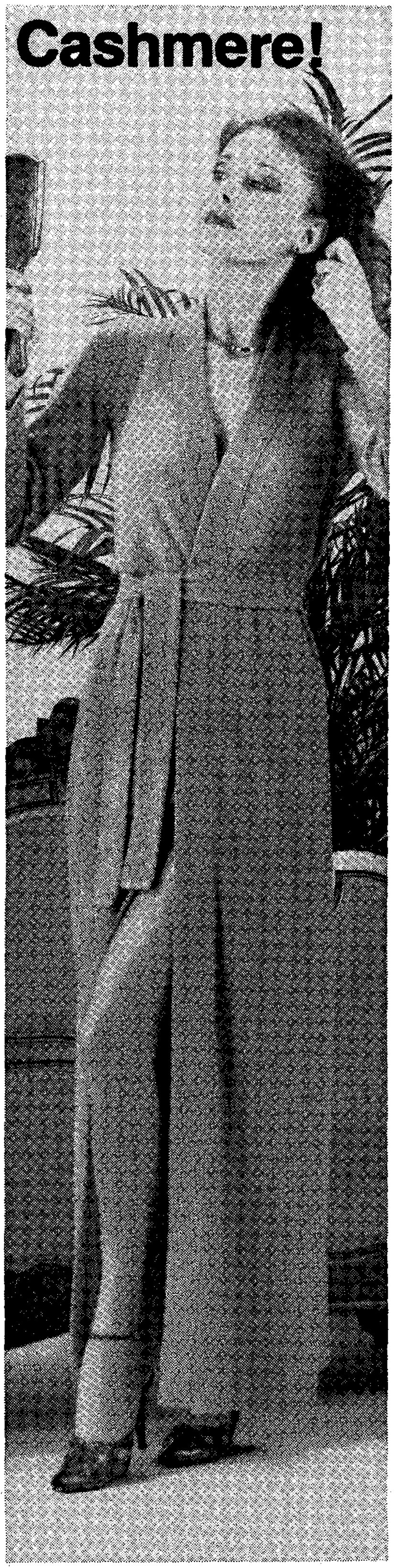

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tonight." He said nothing about killing Park, but most Koreans and Americans I have spoken with believe that he had already made up his mind to kill the President. The report says that after the dinner began, the intelligence chief left the dining room to tell his aides to kill Cha's security men when they heard shots from inside, and he told his protocol chief, who asked if the President was going to be killed as well, "I'm going to finish them all." He left the dining room a second time, to pick up a revolver he had hidden in a drawer upstairs, and when he returned he asked the President, while looking at Cha, "Your Excellency, how can we conduct politics with an insect like this?," whereupon he pulled the pistol from his waist, and fired one shot at Cha and then one shot at Park. Park died almost at once, but Cha (who did not have a gun) was only hit in the arm. Kim then had to get a second pistol from his aides, because the first one had jammed, and he killed Cha and fired two more bullets into Park.

THE assassination of Park set the stage for a new conflict between those who sought increased democracy and those who remained convinced that the country wasn't ready for it—a refrain that had been heard for years. The strongest elements of the latter group, all high-level Army officers, were able within a period of six weeks to assert their authority and to begin to shape the new dimensions of power. Most of them, led by General Chun, are members of the eleventh class of the Korea Military Academy, which was established at the behest of the Americans during the Korean War. The eleventh class was graduated in 1955, and it was the first to complete a full four-year course, based on the West Point curriculum. For many years, most of its hundred and fifty-six members have felt that the older generation of military leaders, who either were trained by the Japanese or fought with them or against them in Manchuria and China and then rose rapidly during the Korean War, have outlived their usefulness. The majority of this older generation received only three to six months' military training in a special Military English Language School and an Officer Candidate School set up by the Americans, and they then competed with each other for promotions and favors during the war and afterward, under the governments of Syngman Rhee and Park. During Park's two decades President, he cleverly manipulat politics and politicians in such a w that he managed to win three genera ly free but close elections for Pres dent, in 1963, 1967, and 1971. 1972, he introduced his Yushin ("R vitalizing") constitution, which ma him President for life, as a result of h control over the appointed Nation Conference for Unification. One Park's secrets of success was that kept the military out of politics, ev though the Army was the bedrock which his autarchic system reste The eleventh class of the K.M.A. a those that followed accepted this b at the same time grew increasing restless, feeling that their ascendan to the top military jobs was overdu since they had superior training a experience, including training in t United States and service in the Vie nam War. They were determine after Park's death, to achieve predom nance in the military, at any rate. It r mains less clear whether they als sought political leadership, but the didn't reject the opportunity when came—at least Chun didn't.

The question remains whether th was unavoidable, whether mistak were made that increased the like hood of its occurring, or whether t special political, social, and econon dynamics of South Korea were bou to serve General Chun and his co panions. A corollary question is whet er the Americans could have do more than they did to prolong t brief democratic honeymoon peri after Park's death. Encouraging d mocracy in Korea took on added e phasis under the Carter Administr tion, with its stress on human righ but it had been a theme of Americ policy as far back as the early days the Park regime, when some headw was made following the overthrow the austere Syngman Rhee. T Americans grew more critical as Pa became more dictatorial—especia after 1972. This criticism increased Korea's soaring economy, which w Park's greatest monument, created more sophisticated population and growing demand—on the part of st dents, workers, and farmers, as well the emerging, affluent middle class for political expression and a grea degree of social and economic freed and mobility. The initial Americ reaction, over and above a warning the North Koreans, was one of mixe caution and hope. When Secretary o State Cyrus Vance came to Seoul earl

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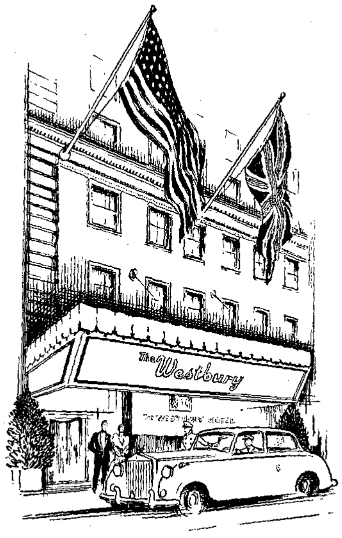

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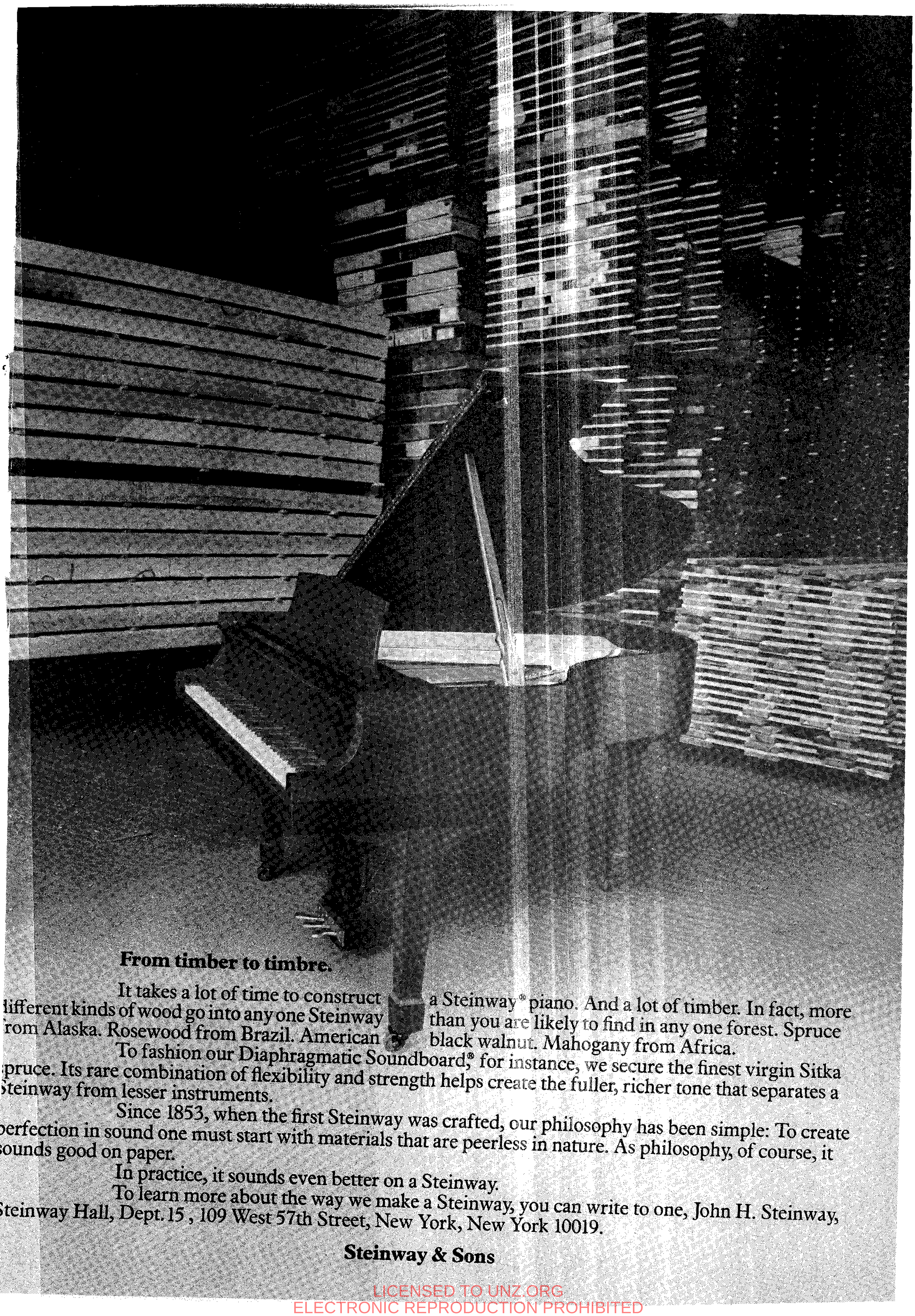
in November, 1979, to attend Park's funeral, he urged the Koreans to advance toward liberal reforms in step with a smooth transition to a new government, but, with the need for stability in mind, he did not suggest that they discard Park's seven-year-old Yushin system overnight. There were some in the State Department, particularly in its Bureau of Humanitarian Affairs, established under Carter, who recommended a bolder policy.

Park's Prime Minister, Choi Kyu Hah, who retained that job when Park died, and was named Acting President under the terms of the constitution, agreed with Vance that Korea's political base should be broadened in an orderly, constitutional way. A week later, Choi made a television address in which he pledged to "secure an effective national defense and to insure the national well-being and the stability of the society" and admonished his listeners to avoid "social disorders" that would encourage another North Korean invasion. There were those who thought then, and who were to feel even more strongly as the weeks went by, that Choi, a dyed-in-the-wool bureaucrat without much courage or imagination, should have assumed a firmer leadership role and charted a clearer path to reform. Although he was formally elected President by the National Conference for Unification on December 7th and inaugurated on December 21st, he soon established himself as a lame-duck figure who was bound to be swept aside in any contest that involved the military. Before long, critics were calling him "Township Commissioner Choi," referring to the *myun*, or township, the lowest administrative unit in Korea.

One of my most perceptive Korean friends, who holds a prominent position in the new government, in looking back to the post-assassination period, told me, "Many people, some of them Americans, were making oversimplified assumptions about Korean society, such as the notion that there were no ideological cleavages here, no real radicalism. I kept telling them that this wasn't true. There may not have been a Marxist Party, but in terms of political functions, of radicalism as an attitude expressing the need for basic changes quickly, there was a real radicalism, and the students represented it politically. There were actually two extreme visions. On the on hand, the radicals believed we shoul make a clean break with the past an institute instant democracy. On th other hand, there was a view on th right that there was no need for fundamental change. It wasn't only th military hard-liners who thought thi way. A large portion of the civilia sector felt this, *too*—those who ha benefitted from the Yushin system, including members of the economic élite the bureaucracy, and many politicians Neither vision, in fact, was acceptable to the majority of the people, including middle-class salaried employees and entrepreneurs, workers, and farmers. They all wanted both change and stability: continued high-energy growth, and a broadening of our political base. The trouble was that those who wanted such a middle solution were not organized—they were a silent, unorganized majority. The students on the left and the military and bureaucrats on the right were pretty well organized. Those who belonged to the political parties were loosely clustered around competing leaders living off handouts from various vested interests. But there was no one a the grass roots willing to make a five dollar donation to project the future fo those in the middle. So the question wa how to create a valid political structure to meet the aspirations of the cer ter and to bring about a modus vivenc acceptable to the left an the right. I had th feeling that timing an synchronization would b vital."

As things turned ou there was no such oppor tunity under the wea dispensation of Presider Choi, chiefly becaus General Chun and th military, having formu lated their contingenc plans and taken advan tage of the events that served the purposes, were about to provide the own timing and enforce their ow ideas about synchronization. Pres dent Choi became a mere adjunct t those plans, and retired gracefull when his time came, in accordanc with the military's wishes. But Cho did try to accomplish something, an for approximately five fairly euphor months, until mid-May, it looked as South Korea might move away fro authoritarian rule and achieve som sort of civilian transition to democ



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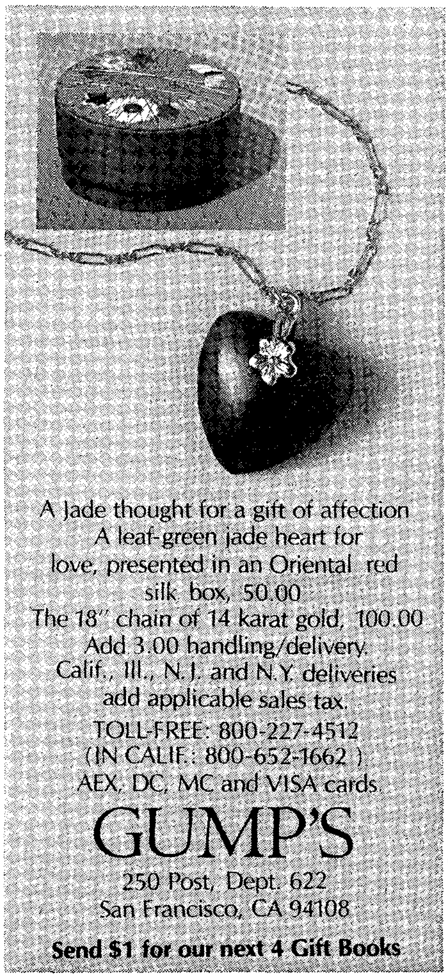

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racy, however disorderly—even chaotic—it might be. On December 8th, the day after he was formally elected President, Choi lifted the most all-embracing and insidious of Park Chung Hee's Emergency Decrees, No. 9, which effectively proscribed any form of criticism and dissent, and made anyone violating it subject to immediate arrest. Kim Dae Jung, who had become a folk hero both at home and abroad, and who had been let out of a prison hospital by Park in December of 1978, was released from house arrest, and sixty-eight students and other dissidents were freed from jail. The lifting of restrictions on Kim Dae Jung, who had come close to defeating Park for the Presidency in the 1971 election, as the candidate of the New Democratic Party, was to help furnish the military with an excuse, five months later, to reinstitute martial law and assert its full authority. Immediately after being allowed to speak to the press, Kim declared that popular elections should be held, "the sooner the better," or else "political and social chaos" might ensue. He was an embittered, ambitious man who had suffered physically and mentally for a number of years and who was now caught between his own dedication and martyrdom and his still compulsive desire to achieve power. Accused of election-law violations in 1971, he had fled to Japan; returning there in the summer of 1973 after visiting the United States, he was kidnapped from his Tokyo hotel room by the K.C.I.A. and brought back here. He spent most of the next five years in custody, facing a variety of charges in addition to the election-law violations, and was serving a five-year sentence when Park suspended it, largely as a result of American pressure. It was his ardent support of the mounting student activist movement and his alleged instigation of the bloody Kwangju riots in late May that led to his latest trial and conviction. Although the evidence against him was mostly fabricated by the military and unsubstantiated in court—the heavily censored trial was a mockery of justice—most of the Koreans I have spoken with, including dissidents, believe that, even if he was convinced that it was a case of "now or never," he played into the hands of the military, which for a long time had been looking for an excuse to eliminate him once and for all, preferably by executing him. No matter what his fate is now, he is finished politically, unless he somehow survives until another revolution. But there is no doubt tha the two most important factors in paving the way for the complete military takeover were Kim's decision to play such a forceful activist role in behalf of liberalization and the indecisiveness of President Choi. By then, however, the stage had already been set.

The first dramatic step by the officers of the eleventh K.M.A. class taken on December 12th, was a direct consequence of the assassination. In what the Americans maintain was "tantamount to a coup," Chun Doo Hwan, in his capacity as Army security chief, arrested Chung Seung Hwa, a four-star general and the Army chief of staff and martial-law commander, for his failure to arrest Kim right afte the killing of Park. General Chung on the night of the murder, was having dinner in a separate house on th grounds of the Presidential palace. H had been invited there by Kim Jae Kyu, along with a top K.C.I.A. aide The invitation was issued by Kim fiv minutes after he was asked to hav dinner with Park, and Kim's purpos was to implicate Chung in his plo Immediately after the killing, Kim rushed over t Chung, who had hear the shots, and at first sai only, "Something terribl has happened." His ide was to get Chung to declare martial law an then to form a revolutionary committee that woul take over the country, bu during the course of tha eventful night, as a doze or more high-ranking officers and Cabinet members held meetings i different parts of the city and the gathered at Army headquarters, Kim plans fell apart—particularly afte Kim Kae Won, the Presidential secretary, who had gone his separate wa after the shooting, revealed Kim Ja Kyu to be the killer. Shortly befor midnight, Kim Jae Kyu was arreste by Chung, who had taken over a martial-law commander early on th morning of October 27th. As soon a General Chun Doo Hwan was appointed to head the *investigation*, h set about his task with messianic zea By mid-November, it was apparer

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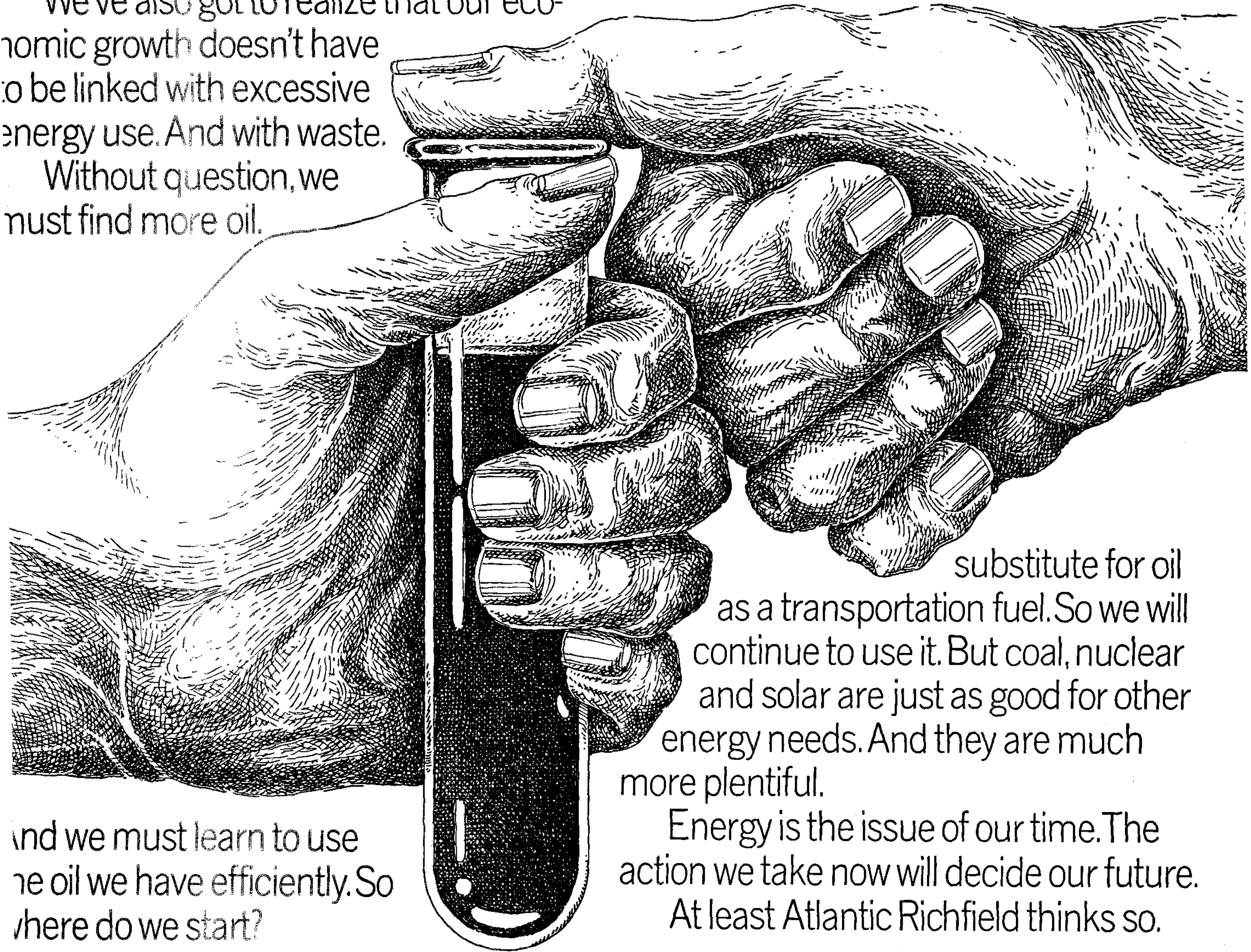

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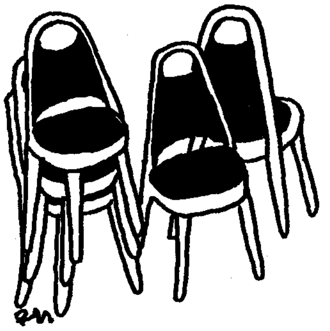
that, beyond his determination to have Kim Jae Kyu executed for the crime, a political contest was developing among the generals, pitting Chun and his group against the older officers, including Chung Seung Hwa, who at this point refused to be interrogated, and retired general Ro Jae Hyun, the Defense Minister. Chun alerted his Academy classmates and other officers he trusted, and on the morning of December 12th he went to see President Choi to obtain his signature on what amounted to a warrant to arrest Chung for interrogation. Choi procrastinated, maintaining that Ro, as Defense Minister, should sign the order. Choi's refusal to sign set off a chain of violent events on the night of the twelfth, as Chun, who apparently exchanged some harsh words with Choi, went ahead without Ro's signature. Shortly after six o'clock, he sent a squad of soldiers to arrest Chung at his residence. Chung was upstairs and refused to come down, and a firefight took place, during which several soldiers were killed, before he was finally captured. Minister Ro, who was in the compound surrounding Chung's house, heard the firing and escaped over the back fence. To stave off what he thought looked like a coup, Ro alerted a number of units he believed were loyal to him. Several of these units, including Special Forces troops—the toughest component of the Army—began moving into Seoul. There were a number of firefights, and a dozen or so men were killed, among troops who were not even sure of each other's identities, let alone loyalties. But about midnight Chun called in elements of the 9th Division, which was commanded by his close friend and classmate Major General Ro Tae Woo. These units were under the United Nations Command headed by General Wickham, and Chun acted without asking Wickham's permission. Chun later apologized, but Wickham has not forgiven him. Ambassador Gleysteen and General Wickham had been in a bunker at Army headquarters since early that evening, but there was no communication with Chun until the 9th Division troops began to move. The Americans then managed to talk to him on the phone and arrange for Minister Ro to go to the Blue House, where President Choi was still waiting, with bureaucratic calm, for hi to sign the order for the arrest of General Chung. This was accomplishe about one o'clock on the morning o December 13th, at which point th shooting stopped. In the opinion o Americans I spoke with who were o the scene that night, Chun's use of th 9th Division probably averted furthe serious fighting, which might have encouraged the North Koreans to tak some action against th South. If the Americans had been in a position to do anythin to stop Chun, thi would have been th time to do it, throug political pressure an perhaps some sho of strength, and ther are those in Washington who believe thi should have been don in addition to our expressing displeasure. Others, however, including mos American officials in Seoul, feel th there was no sign at this point th Chun intended to do anything mor than arrest General Chung an elevate himself and his classmates better jobs in the military hierarch Choi Kyu Hah had already been formally designated as President, an there was no indication, according these observers, that the democrat process was in jeopardy. Those wh hold the opposite view maintain th we should have taken steps to ave what was, to all appearances, indeed coup, whether it started out to be o or not. The night was, admittedly, murky one, during most of which one really knew what was happenin and it took a while for everyone realize that it marked the beginning a new era of military rule.



When I spoke with General Chu in early August, he described t events of December 12th as "a min incident in the course of the investig tion" of Park's assassination. Despi the fact that within a week he and h top associates, notably General Tae Woo, who took over the Seo Garrison Command, fired or reti about thirty of the old-line genera and replaced them with their o men, Chun told me that, had he th had any ideas about taking over t government, "I would have work toward that and formulated a gra plan sooner—a design and a policy But he admitted that he had alrea felt himself responsible for the "tra

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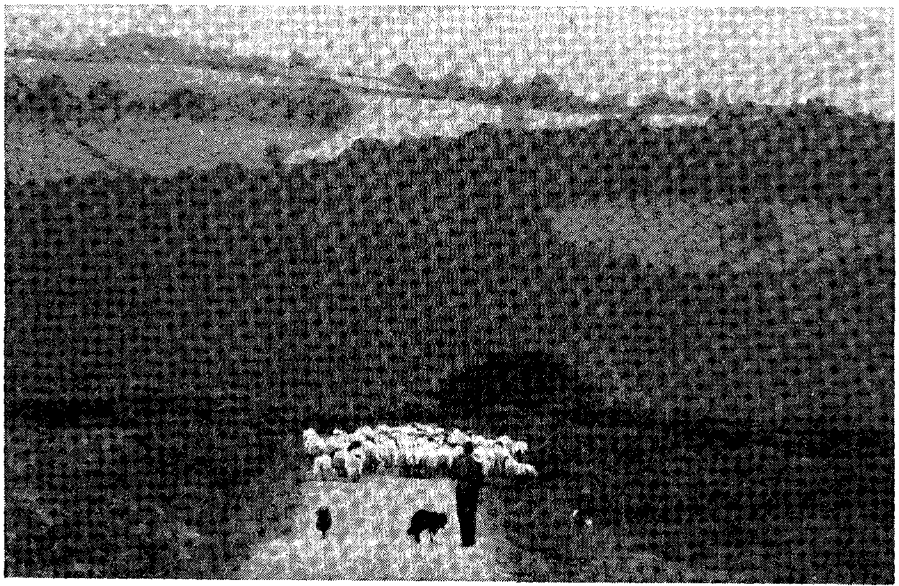

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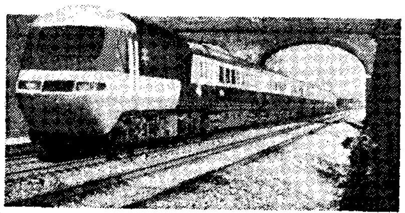

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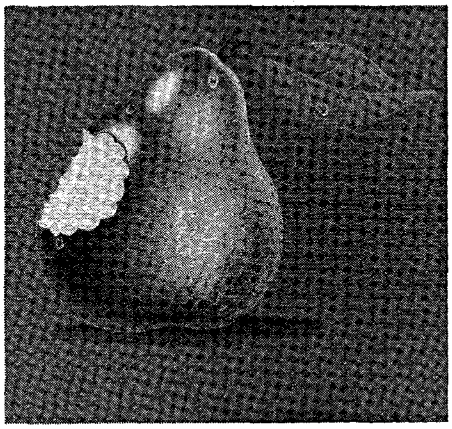

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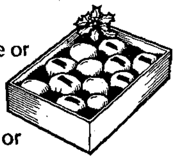

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quillity and security of the nation." General Ro, in a long talk I had with him the day before I saw Chun, described the December 12th events as "*innovative.*" He said that "we didn't aim for it, but it was a by-product of the national development process." He declared that the old military leadership had grown "stagnant" and that a turnover, both among the military and the civilian leaders, was overdue. Park "made a great contribution to the country and we must continue the good he accomplished, but he also committed lots of errors we shouldn't repeat." More hard-nosed than Chun—despite their long friendship, he is considered the new military strongman and, now that Chun is in mufti in the Blue House, a possible rival some day for political power—Ro looked both backward and ahead. "After the assassination, all Koreans expected new political development and a more open system, but President Choi did not anticipate the forthcoming social and political disturbances. I regard him as responsible for that. What really happened was the emergence of a black-and-white concept of social conflict and confrontation, and there was a lot of hatred and hostility among individuals and groups. If that had continued, we would have had to give up this country to the North Koreans. What took place was not democratic, it was anti-democratic."

Despite the weaknesses of President Choi and the strains and conflicts, which grew more intense between December 12th and May 17th, when Chun and his group capitalized on student demonstrations in Seoul and elsewhere in the country—they also capitalized on the Kwangju rebellion a few days later—to take over full control of South Korea, it cannot be said, as Ro implied, that the democratic experiment was doomed from the start. Chun and Ro did not anticipate, any more than did President Choi, the specific troubles that gave them their opening. But if Kim Dae Jung had not become their scapegoat, they probably would have found someone else, or another excuse. Moreover, there were other reasons, besides social and political turmoil, for what took place. Once Park was killed and it was no longer possible to play the various competing military factions off against one another through promotions and the rotation of assignments, a military confrontation like the one that began on December 12th was probably unavoidable. It became a matter of the survival of the fittest, and the eleventh class of the K.M.A. proved its ability to survive. In January, and again in March, a number of generals an colonels who wanted to move agains Chun and Ro approached the Ameri cans, seeking approval for, or at leas neutrality toward, a countercoup—this was like the old days in South Vietnam—but the Americans warne them against any such attempt.

EVEN after the December 12th crisis, the efforts toward democratization continued, but without an clear direction. When President Cho was inaugurated, he suggested that new constitution to replace the Yushi document be written within a year an that new elections be held in th spring of 1981, though opposition elements, including the New Democrati Party, wanted the process speeded u The issue was freely debated on television and in the press, and the N.D.I and Park's Democratic Republica Party, led by Kim Jong Pil, a forme Prime Minister, began to work o separate constitutional drafts in th National Assembly. President Cho with the help of an advisory committe that included some leading dissident moved to restore civil rights to Ki Dae Jung and the nearly seven hundred others who had been deprived them. Most of the seven hundred ar fifty students who had been expell from the universities for radical activities under Park were reinstate though some remained in jail ar others were put in the Army. Tl universities, closed since Decembe were reopened in March, and at tl instigation of the new Minister of Education, Kim Ok Gil—a leadi woman educator who had been t head of Ewha Woman's University, Seoul—the students were given mo freedom to run their own affairs and take part in political debate, as long they confined their activities to t campuses. Though still enjoined law from striking, labor unions he meetings, and a number of wildc strikes took place. The politicians the National Assembly all talk optimistically about "the peacef transfer of power" to an elect civilian government, and even Ki Jong Pil, who had organized the 19 coup that brought Park to power a who now appeared to be his logic successor, criticized him for some the things he had done. After a sec meeting between the martial-la leaders and members of Preside

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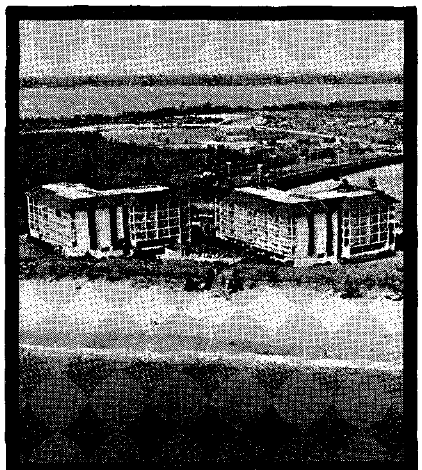

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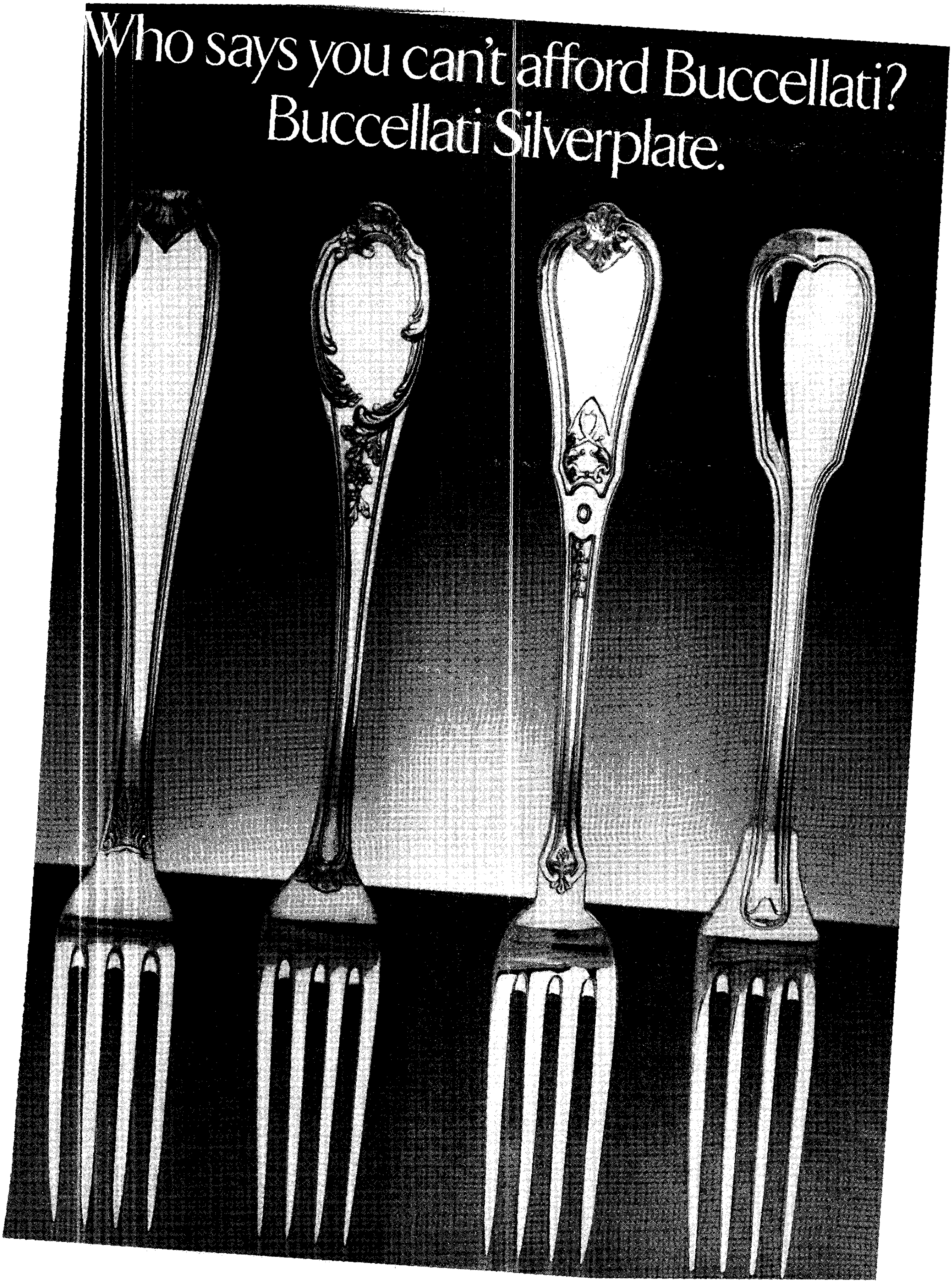
Choi's Cabinet, however, it was agreed that Choi would, for the time being at least, be regarded as the government candidate in the future election, rather than Kim Jong Pil (known as J.P.), because, to the military men, afraid that in a free election Kim Dae Jung might win, Choi was both the most visible candidate and the most easily manipulated.

Kim Jae Kyu and his four K.C.I.A. accomplices in Park's assassination had been found guilty and were about to be executed, despite considerable opinion, particularly among students, that the intelligence leader had acted heroically in killing Park and that his life should be spared. The military also quickly brought General Chung Seung Hwa to trial, and sentenced him to ten years in prison, but he was subsequently released quietly, on the ground of poor health. The new military leaders meanwhile continued their purge of the Old Guard and saw to it that no mention was made in the press of their growing watchdog role.

THE combination of political uncertainty and economic decline—a result of the world recession—worried everyone, and was a special source of concern to the newly ascendant generals, who were no less apprehensive than their predecessors about instability and about what the North Koreans might do. By April, things were headed toward a new climax. The students became more active in their demands that martial law be lifted and increased their agitation over political as well as campus issues, such as continued military training, which took time from their courses. They held rallies and began issuing manifestos demanding that the life of Kim Jae Kyu be spared and that the process of democratization be speeded up. In the third week of April, a serious strike of mine workers took place in the southern town of Sabuk, and, following the destruction of a police substation, workers and a mob of citizens supporting them seized control of the town. A quick settlement, arranged by the government, gave the workers a twenty-per-cent increase—which was half of what they had originally demanded—plus a sizable annual bonus, and order was restored, but the illegal strike served to increase the edginess of the already nervous military leaders. The tension mounted during the first ten days of May, particularly on the campuses. Some of the students refused to report for their prescribed ten days of military duty. The Minister o Education, Mrs. Kim, had adopted lenient approach, but it appeared to b failing as push came to shove. Afte she made an impassioned speech, i which she reminded the students o what had happened in 1950, whe "we were sent out to the countrysid totally untrained and were slaughtere by the North Korean war machine,' and asked, "Do you want to repeat tha tragedy?," the students backed dow and agreed to resume their training But they warned that if the government did not respond to their demand for quicker political reform they woul take to the streets by mid-May.

The government and the militar strongmen, led by Chun, were mindfu of the fact that student power in Kore was historically a political force in it own right, and that it had been chiefly responsible for the overthrow c the autocratic and corrupt Syngma Rhee regime, in April of 1960. Th Army at that time had supporte the students; while holding in chec their demands to begin unificatio talks with North Korea, it installe the interim civilian government th preceded the 1961 coup. Reëmergin through the later years of Park's ru as a political force, the students ha frequently been encouraged to expre themselves by certain dissident profe sors, politicians, and liberal busines men who helped finance their camp organizations. What was happenin now was the greatest manifestation student power in twenty years, con parable to what took place in Euro and the United States in the fifties ar sixties. As much as in France ar Czechoslovakia, though somewhat le than in the United States during tl days of opposition to the Vietna War, South Korean students were pr pared for a full-scale confrontatic with the government. The situatic was so close to unravelling that no o has been able to determine to what d gree the students acted with spontan ity or to what degree they were galv nized into action by different sets leaders with varying political goa and perceptions, but one thing is clea there was far more organized inte campus coöperation than ever before. was told by Koreans, including profe sors who have since lost their jobs, th the mid-May demonstrations we influenced by three separate element A few of the manifestos issued on tl campuses revealed an obvious Nor Korean message, echoing Pyongyar radio broadcasts and those of a clai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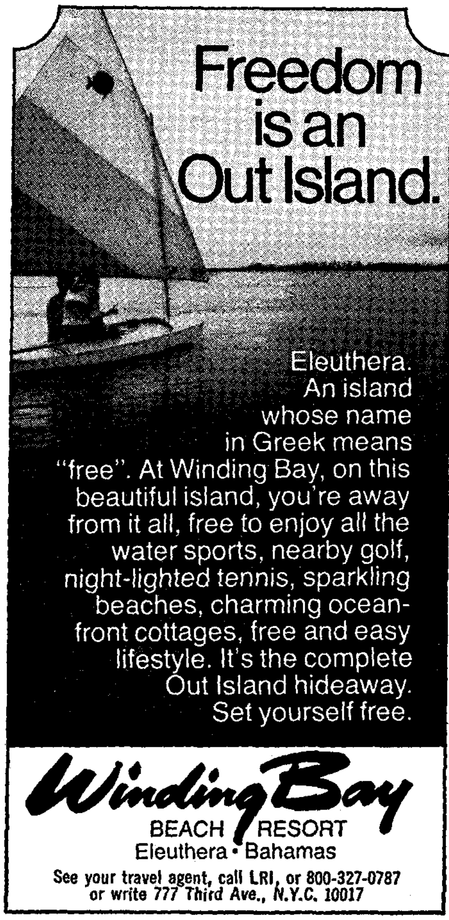

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destine propaganda station beamed to the South by North Korea. A considerable number of student leaders, including some in their late twenties and thirties, were no longer actual students, but had been imprisoned under Park and had been further radicalized in jail by older political prisoners with ties to the former South Korean Workers (Communist) Party. The majority of the manifestos, however, were essentially moderate demands for the end of martial law and the acceleration of the democratic process, as already pledged by the government. A further factor was important: Once student activity began to increase, moving from the campuses to the streets, it caught fire, and thousands of students, including many who were basically apolitical, felt they had no choice but to participate. The phrase I kept hearing from my academic friends was "peer pressure." After numerous conversations in Seoul and in the countryside with parents and friends of university students who took part in the demonstrations—the students themselves are subdued and not saying much these days—I was convinced that there was such pressure; that many students were persuaded, and in some cases compelled, to take to the streets by their leaders because to do otherwise would be to face ostracism. But an equal number did so on their own, because they genuinely believed in democratic reform and thought that the slow-moving Choi government was in a state of drift that would only encourage the military to seek an excuse to take over the country.

Street demonstrations started in Seoul on May 13th, led by students from Yonsei, Seoul National, and Korea Universities, and reached their height on the fifteenth, when seventy thousand students gathered at key locations in the city and began converging on the Cultural Center and the square in front of the capitol nearby. Elsewhere in the country, another two hundred thousand or more students took to the streets, and at the same time workers in several cities continued to hold sitdown strikes. The police in Seoul handled the crowds well, and, miraculously, only one man, a policeman, lost his life (he was struck by a bus driven by an unemployed worker), but about two hundred students were hurt and four hundred were arrested.

In addition to demanding the lifting c
martial law, better pay for worker
faster movement toward full democ
racy, and the dismissal of pro-Yushi
professors, the students called for th
resignation of General Chun Do
Hwan. The military responded to th
demonstrations quietly at first, con
fining themselves to guarding publi
buildings. May 16th was relativel
calm, following a speech by a ne
Prime Minister, Shin Hyon Hwack, i
which he said that the timetable fc
democratization might b
speeded up but warned th
further demonstrations coul
endanger the process. Pres
dent Choi, who had bee
travelling in the Middle Ea
seeking more oil for Sout
Korea, cut short his trip an
returned to Seoul on th
night of the sixteenth. La
that afternoon, more than
hundred student leaders hel
a meeting on the campus of Ewh
University which lasted until dawn
the seventeenth. According to the mil
tary, the meeting was dominated b
radical students, who announced tha
unless their demands were met, stre
demonstrations would be resumed c
the twenty-second. I was told by o
former Ewha professor that in fact tl
moderates gained control of the mee
ing toward the end, and there w
some confusion about the declar
deadline. It was significant that, d
spite the government's accusatio
against Kim Dae Jung, both he a
Kim Young Sam, the New Democrat
Party leader, called on the students f
self-restraint. When I later saw Ge
eral Ro, he told me of a military-inte
ligence report to the effect that tl
North Korean high command h
called for a full alert. "I'm sure th
North Korea was ready to unlea
another war," he said, "but it was d
terred because of the strong Americ
warnings." On the night of May 17t
although the demonstrations had di
down, the government announced th
martial law had been extended throug
out the country—a move that mea
more in terms of its stringency than
geographical application, since on
Cheju Island, off the south coast, h
been exempt from the earlier order, i
sued after Park's death. The gover
ment also closed all the universiti
again, imposed complete censorship
the press, postponed the opening of tl
National Assembly, and announced tl
arrest of twenty-six persons charg
with having abused their official pow

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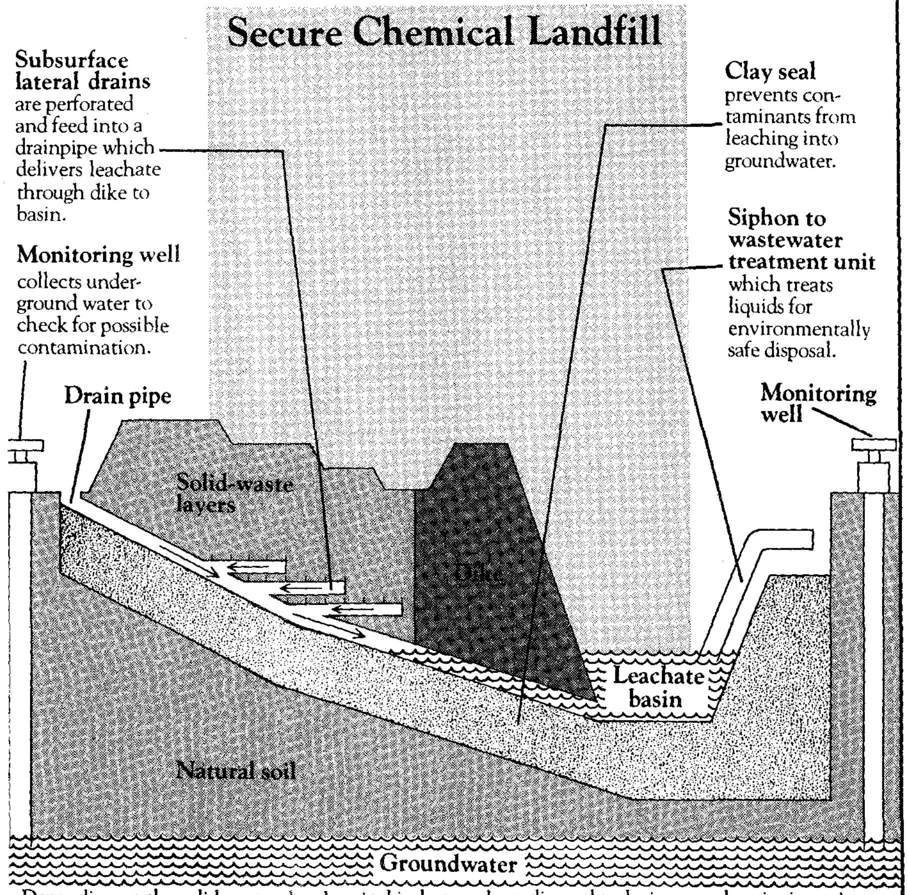
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Monitoring well
Solid-waste layers
Dike
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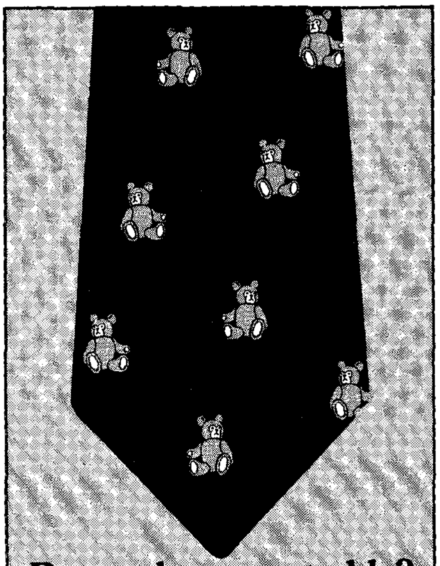

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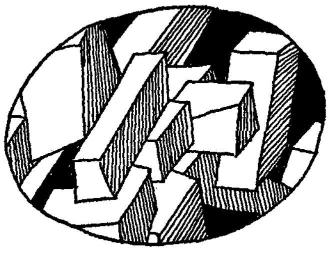
to accumulate wealth, with creating social unrest, and with inciting students and workers. Among those jailed were Kim Dae Jung, and, much to everyone's surprise, Kim Jong Pil, the Democratic Republican Party leader, who had been seen as a potential Presidential choice, as well as several other high-ranking officials of the Park regime. At least a hundred others, including professors, religious dissidents, and student leaders, were jailed.

Following a script that the generals themselves might have written, the student riots in Seoul were immediately succeeded by the Kwangju riots, beginning on May 18th. Kwangju, a city of eight hundred thousand, is the capital of South Cholla Province and the home of Kim Dae Jung. During the regime of Park Chung Hee, South Cholla was a neglected area and did not reap the benefits of industrial growth enjoyed by the rest of the south, including the neighboring province of Kyongsang, the home of Park and of General Chun. When Park built the four-lane expressways that now cover the country, he ordered the one in Kyongsang to stop at South Cholla's borders, and although the province has prospered to some degree in recent years, it has never taken off economically like the rest of South Korea. The day after the declaration of full martial law, some three thousand university students in Kwangju, incited by the new decree as well as by Kim Dae Jung's arrest, began demonstrations of their own and were quickly joined by fifty thousand citizens. Chun ordered in paratroopers of the Special Forces. They came in without ammunition but with bayonets fixed, and over the next four days they subjected the demonstrators to the most brutal and violent show of force since the Korean War, beating and bayonetting student and civilian mobs at random. A plea from President Choi, who was virtually isolated in the Blue House, to resolve the crisis through negotiations fell on deaf ears, and a committee composed partly of older citizens was unable to persuade the enraged student militants, who had raided government arsenals and seized several thousand weapons, to talk to the martial-law authorities. When the paratroopers were withdrawn, leaving an estimated three hundred dead, including a number of soldiers, and many hundreds more wounded, the militants held the city for five more days, until the government sent in other, regular Army elements, which, early on the morning on May 27th, quickly recaptured it. The rebellion, which had spread to other cities of South Cholla and caused a vast amount of property damage along with the toll in lives, was primarily a regional explosion under unusual loca circumstances, but if it had not been subdued by the regular troops it migh have carried over into other provinces in the south; it could also conceivably have resulted in the ouster of Chun by some of his rival officers. It ended by strengthening his position and affording him further reason to consolidate his new hold on the country. In the midst of it, the martial-law command accused Kim Dae Jung, though he was already in jail, of having instigated the riots, thereby preparing the groundwork for his indictment. (However, when his trial began, his role in the Kwangju uprising was played down for lack of proof, and the prosecutor concentrated on his ties to pro-North Korean organizations in Japan and on his alleged support of the students only one witness was produced to substantiate the charge that he conspired to commit sedition.) On May 20th the Cabinet of Prime Minister Shin resigned in a face-saving maneuve and declared its "*responsibility for th* failure to maintain domestic calm," paving the way for Chun and his fellow-generals to establish a new Specia Committee for National Security Measures which ran the countr until Chun engineered his election to the Presidency, late in August. Mrs. Kim, the Minister of Education, announced her resignation, saying sadly, " thought we could make it step b step," and noting that the studen demonstrations had already subside when full martial law was instituted As she and the other Cabinet member came together at a very brief meeting during which there was no opportunity for discussion, the compoun where they gathered was surrounde by troops, and all telephone connections were cut off.



Her brother, Kim Dong Gil, a recognized Lincoln scholar whom I hav known for a number of years, wa arrested on the night of May 17th while making a speech at Yosu, in the ch, and brought back to K.C.I.A. adquarters in Seoul, where he was ked up in solitary confinement, in a -basement, for fifty-three days. Af- two days of interrogation, he man- ed to persuade his questioners that had not supported Kim Dae Jung any plot to overthrow the govern- nt by inciting the students, but he s held for another fifty-one days and n forced to sign a letter of resigna- n as a vice-president and professor Yonsei University. He was one of r Yonsei professors forced to quit, d dozens of other university profes- s around the country had to do the ne. Dr. Kim did not think that the dent demonstrations had got out of ntrol, and he felt that the military d "acted too fast," though he be- ved that the students had also acted wisely and that they should not ve challenged the generals by set- g a deadline for another major eet demonstration. He also felt that m Dae Jung had acted "foolishly, ively, and arrogantly" and should ve bided his time politically. "But I nk the military thought it was the ht time to move anyway, to set up a w military government," he said. ook at how they mowed them down Kwangju. That's the first time that r happened—the Army refused to n against the students back in 1960. e student demands for the end of rtial law and the Yushin system re legitimate. Maybe we weren't pared for democracy, but there was l a real hope. We've been living on s peninsula for five thousand years. e've tried a lot of things that didn't rk, but we retained our own life and ditions." The military, he added, as no sense of history" and acted rationally, without any political ology or philosophy." Like many ers I spoke with, he predicted fur- r trouble—especially if the econ- y didn't improve. "There are two ds of reform—through the demo- tic process or through revolution," said. "But when you take revolu- nary measures you also have to have nethodology and you must reveal r principles—otherwise, what's the olution for?"

An American friend of mine who lived here for more than twenty rs agreed that the student demands l been legitimate, and that the vangju uprising was a regional af- r, to which the government had erreacted. "Once they were there, re was bound to be blood in the eets, and the people became fearless

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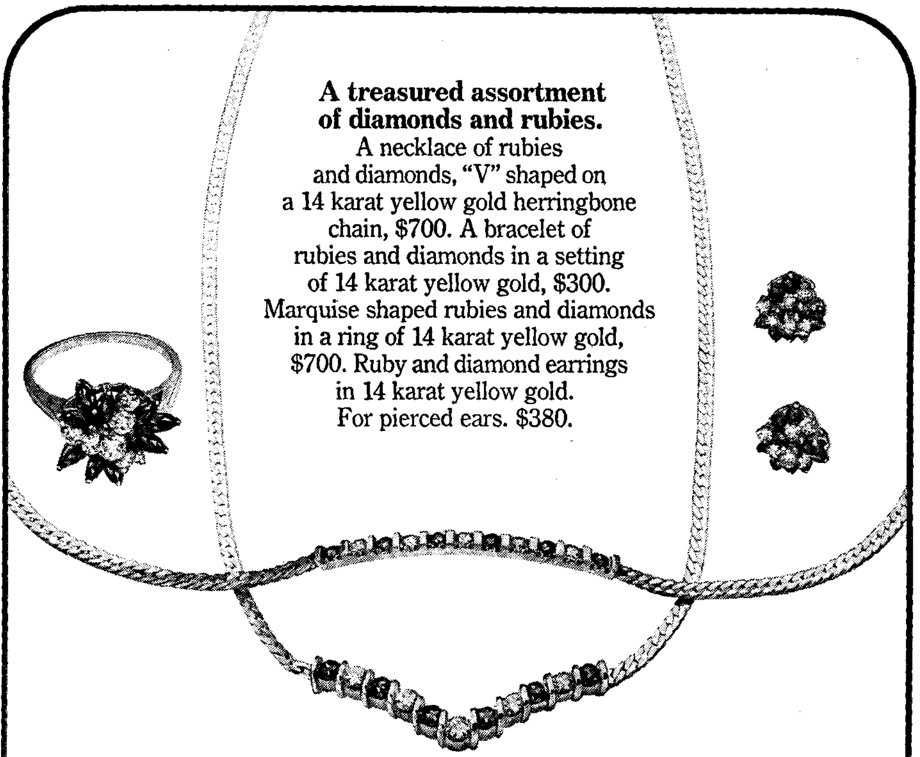

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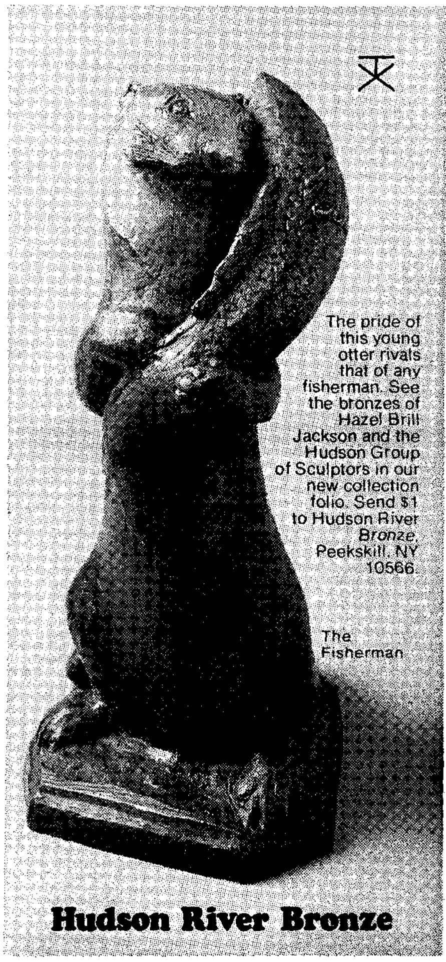
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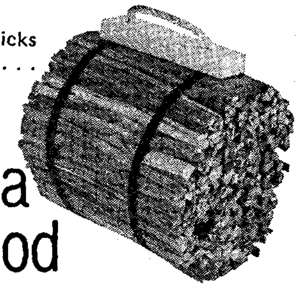
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and brutal in response," he said. "Koreans are uncompromising—it's usually a case of winner take all—and yet there are always forces for accommodation. People don't *want* trouble. They're afraid of North Korea, and they don't want the trauma of revolution. If I had been the military, I would have waited, but after Park's death, and given the economic problems the country is facing, and the rise in social demands and expectations, their timetable was accelerated. Whether or not they exaggerated the threat, they have so little confidence in the voluntary support of the population that the slightest indication of disagreement must be expunged. So you don't just crush demonstrations by force, you seal them off from the onlookers. The trouble is, controls tend to step up to a hundred per cent, and no matter how sincere the military may now be about instituting true democracy in a Korean way, it's harder once you've turned the screws. Relaxation doesn't work then—Park had that trouble, though from time to time he tried. Chun and his group may know their objectives. They may even believe in them and be highly motivated. But they're riding their own tiger now, and there is no reason to have confidence in their capabilities to reach solutions."

THE Special Committee for National Security Measures, formally established at the end of May, was directed by a Standing Committee of thirty, including eighteen military men, and was headed by General Chun. Ostensibly serving as a link between the martial-law command and the Cabinet, the Standing Committee in effect ran the government, with the help of thirteen subcommittees—including one on purification—until Chun became President. The Special Committee was necessary, according to a government statement, because "the flash flood of liberal democratic thought and the emergence of distorted values spilled over into political, economic, cultural, and all other sectors." When I saw Chun, he said that the military was "filling a vacuum" that had obtained since Park's assassination, and that it had taken charge "because the security and peace of the country were threatened" and "there was no effective leadership." But he insisted that he was still "a subordinate of President Choi," responsible for "giving him advice and support," and that he could not an-

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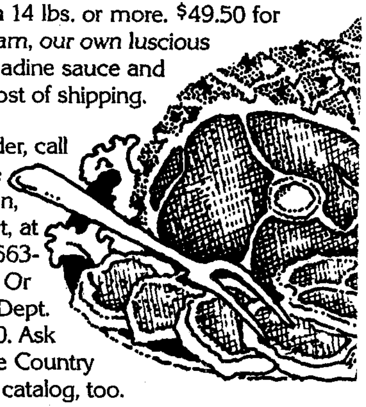
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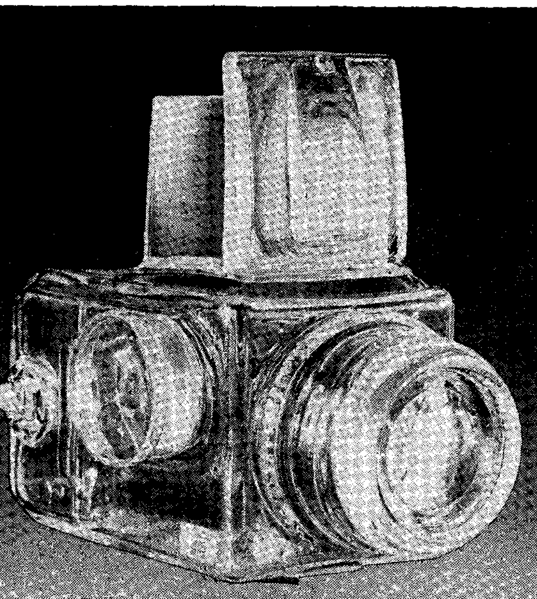
unce his own candidacy "unless the
esident himself tells me to run."
›wever, everyone was already as-
ning by this time that he would
:ome President. "I don't want to
le behind religion, but I believe in
ovidence and the manifest will of
: people," he said. "All I know is
ιt I won't be able to run away in the
e of the challenge of responsibility
I have never evaded a responsibili-
thrust upon me, but this is giving
great agony." He added that he
ln't know "what was in the mind
the President," but, as I afterward
rned, Choi had already told him, on
'y 31st, that he felt he had reached
ιe limit of my abilities" and that it
s not "in the best interests" of the
ιntry for him to remain in office.
oi was about to go off on a brief
:ation, and when he asked Chun for
opinion Chun told him that he
›uld think it over while he was gone
l make his own decision. Obviously,
scenario had already been written.
oi announced his resignation on
gust 16th. When he informed
un privately three days before, he
ommended that the term of the
:sidency under the new constitution
seven years and that a President
ve only one term. Chun should be
pared to take over "this lonely of-
," he said, and he promised to help
ı in whatever way he could.
Chun went about as far as he could,
en I spoke with him, in talking
ut his incipient Presidency, and
sounded very much as if he were
:ady in the Blue House. He was crit-
, without being resentful, of what
Americans had been saying about
ı and the military takeover. "Don't
rimand—help and encourage to
ngthen the power of your lesser al-
," he said to me. "We may not
ısure up to your expectations or be
apples of your eye, but don't con-
ιn us out of hand. The ways of
ning governments are bound to be
erent, and you must accept the fact
t leadership is rooted in the habits
ιative nationalism." Koreans could
take national security for granted,
Americans tended to do, he said,
the post-Park period had so far
ked "substance" because, among
er things, there had been no "law-
ling spirit." He continued, "We
not afford any more Kwangjus or
ıan-Masan disturbances. I and my
leagues are responsible for domestic
ιquillity under martial law, and we
empowered to see that that kind
insurgency will not take place



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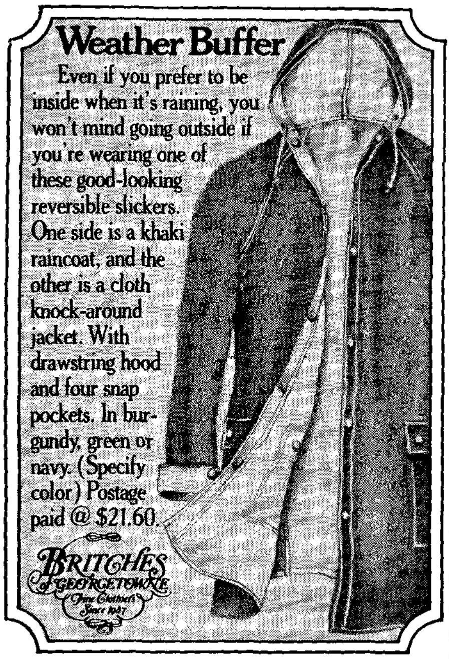

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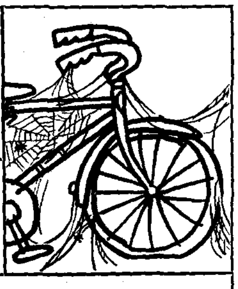

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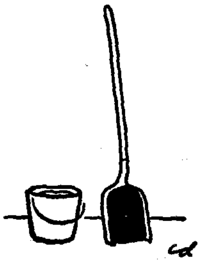
again. If certain students want to create insurgency situations through demonstrations or otherwise, we'll simply have to close that university down."

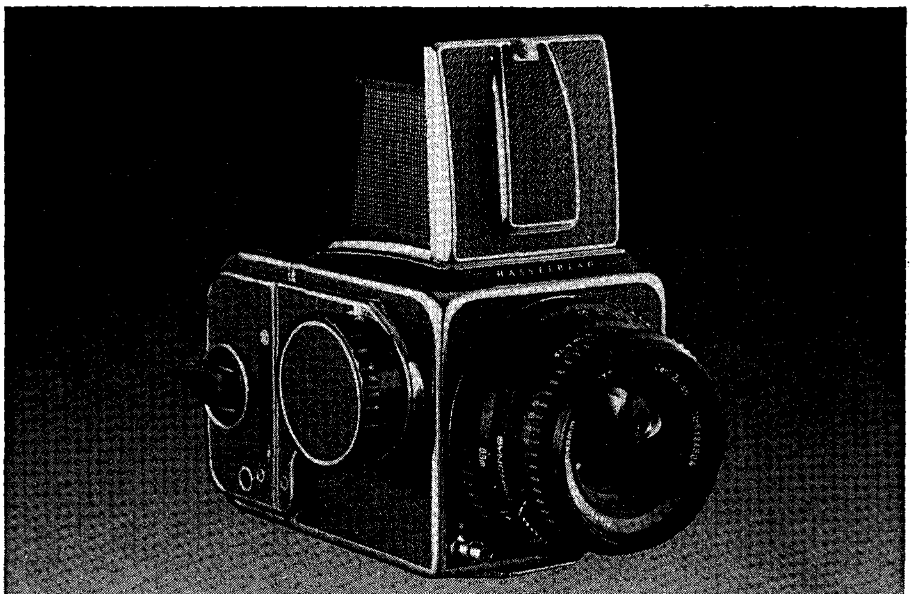
The universities were still closed as we spoke, but they began reopening at the end of August. "Efficiency is very important in my priorities and my sense of values," Chun went on. "I hope to establish—and this is my high priority—a peaceful transfer of government, with the President succeeded at the end of his term in orderly fashion. That tradition is very important for Korea." Sounding more and more Presidential, he spoke of the country's weathering economic uncertainty by early 1981. "But social stability is absolutely vital," he said. "Coupled with security, it will stimulate economic activity." If given the responsibility, he was determined to make "drastic changes in economic policy to graduate it from the parochial stage of over-nationalistic government control to a bolder state of liberalization," adding, "I'm going to do away with all unnecessary controls." Among other things, he said, foreign companies will be allowed to invest as heavily as they want in Korean industries, beyond the present forty-nine-per-cent limit, and foreigners will be able to buy as much land as they want. As for politics, Chun was particularly outspoken against corruption, which seems to prey on his mind and is part of his near-obsession with purification. "People who make their money out of politics won't be able to buy their way back into power," he said, referring to men like Kim Jong Pil, who was let out of jail after he agreed to quit politics and turn over to the government most of a private fortune that investigators estimated at thirty-six million dollars. Eight other prominent politicians who were arrested with him received similar treatment and were spared prosecution to avoid "unnecessary unrest in political circles," but, in order not to damage the economy further, private businessmen were exempted from the purification campaign, despite the considerable amount of business corruption in Korea. Business concerns were simply asked to "cleanse themselves," by dismissing or demoting employees who were not zealous enough in the performance of their jobs or who were critical of the government's objectives. Chun was obviously less interested in busin chicanery than in what he conside political honesty and morality.

Although the National Assem was allowed to reopen temporarily in September to consider six pieces legislation, including election a political-party laws, many assemb men were absent, either because th were banned or because they chose stay away. All major political part as well as the Assembly itself w dissolved as a result of the Octo referendum, in which ninety-two cent of the voters appro of the new constitution. T two parties will probably renamed, but it is unlik that they, or any other o that may appear, will p any role in the first Pre dential election under the written constitution, wh will be held next Mar followed a month or so la by elections for a new Assembly. Ch is certain to be chosen for a full sev year term. The new President will voted into office by a new electoral c lege of about five thousand, wh members are supposed to be elec locally, on a broader basis, in cont to the National Conference for Unifi tion, whose members were selected Park. The new college will be enco aged to express a wider variety of p tical views, but it seems doubtful t it will be more than a bigger rubb stamp body, and Chun may be the o candidate, since it could be hard to f anyone to run against him in suc short time. Most members of the National Assembly, and most Kore have favored a direct rather than indirect election for the Preside but the new military leaders, with memory of how close Kim Dae J came to beating Park in 1971, are t ing no chances. With the replacem of the old constitution, a relati open and fair election could be poss seven years from now, but no on looking that far ahead. However, th are some hopeful, if uncertain, si and portents in the new constitut In addition to the limitation of Presidential term, all amendments the use of emergency Presiden powers will be subject to the appr of the Assembly, two-thirds of wh three hundred and thirty members be elected directly and the rest cho under a system of proportional rep sentation. The President can still solve the Assembly, but the Assem can also remove a Cabinet after



year of office. However, the President and his military advisers can exclude from political activity anyone they deem "responsible for political or social corruption or confusion," which could effectively silence an active opposition, and, as the head of a new Constitutional Council, the President has the power to dissolve an obstreperous political party. Moreover, after his seven-year term is over, the President becomes the head of a State Advisory Council, which, since it is bound to be dominated by the military, might easily enable him to retain a large measure of de-facto control over a pliable new government. On the more sanguine side, the power of the courts will be enhanced. In addition to granting the right of habeas corpus, the new constitution states that confessions obtained through torture and intimidation are henceforth inadmissible when they are he sole evidence against a defendant, which was not the case during the atter years of the Park regime. Before the election of Chun to a full seven-year term, and of a new Assembly, an enlarged Council for National Securty (replacing the Special Committee et up last May) and a smaller pro-tem egislative body appointed by Chun will help him run the country, and how they perform will go a long way n establishing the shape and form, and in denoting the true intentions, of he new military regime.

ALTHOUGH politics rather than economics has taken command ince the assassination of Park, some irst-rate Korean economists and technocrats have been retained by Chun, nd he has consulted them regularly. The new Prime Minister, Nam Duck Woo, is an economics expert and former Planning Minister who is highly hought of both here and abroad, and Chun has appointed some equally ualified and respected technocrats and cademicians, including several with degrees from American universities, to op posts in the Cabinet and the Blue House to deal with the country's seious economic downturn. Unemployment, officially at 4.4 per cent, with ight hundred thousand out of work, s actually a good deal higher, according to American estimates, and since many workers are on the job only a ew days a week, or are assigned to half shifts, the number of underemployed is another negative factor, only partially compensated for by the fact hat many families have two or three wage earners. And more workers may



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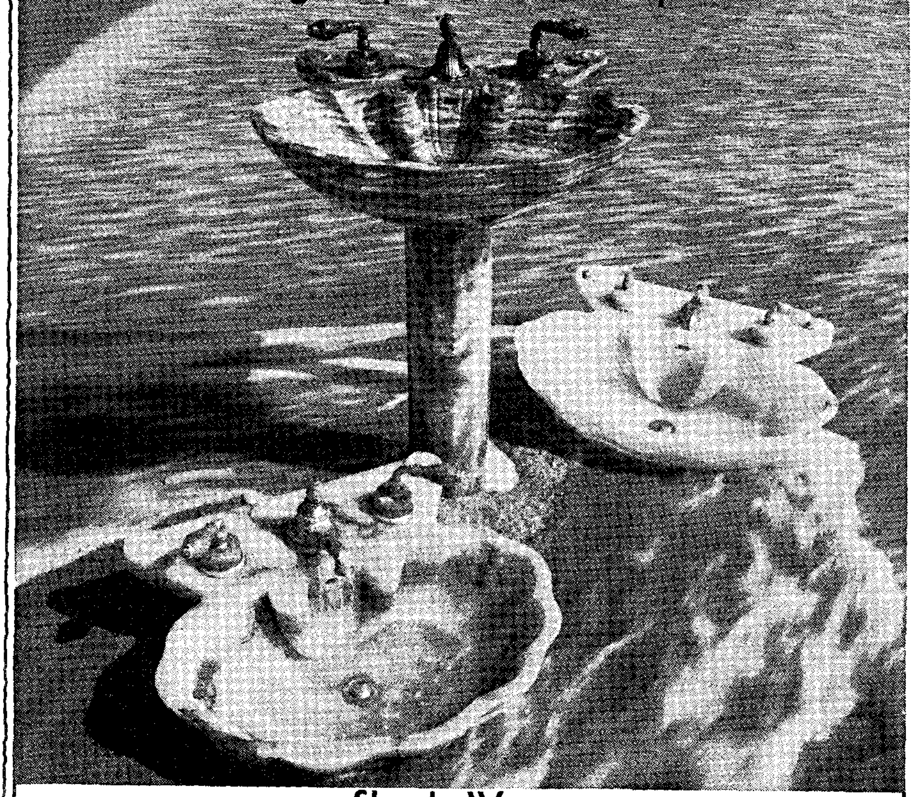

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soon lose their jobs, because inventories are up forty-four per cent. Although wage increases averaged between fifteen and twenty-three per cent in the last year, they did not keep up with the rate of inflation, which is twenty-seven per cent. As a result of overinvestment and cutthroat competition in heavy industry, plans were announced in August for reorganizing and consolidating the power-plant-equipment and auto industries, and late in September the government ordered all large Korean companies to be restructured, in the interest of better management. While this was a rational move, it could add to employment problems, and the renewed emphasis on light industries may not be able to make up for it. Moreover, the rise in wages over the past few years has resulted in South Korea's losing its competitive advantage over Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Thailand in light industrial products, and it may not be easy to catch up with these booming economies. The fifth Five Year Plan, scheduled to start in 1982, which was drawn up before Chun took office, stresses social welfare as well as economic growth, and is in keeping with Chun's stated aim of making South Korea a democratic welfare state; but its goals may be hard to reach, in view of the world recession and soaring energy costs, which have hit Korea especially hard. An average annual growth rate of eight per cent is projected, almost matching the average of ten per cent from 1965 to 1975, and per-capita income, now sixteen hundred dollars a year, is supposed to go up to forty-two hundred a year by 1986. But for the first half of this calendar year, according to government figures, the rate of growth was minus two per cent, and the Bank of Korea has just issued a report saying it was actually minus four per cent. An expected improvement by the end of the year may raise the final 1980 figures to zero growth, but bad summer weather, which has hurt the rice crop, will not help matters. Exports of all products are holding their own, at an anticipated seventeen billion dollars this year, but Korea's oil imports will increase from six to eight billion dollars in the coming year, necessitating further heavy borrowing abroad, which cuts into profit margins. (Gasoline, incidentally, costs more than four dollars a gallon here.) An eventual total of sixteen nuclear plants, plus the use of more coal, will cut dependence on oil from sixty-one

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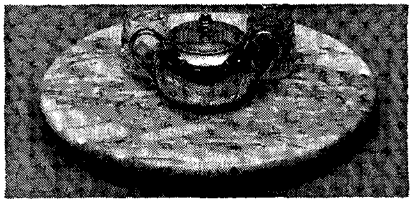

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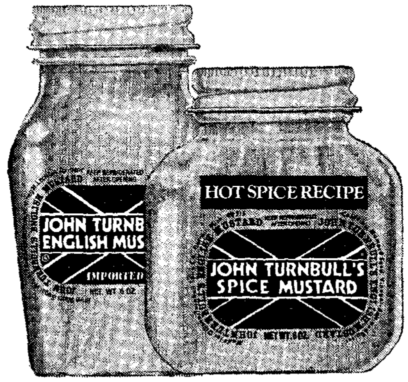

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o thirty-eight per cent by 1991, if all oes well.

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The countryside, with which Park closely identified himself, remains e heartland of Korea, though the rban population now makes up more an a third of the total population of irty-eight million—Seoul alone has ore than eight million people—but, spite the prevalence of television sets here are six million in the country, d antennas cover rural roofs like custs), the people in the villages are ot particularly involved in national litics. The assassination of Park, ho had been around so long, shocked em as it shocked everyone, and they ere upset at losing a father figure. he quick rise of Chun, about whom ey knew virtually nothing, was as uch a surprise to the countryfolk as was to the people in the cities, but ey paid less attention to it. I asked e sixty-year-old man weeding his rden in a medium-sized village what thought of the new leader, and he plied, "It's hard for us to figure out is military revolution. Our main

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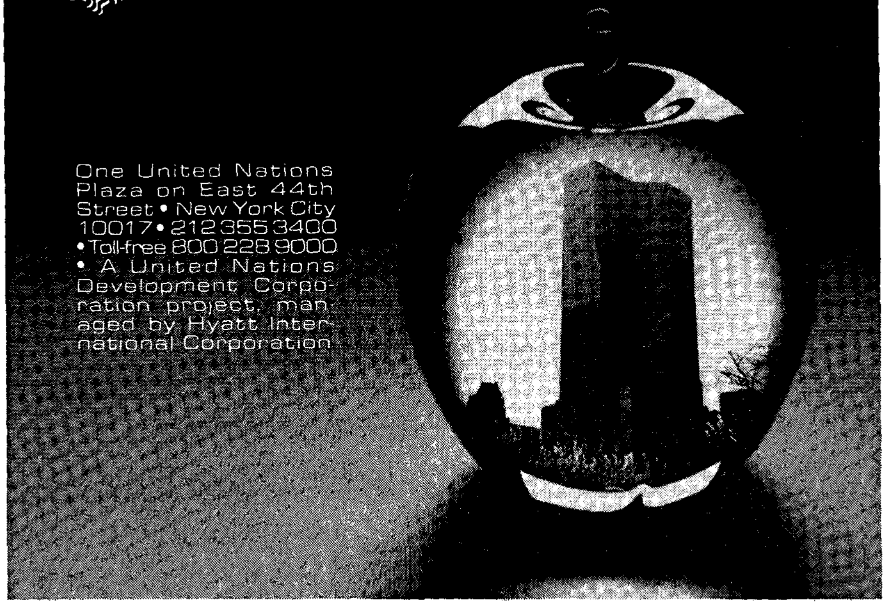

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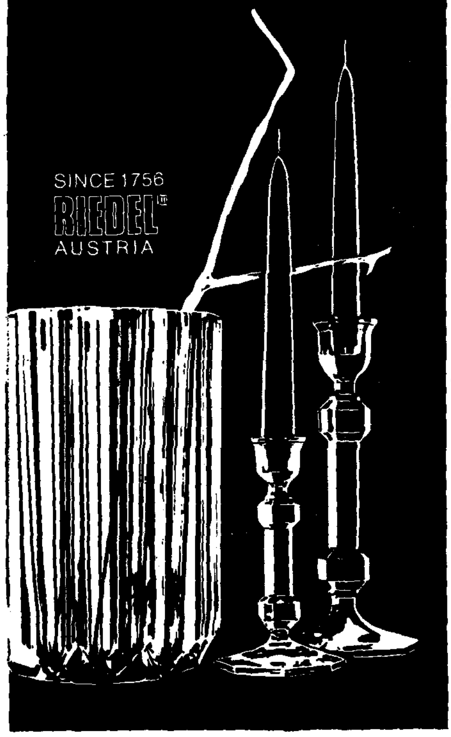

concern is to have a full stomach." The response was typical. Even in the Saemaul ("New Life") villages that were Park's biggest pride, and where there is a greater degree of sophistication, the revolution in the wake of his death was not something that people identified with. "We watched General Chun on TV at four or five prayer meetings," one man in a Saemaul village said, "and we were impressed by what he said about purification and the need for reform, and we liked the way he handled the investigation of the assassination, but we don't know much about him." A man in another village approved of the fact that Chun had "arrested gangsters and hoodlums," but he quickly added, "People here worry about talking too much, or being investigated. We try to stay out of trouble."

IT is too soon to tell yet how costly slips of the tongue will prove to be under the Chun regime, or how tough the new government will be in other respects, but, despite the promises to abide by the timetable for establishing Korean-style democracy—which no one so far has been able to define—there are some ominous signs that more than counterbalance the hopeful ones. Chun's fundamentalist manner and style, his almost Khomeini-like ardor and determination to rid the society of evils—he is said to be taking evangelical instruction from a Baptist preacher named Kim Chang (Billy) Hwan—are somewhat scary, over and above his passion for law and order. No one really knows just how far the purification program will extend—at the moment, it is being left up to the various ministries to follow through on what the Special Committee for National Security Measures began—but it could become a permanent feature, if not the raison d'être, of the new government. The universities, and what happens to their faculties and student bodies, could be the touchstone. An American academic who has lived here for many years was more despairing than I had ever heard him before. "The tunnel has caved in," he said. "In Park's day, we were told to discipline ourselves. We'd get an order from a minister to fire fifteen faculty members, and we'd compromise on five. Now we're given a list of who's in jail, and that's it. So this is much tougher. Quite obviously, these guys will chop off the head of anyone who ever expresses open differences about what he's told to do. With all his

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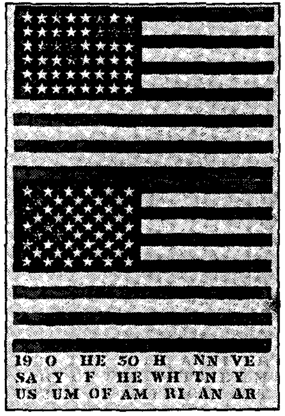
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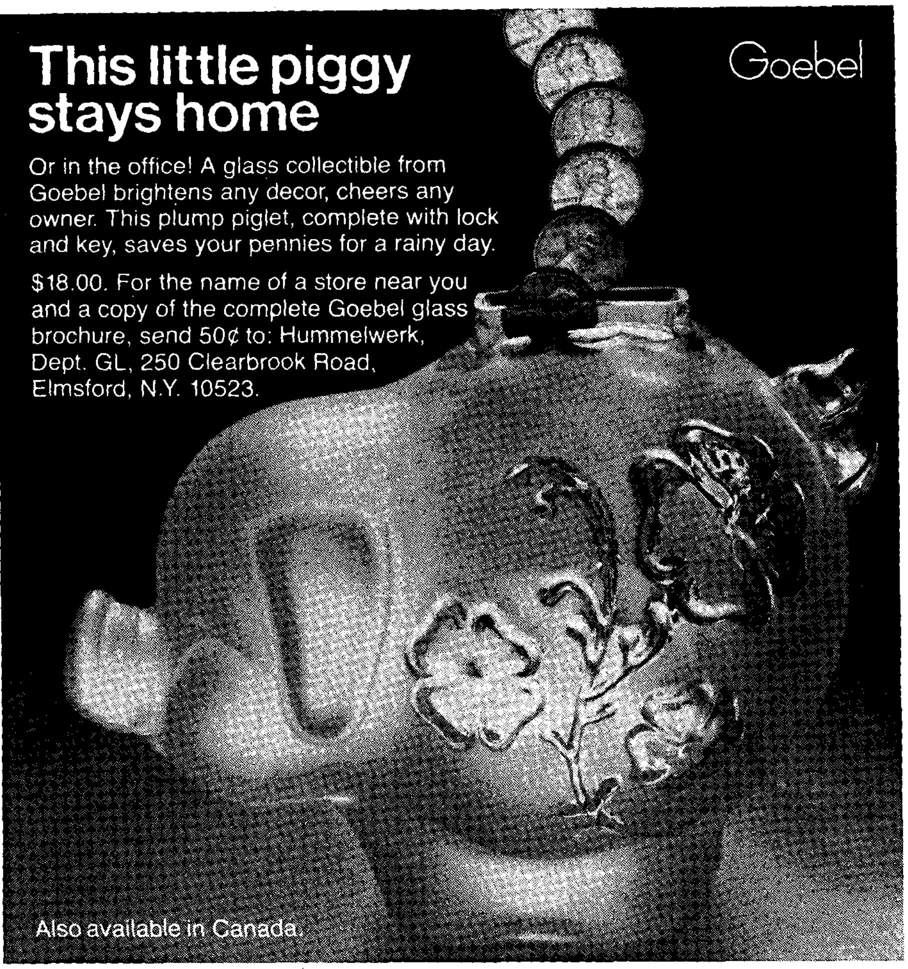
ilts, Park was a realist; what's
ghtening is when people who are
ilots pretend to be technocrats.
iis new crowd thinks in terms of
igban, the old sentimental word for
nobility. You became a member
either the military or the literati,
l together they set the standards
conduct and morality. Purification
; become part of all that. I don't
iember that Park did things quite
same way, and I wonder just
at kind of intelligence, what real
ormation about the country, the
itary are getting. Do they really
ow what waves they're creating,
v much hatred the paratroopers
sed in Kwangju? The government
osing the confidence of the people,
l the country's ultimate security
ends on that. As a result, more and
re people I know are talking about
fication at any price. They're not
-North Korean, but they say that
at we have isn't worth being divid-
for."

Like other educators, this man is
rried about the effects of one of the
ernment's major measures so far—
cation reforms, which were an-
inced early in August by the Special
nmittee, before Chun became Presi-
t. All college entrance examina-
is, which had customarily been
ceded among students by costly and
ntic tutoring, were abolished;
lents were to be chosen by a quota
em for universities on the basis of
r high-school records and a govern-
it test at the high-school level. All
ate tutoring except in special cases,
when done by parents or siblings,
been banned, both at the college-
ance level and before, and viola-
will be severely punished—fathers
se sons and daughters evade the
are likely to lose their jobs—and
ernment inspection teams have
i assigned to enforce the order by
ing illegal tutoring establishments
making spot checks in private
ies. Many poor and middle-income
ilies, as well as rich ones, have
it large amounts of money for tu-
ng, and its abolition was not un-
come, but the garrison-state meth-
of control and enforcement are
ther example of the rigid au-
ritarianism of the military re-
e and its punitive methods. One
ilt of the reforms will be to increase
number of freshmen entering col-
s and universities each year, but
it a third of them will be weeded
before they graduate and will be
ouraged to find jobs, which won't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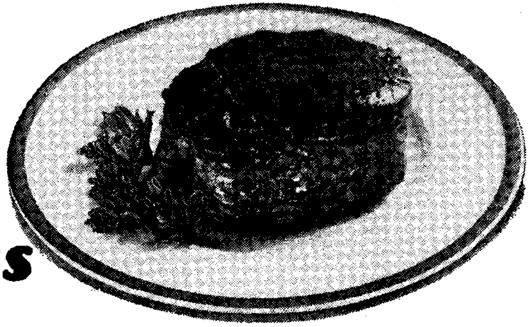

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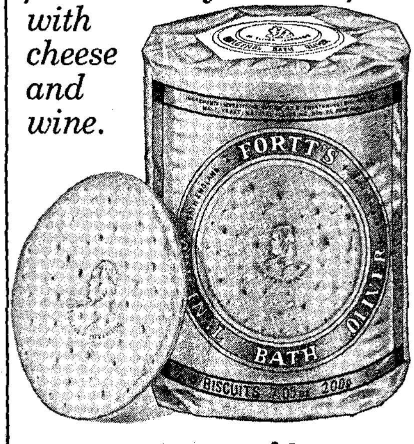

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be easy, or to attend vocational schools. These ostensibly egalitarian reforms—in particular, the establishment of quotas for college admissions—will, according to most educators I spoke with, reduce the level of university study to the lowest common denominator and diminish rather than enhance the quality of teaching. The academic traditions of the best colleges and universities, built up over many years, will also be debased. Although some education reform was necessary, the feeling is that, as with so many other things, the new plan was introduced too hastily and without sufficient thought. Even the new Minister of Education, Rhee Kyu Ho, a former philosophy professor, admitted that "it's impossible to achieve goals through sudden measures," and that "purification has expedited the implementation of the reforms."

Purification remains the leitmotif of the new regime. That and the need for security and stability are the impetus for everything that has been done so far. Huge rallies attended by hundreds of thousands of banner-waving crowds were held around the nation to kick off the program of eradicating "social evils." Since then, purification has slowly seeped into every phase of Korean life—that and "reëducation." Business and government leaders are again being forced to seek "spiritual renewal" by spending several days in the Saemaul villages, as they did when Park started that program. As a result of purification, the press has never been more shackled and controlled; those newspapers that don't satisfactorily cleanse their own rosters are having it done by the Ministry of Culture and Information (at least four hundred reporters and editors, some of them admittedly corrupt but others guilty only of zealous reporting of facts, have been dismissed). The Ministry has also banned a hundred and seventy-two magazines deemed unworthy of publication, including a number of the best-known literary and political ones, which dared to criticize the regime for the way it handled such crises as Kwangju. Publishing houses have been purged, and many that put out only a few books a year have been shut down—especially those whose books have dealt with "immoral" themes. Television stations have been told to limit their comedy programs to one a week, and daily soap operas that emphasize "class differences" or "immorality" have been banned, along with animated cartoons for children.

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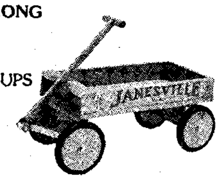

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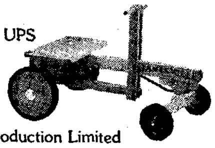

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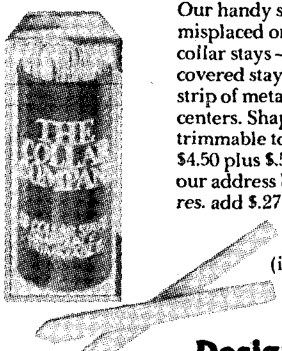

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ie Christian churches, for many
rs among the most outspoken oppo-
its of the Park regime, have lost
st of their influence. The net result
all these suppressive and intrusive
ions has been the creation of an
lerlying sense of fear and uncer-
ity that is probably more pervasive
n it was during all but the worst
's of Park Chung Hee. A hundred
l seventy-five people, mostly stu-
its, were indicted early in September
sedition and incitement to insur-
tion during the Kwangju uprising;
October, five of them, including
) students, were sentenced to death
r short trials, while the majority of
others, including several Protestant
gymen and two Catholic priests,
eived jail sentences ranging up to
. At least another two hundred stu-
ts and older dissidents are still in
s in Seoul and other cities as a re-
of the May riots, and several
idred have gone underground and
ippeared. It may be, as some say,
t once the paroxysm of purification
ver and the regime settles down to
lementing some of the more ratio-
aspects of the new Five Year Plan,
martial law completely, and al-
s the formation of new political
ies, life in Korea will become more
mal, and the promised democratic
ivenation will take place. One
es so, but if the new forms of re-
sion—some subtle, some not so
le—continue, if no safety valves
criticism are established, and if the
iomic and political promises of
sident Chun are not kept, another
olutionary upheaval, more serious
i the one in May, could easily oc-
If it does, the results will be far
e extensive and destructive.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

◆

ine for the Day, courtesy of Eunice
ik, is attributed to Bob Denk, Pres-
t of Harvard University: "If you think
ation is expensive—try ignorance."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

ctually, Derek Bok, Bob Denk,
Bo Derek were having lunch
n that remark was made, and it's
clear who should get the credit or
paid for the lunch.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

IN Miss Bergdorf, at Bergdorf Goodman, we detected early signs that some women will be waltzing and rustling their way through Christmas like characters from Louisa May Alcott: evening skirts in taffeta plaids, with deep flounces at the ankle and bowed sashes in solid colors. The plaids are basically green or red, of no recognizable clan, and the price is $60. Among a choice of very feminine tops that might accompany the skirts—or contrast well with a pair of severe black evening pants, come to that—is a little double-breasted jacket in frosty-white taffeta. There are tiny covered buttons, and a pie frill of crimped-taffeta ruching stands tall round the nape, runs round the V-shaped neckline, and trims the elbow-length sleeves and the peplum; $106. Another top, this in pearl-gray silk organza, plays flirtatiously with the notion of the manly evening shirt. There are broad tucks down the front, and a wing collar is complete with organza bow tie. The fabric, which seems to be making a comeback this season, is crisp enough to suggest stuffed shirts but gauzy enough to necessitate, in modesty's name, the opaque gray silk camisole that comes with the blouse; $245. The designer Joan Vass, for her part, would encourage women to move through their evenings like airy sprites wrapped round with hot-pink thistledown. Hand-knit sweaters of waftingly long-haired angora are $360; knee-length dirndl skirts of almost weightless silk taffeta in either hot pink or black, to wear with them, are $260.

Hand-knit sweaters continue much in evidence this year, and the loving-hands look is inevitably fetching even larger sums than it did last Christmas. Bergdorf has some costly beauties that are worth at least a peek. From England comes a hand-knit white angora crew-neck that is threaded through with many different lengths of pastel-colored lingerie ribbons tied with bows; $260. And from Italy there is an equally fragile-looking piece of craftswomanship—a cardigan of fine white wool with bands of moss-textured stitch that tie in bows at the waist and elbow-length sleeves, the bodice embroidered all over with little knots of pink rosebuds and fastened with buttons that are tiny crystal balls. The price is $480. In the lingerie department, *on the second floor*, there are pastel-colored bed jackets, hand-knit in lacy traceries, for $168, and full-length robes on the same lines but with a froth of crochet-lace tatting at cuffs and neck, for $325. Hand-knit bootees trimmed with embroidered yellow roses that have a friendly, lumpy look to them are $38.

Among the designers whose work is in evidence at Bergdorf, America's Perry Ellis distinguishes himself by his bold and playful style, with heathery colors and countrified textures. Here, for example, are rust tweed knickers with ballooning, melon-shaped legs ($176); gabardine culottes that run to old-boy stripes of maroon and dark green ($165); and a hand-knit sweater in charcoal wool with Donegal flecks of color and with a coachman's capelet shrugged across the shoulders ($325). The Paris-based designer Kenzo is represented by a number of styles, including a handsome shirt in a white cotton-and-wool that resembles Viyella. The silhouette is full-bloodedly Errol Flynn-swashbuckling, with gathers from a yoke in back and generous sleeves whose ease is assured by the addition of an underarm gusset. To keep the whole effect from getting out of hand, the pointed collar has gracious, almost prim-looking eyelet embroideries; $106. Also from Paris come wool-knit sweater-dresses by Claude Montana. These have padded shoulders and a hem that ends around the knee in a band slightly narrower than the tube of dress above it; they are made to be worn with leggings that have a strap under the instep. A gray turtleneck sweater-dress with geometric zigs and zags of scarlet and a scarlet pocket is $540; leggings in either red or gray are $95. And then there is the Italian designer Giorgio Armani, with his sharp, smart, strictly tailored style, reminiscent of Schiaparelli. Bergdorf has his trouser suit in black wool rep with a square-shouldered jacket fastening asymmetrically, as do most of Armani's jackets this year. The pants have straight legs gathered into cuffs at ankle height, with the slightest iro hint of harem style; $840.

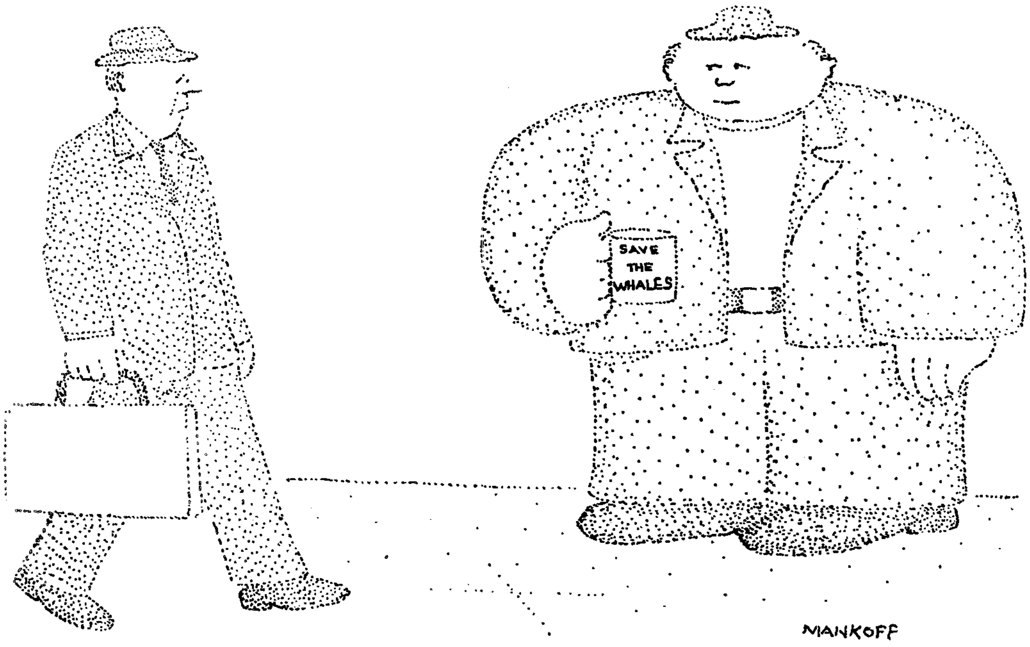
Bloomingdale's has been goi through an orgy of chinoiserie t fall. By Christmas, shoppers will longer mill around under blue s lanterns and banners declaring t store the "Temple of Perfect H mony," but they will still find ine pensive gifts from China—broca spectacle cases, that sort of thi Definitely from the decadent W though, come some attractive belts the Cul-de-Sac department. Like whole contemporary school of jewe and decoration for the person ("a wear," as it's often dubbed), these b suggest something preserved from ancient tomb or something out of wardrobe of an opera company. T are eclectic, handmade, twisted, s sagy ropes of rare cords, antique bea Lurex thread, and leather thongs, a they cost $95. Their designers a creators are a pair of young men w go by the Stendhalian-sounding pse onym of Lisandro Sarasola. In handbag department nearby, there wooden boxes shaped like isosce triangles, eight inches at the base seven at the sides. They are covered snakeskin of two different textures in a choice of lilac, rose, beige, bla or lacquer red. There is a shoul cord that may be tucked inside w it's not in use; $235. Renzo Zengia whose name is all his own, is Italian handbag designer responsi for a number of refined notio Among them is a pentagonal pou standing nine inches high, in the m delicate of leathers and in a choice the most fragile of pastels, includ pale mint green and peach. From top of the purse—which draws clo through magic rings of opalesc plastic—there peel five curious dreamlike leather petals; $280.

In the glove department, Hals lends his name to the grand theatr gesture of wool-lined gauntlets w leather palms and deep suède cuffs t turn back to reveal a fluff of dyed fur. In imperial purple, indigo, o most Shakespearean black; $76. Sh neat, and ladylike gloves in pur brown, or black metisse leather hav cuff of lacy scallops round the wr $39. In the sock department, there gleaming boxes of "gold bullic packed with Electric Sok knee-hi either red or gold Lurex; $6. Hot : has produced socks that the com- ıy claims have "the look and feel of hmere." For some doubtless psy- ılogical reason, the socks feel more vincing in crazy colors like Shock- pink or lilac than in more tra- onal cashmere-sock browns and bs; $3.50. In the hosiery section are ty panty hose of Bloomingdale's ı B-Line brand. They are in gold, er, or black sheer nylon, with eral different styles of rhinestone oration. One pretty version, in k, has glittery little baguettes run- g like a seam of dewy basting up back of the leg; $8.50. A counter en over to inexpensive simulated- rl jewelry has a five-row bib of seed rls dipping to a V shape at the oat, for $25, and a bracelet that is a ble row of pearls and gold-filled ds arranged in a pattern like a ecular model of DNA; $10. For ing up a graceful fight against the l of winter, there are in the hat artment some knit mohair hoods, tly autumn-leaf or heathery in hue, with a band of dyed fox fur to ne the face; $70. In the down-coat artment, on the third floor, there goose-down-filled styles, curved of ve, stitched in swirls, and colored erican Beauty; $260.

n Cachet, on the third floor of ri Bendel, there are more of those short sweater-dresses. A pearl- wool is trimmed with frisky gray k tails at the shoulders ($305); a nish white angora dress has a ed neck ($490) and matching te wool tights ($218). A more vart wool goes into a tunic leggings by the designer y Miyake. The tunic ($320) textured knit of pale gray or e and has a fringe at mini- th hem. In combination with orate herringbone-worked ings ($315), it produces the t of crusaders doing battle in stries or lying pointy-toed on bs. By way of contrast are tops rganza, once again employed itty tailoring instead of syr- ruffles. A waist-length jacket, a busboy's, has winging la- caught back with pearl but- ; in either white or pale pink, $70. In Savvy, on the fourth , one way of simplifying ionable life is summed up eat-looking patch-pocketed, fronted jumpsuits of pin- e cotton corduroy in a choice of scarlet or pale pink as well as brown, black, or gray; $88. A hip-length topper-jacket in claret-color artificial sealskin has big shoulders and four big Pierrot pom-pom buttons; $130. In the Walter Steiger shoe department (second floor), there are speakeasy party shoes with D'Orsay sides, a low heel for dancing, and an ankle-strap fastening with the kind of button you really need a hook for. In gold or fizzing-red Lurex fabric; $150. A flat tuxedo pump of black patent leather, from Shoe Biz (main floor), has a detachable grosgrain bow; $170. In the lingerie shop (third floor), there are kimono-style robes of white terry cloth strewn with embroidered nosegays of blue, yellow, and pink flowers ($100 for a long version; $78 for a short one) and natural-color cotton-knit Dr. Dentons hand-painted on the front and down one leg with a stem of bright-blue iris; $54.

Back on the main floor, we puttered through the different shops and turned up some temptations, including very soft pile-lined suède gloves in deep pastels—smoky blue, bluish gray, or raspberry sherbet; $23. Hand-knit gloves in purple, gray, or beige wool have more than their share of cuff, stretching in motorist's-gauntlet style almost to the elbow, in a curly-lamb knit, for a contrast in texture; $65. Hand-knit Shetland gloves in Argyle patterns of blue and gray or shades of beige have less than their share of fingers, sheathing hands only to the first knuckle; $18. Alexandre, the maître of coiffeurs in Paris, has shipped over to Bendel's Gilded Cage his very own line of hair accessories. These are of plastic in either an ebony or a tortoiseshell tone, embellished with twisted wrappings of gold-finished wire in an effect that reminded us of the ornamental wrapping round the chitons and chignons of the women of ancient Greece. The range includes a big, wide-toothed tailcomb ($10); a regular comb ($12.50); a hairbrush with black nylon bristles ($16); a pair of long-handled toothbrushes, packed in a box ($14); and a pair of ornamental combs ($12). The jewelry designer Barry Kieselstein-Cord has been giving thought to the classics, too. His latest belt buckle in sterling silver, called The Wing, looks fit to trim the feet of Mercury. With a narrow lizard strap in any color of the rainbow, it is $355. In the hosiery corner, there are wool-mixture tights from England in dusty-pink lace-and-shell pattern or in heather-color lace-and-cable; $30. And in the Paper Shop there is a charming collection of binders for agendas and albums, in hand-tooled and hand-colored leather. A five-by-seven-inch agenda telephone book is $38; a six-by-eight-and-a-half-inch size is $50; and a photograph album is $68. Designs are very vague hints of Navajo or Aztec shapes, and colors run to glowing apricots and pinks and mauves, like desert dawns and sunsets.

AT the glove counter at Saks Fifth Avenue, a fine selection of silk-lined kid gloves in all lengths includes one-button Italian metisse-leather styles dyed to unusually rich Scottish-



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landscape colors of stone, purples, and lichenlike gray-greens; $56. Considerably less formal are half-fingered gloves in wool knit, with mitten ends to cap them and to push off when it's time to fumble round for bus fare. The gloves come dangling from a length of cord to go round the neck, and they're of a bird's-eye pattern of lilac and white, teal and camel, beige and white, or purple and raspberry; $11. Adrienne Vittadini's hand-knit Italian wool hats and mufflers are far from run-of-the-mill. Color combinations—magenta, purple, and aquamarine, for instance—are mildly eccentric, as is the textural detailing, with bits of chenille, gold thread, cable stitching, angora, and sometimes a woollen ruffle running across the top of the head. Helmets and caps are from $26 to $54; the mufflers are $26 to $48. Among the belts, there are more of those elaborately writhing, knotted sausage things, the ones here by the firm called It's from Heaven. Gold, black, and turquoise macramé versions are $85; an assemblage of magenta Lurex, garnet dressing-gown cord, and a bow of violet satin is $75. These schemes are for evening; for day there are simple sausages in leather or in suède trimmed with snakeskin. These belts, like narrow knotted-end kielbasas that the wearer ties loosely round the waist, are in dark green, burgundy, taupe, black, or brown; $50.

The umbrella shop has handy water-repellent nylon ciré ponchos that fold up into neat pouches and come in a broad palette of colors, including canary, yellow, emerald, raspberry, scarlet, or blue; $29. A matching umbrella with wooden handle and spoke tips is $17. The handbag section provides abundant evidence of the current vogue for reptile skin. In a collection of carefully detailed styles by the designer Judith Leiber is a clutch of blush-beige Karung snakeskin. A fan of pin tucks from the frame leads out in a sunburst of pleating, and the opening is trimmed with a bar of what looks like ivory; $440. Morris Moskowitz, another American maker of luxurious handbags, has come up with a collection in basketweave leather. A handsome oversized clutch, almost as big as a portfolio, has a tasselled zipper and is colored rich tan; it is $300. In the small-leather-goods department are handbag accessories of burgundy-color Italian lizard. A fo inch French purse is $65, as is a fo inch billfold; an eight-inch-long called "Continental purse" is $80.

Up on the fourth floor, in the l gerie area, are slip-top bias-cut gov in dove gray or coffee silk ($120), a short, kimono-style robes in pink-ar gray or pink-and-taupe silk jacqu to wear with the gowns ($180). Th are made by Sami, as are some silk pants with petal-cut legs ($42) a some silk bias-cut camisoles ($5 The color choice is lavender, gold, ivory.

THE chic new Macy's has a c new lingerie floor (the secon with styles by all the best manuf turers. Christian Dior is the weig name on dainty sets of camisole ($4 bikini panties ($16), and half-s ($50) in a white-on-white lily-of-t valley jacquard of silky polyest trimmed with pink rosebuds and wl lace. A second set is in satin wit hothouse-orchid print in shades pink, mauve, and pale green. Thi trimmed with pink lace and pink r bon; bikini panties are $16, the ca sole is $22, and the slip is $30. the night-attire corner—whose offi name is Gilded Dreams—there some delicious pajamas in that very pensive polyester satin which is an provement on most real silk. (Feder makes them, in a soft lilac co A wide band of creamy lace trims spaghetti-strapped camisole top; the pants, the lace fro about the anklebor $126. A matching flo length robe is $172. venchy gives his nam a simple, delicate gow magnolia polyester s that falls gracefully fi skinny, double shou straps. The bodice, edge of a slit conce to *one side of the sl* and the curved hem are trimmed with tea-lace; $49. A matching robe is $85 couple of steps from gilded dream is Small Pleasures territory, with sorts of soap (including Floris), b pillows, flowery-looking pieces of b doir china, and potpourri hold Scented paper for lining drawers is ported from England in rose, orc jasmine, or citrus fragrance. Six she printed with lace-curtain or flo patterns and rolled up in a box, $12 to $15. A set of two perfumed hangers by Mary Chess, of trapu

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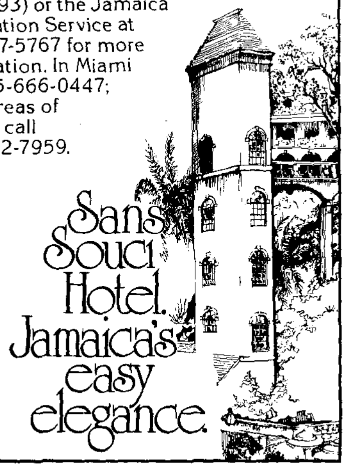
itched satin in a choice of pink, blue,
ivory, is $35. A range of travel
cessories in glazed chintz crisply
inted with creeping strawberries
ıd leaves includes a zippered toilet
t ($18), a *broderie-anglaise*-trimmed
ckroll pillow ($22), and a roll-up
ckage of zippered clear-plastic com-
rtments for stockings and such
39.50).

In the Designer Accessories show-
se on the third floor, there are some
ıusing evening belts and bangles de-
gned by Ken Begun. A three-
d-a-half-inch-wide cinch of
reen material sprayed with
ld metal fastens with a trian-
ılar clasp that has a gilded-tor-
ise patina; $90. Wide, cufflike
ngles of the same mesh are set
th huge, glittering fake dia-
onds, rubies, or emeralds; $36.
n the Junior floor (fourth), we
ınd all the latest fashion fads, from
ratrooper pants and cowboy fringe
Bermuda shorts and the "preppy
ok." To hold back the squeaky-
an hair that goes with that look,
ere are narrow plastic headbands
a choice of vibrant colors ($2)
covered in crochet-style ribbon
3). Oval plastic barrettes in Day-
o plastic—orange, magenta, sal-
on, and turquoise are some of the
ors—cost about $2.75, and plain
rrow bar barrettes about $2.50.
bby pins with a bright plastic rose at
end are $2 apiece. And executive
men have their own special counter
Macy's, just inside one of the en-
nces from Herald Square. Here are
ractable pencils and ballpoint pens—
y small, thin, and elegant—in
er- or gold-finish metal or in black
tortoise with bands of gold metal;
1. Barbara Bolan is the designer of
eather portfolio that has an unusual
klike texture and an unusual smoky-
ret color; $277.

Even female members of the board
y find the time to don a pretty apron
en they are at home. Lord &
ylor's ninth floor has some whole-
rtedly unliberated long white cot-
aprons with embroidered bibs and
aps that cross in back. They have
ite-on-white embroideries and a
ket trimmed with crochet lace or
h colored Victorian-sampler cross-
ching; $36. In fact, we found
eral corners of Victoriana here.
h things as old-fashioned boudoir
lows, made up in antique laces and
mmed with ribbon (from $38 to $52
the ninth floor); an assortment of
tique cut-glass dressing-table bottles

with elaborately embossed silver stoppers (from $250 to $500, also on nine); and a collection of old lace collars (from $16 to $38 on the main floor). And on the third floor are the ingredients for more of those rustling "Little Women" evenings. Long moiré evening skirts—some flounced, some sashed—in aqua, coffee, or pink, cost from $120 to $200. To wear with them, there is a choice of high-necked, often lacy blouses of nineteenth-century inspiration. A back-buttoned shirtwaist of double-layered yet gauzy white organza has funnel-shaped ruffles at the wrists and the neck. Down the outside of the sleeves is chain-stitch embroidery of irises (or perhaps orchids) with the little petal-shaped "beard" of the flower detaching itself from the sleeve in a three-dimensional way; $120. To wear over the blouse, or with an evening camisole, there is a narrow spencer of black velvet whose front is trimmed with black braid curlicues and frogs; $140. The current rage for embroidered passementerie began with last season's show of Hapsburg costumes at the Metropolitan Museum. Those Austro-Hungarian neo-military braids and tasselled trims show up again on evening purses on the main floor. One black velvet pouch goes partying while dangling from a shoulder cord, and has a flap that closes in a dancing fall of black silk tassel; $75.

Turning our back on historical twirls and nostalgic twiddles for a time, we found a number of very simple styles that would fit into many different lives and come in lots of different colors. On the fifth floor, in the Country Clothes shop, there are cable-stitched cashmere crew-necked sweaters, whose great range of colors includes dusty pink, claret, bright cherry, emerald, purple, lilac, Shocking pink, and lemon, along with several more neutral tones; $190. In the same shop, unfussy belts of three-quarter-inch snakeskin in muted lilac, coffee, gray, or burgundy fasten with an inch-square patch of brass; $50. On the main floor, there is a good range of knee socks by Evan Picone. Cuffed styles of an angora blend come in slate blue, navy, pinkish mauve, tan, or snow white; $6.50. In the glove department, there are silk-lined leather gloves by Aris in the one-button length and in a choice of eight colors, among them canary, parrot green, and cardinal red; $36. In the hat depart-



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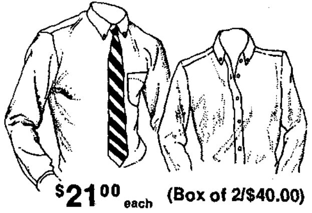

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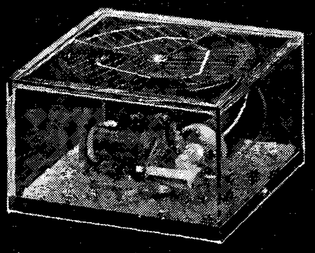

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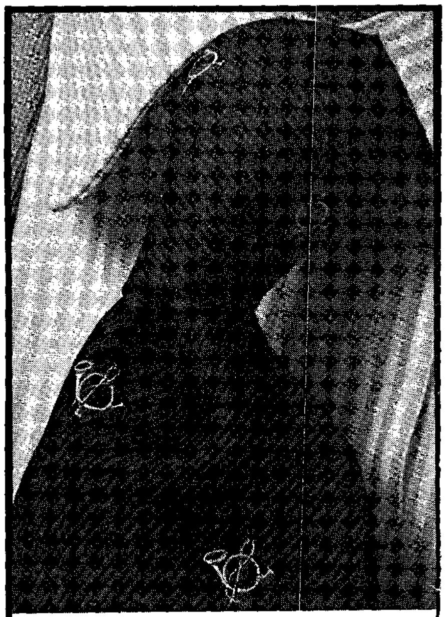
ment are sets of beret ($13), gloves ($13), and muffler ($16) in an angora blend and in a choice of sixteen colors. Here, too, are mohair berets by John Rocha, in a choice only of pinkish beige or blue-gray, each with off-white. There's something about the way the knitting runs in modulating rings of shaded color and shifting texture which reminds one of the underside of a fresh-picked mushroom; $32.

The Collectibles department on the main floor of B. Altman has often proved a sound source of gifts, and can produce—along with belts, gloves, silk flowers, lace collars, scarves, and other knickknacks and niceties—some small evening bags. One is a pouchy little thing hung from a shoulder strap and covered with either gold- or silver-finish bugle beading ($27); another is simply a small, flat envelope covered with gold, silver, bronze, red, or purple paillettes ($19). Suède printed with a bosky chrysanthemum pattern goes to make purses that are about the size of cosmetic bags. Indeed, they might serve as such or for keeping the basic contents of a woman's purse from rattling around inside her attaché. A rectangular clutch that closes with a leather-bound zipper is printed in rust and brown on tan suède and costs $42; a curved version with a plain zipper is in a tan pattern on green and costs $36. A group of small accessories covered in whip snake includes a business-card case measuring two inches by two and a half, with a lid diagonally striped in shades of brown, taupe, and olive; $20. Also in Collectibles is a canvas tote bag, measuring fifteen inches by sixteen, with shoulder-length leather straps; in red, plum, military-green, or black canvas, with tan leather straps; $47.

Elsewhere on the main floor, Altman's has a handkerchief counter with what is, for this Kleenex age, a most respectable selection of handkerchiefs—cotton and linen, white or colored, plain or lacily fancy. A white handkerchief of Irish linen is hand-embroidered in Madeira with a flower in one corner, which is scallop-hemmed; $7. White linen with a simpler flower embroidered in China in white is $4. At the hosiery counter, there are a number of decorative ideas in party panty hose. Christian Dior makes sheer sandal-foot hose in a fragile beige, trimmed at the heel with three rows of seed pearls in a cone shape; $10. Berkshire makes a sheer black style with a white Catherine-wheel pattern painted on the ankle, and one



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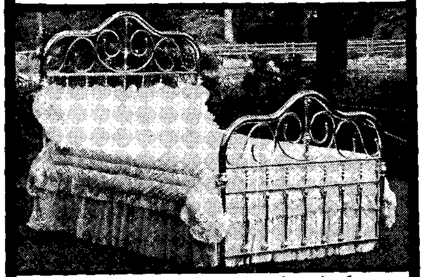

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pale beige painted with a small pink e, $10 for either. On the second or, traditional floor-length wool es by Pendleton—either navy with piping or red with navy piping—$110, and other classics, in wool ids of various clans, are $100. And man's (third floor) carries Pringle's hmere twin sets in a choice of ten ors; $295.

WITHIN a stone's throw of each other on Park Avenue, a couple established firms have moved into nking-new premises, each of which in its own style, a model of imagi- ive store design. To visit the new an Bennis-Warren Edwards shoe e, at 440 Park Avenue (56th), ich was designed by Mark Cohen, circle the inside of a giant mauve- ed snail shell. Around the walls s a curve of an enormously varied k of shoes for men and women, all ised by Miss Bennis and Mr. Ed- ds and made up by craftsmen in y. Here, too, is a small selection of dbags and luggage. Like the shoes, e articles tend to be respectful and y tributes to the classics. For ex- le, the designers start with a trio of es generally associated with rug- quotidian practicality—the buck- flap briefcase, the round-bottomed llebag-style shoulder bag, and the dstone. Then, by means of slight ts in proportion and refinements of erials and technique—hand-dyed, ost silken baby box calf, exquisitely mbled, and finished with handmade s fittings and pigskin linings— cause the styles to reëmerge to a and self-confident life. The brief- -handbag is in chestnut, chocolate, e, burgundy, cognac, or black, and s $275; the shoulder bag is in bur- dy, chestnut, cognac, black, or m, and costs $375; and the Glad- e is in these colors plus an interest- gray, and costs $1,100.

nd 480 Park Avenue (58th) is the address of T. Anthony, the lug- and leather-goods store. Much ts stock has always been full of m, and even glamour (after all, 't Marilyn Monroe have a special ched set of T. Anthony's own red -covered luggage?), but in the old lison Avenue shop it had come to a little pompous. Now the archi- Fred Noyes has designed a shop re the stock recovers its gaiety and es into its own again. The light- l space is carpeted in brilliant bil- l-table green, and suggests a clear- in the forest. Under a tree at the

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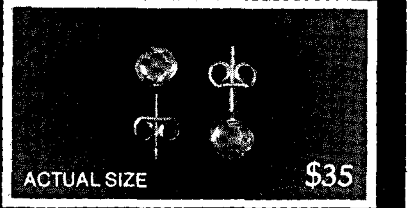

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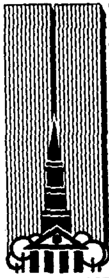

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door, a motley group of leather-animal hassocks—knee-high donkeys, pigs, and lions—crowd round as if curiosity had drawn them all there to greet the visiting shopper. Against white walls, walnut-colored leather glows, and stacks of luggage rise in brilliant pyramids of color. Our favorite schemes among the luggage are probably the red duck with black cowhide corners and handles, blue with wine, and black with tan. There are all kinds of Pullman cases, garment bags, zippered holdalls—even special cases for hats and shoes. A new addition to the range is the store's so-called "Concorde tote," eight inches by thirteen by eighteen, with a flapped pocket on the front and a zippered one on the back. There are double handles for carrying it in the hand, and a removable shoulder strap with a pad to stop the strap from cutting into the shoulder; in canvas in the same shades as the duck of the suitcases, it is $110. Among an assortment of briefcases and attachés is a "manila envelope" portfolio. It's an exact replica, in either brown or black cowhide, of the plain old paper thing, even to the circle-and-thong fastening on the flap; $39.50 for the ten-by-thirteen-inch size, and $55 for the ten-by-fifteen-inch size. A range of small purse accessories includes a manicure set ($135), a Continental purse ($95), a French purse ($65), and a key case ($35), all in soft box calf. The manicure set has nine precision Pfeilring Solingen tools; all four pieces come in black, navy, scarlet, green, or burgundy.

At Gazebo, 660 Madison Avenue (61st), in a collection of old and new quilts, wicker furniture, scatter pillows, and hand-loomed cotton rugs, we found some baseball-style jackets. Each is different from the next, all of them being made from salvaged patchwork quilts. The jackets have a knitted band of white rib at the collar, the cuffs, and the waist and a solid-color lining that harmonizes with the outside of the jacket; $235 for adult sizes and $95 to $125 for children's. The austere and luxurious designs of Jackie Rogers, 787 Madison Avenue (66th), strike her well-dressed customers as being exactly suited to our times. Many of her styles are in either black or white; some are in red or gray-green. Among them are beautiful and simple little jackets, including a buttonless cardigan of white, red, or black wool flannel with narrow tubular quilting and a silk lining; $650. An unlined, very fitted jacket in strict
feminine style (Miss Rogers o
worked for Chanel) has small lap
one handkerchief pocket, and t
pearl buttons; in black or white Sh
land wool, and $465. Meticulou
tailored black wool flannel goes i
the faille-trimmed jacket of a tux
suit; $525. With it, for restaura
going and the like, there may be w
a straight skirt with a hem that cu
to either side of a front split ($385),
lean black pants with satin stri
($325). The store also has a choice
blouses in white piqué or organdie.

Crabtree & Evelyn, of London,
opened a new store at 30 East 6
Street, and, as might be anticipated
is charmingly decorated—a museu
quality reproduction of an apothec
shop in Dickens' London, with a sm
paned shopwindow and a hand-pai
ed shop sign swinging over the d
Here is virtually the entire range
C. & E. products, from soaps, b
oils, and pomanders to jams, jellies,
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business success this firm has pro
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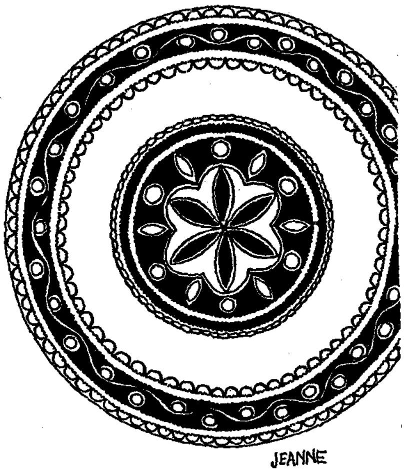
who treats himself to a nice pot of j
The presentation is so attractive
the products need no special wrapp
when they change hands as gifts.
then those products, cloaked in e
richer and more vintage quaint
also conjure up a cunning synthes
immediate and delicious sensati
The edibles look pretty, and the s
and bath products have the bonu
association with things to eat; ther
for instance, a Peach Kernel Oil
Gel and a new soap called C
Orange Pippin Apple. The store
help undecided customers collect a



ket of Crabtree & Evelyn products, anything from $16 to $100. A e of apple soap is $2.25.

Billy Martin—yes, *that* Billy Mar- , of baseball notoriety—has, in ad- on to everything else, lent his name a store that specializes in the urban- vboy look. Billy Martin Western ear, 812 Madison Avenue (68th), provide all the accoutrements for s style except the bluejeans. Boots ge in price from $125 for plain ol' her with fancy stitching to $240 to 50 for lizard, ostrich, snake, ele- nt, or eel. Matching belts with kles of silver, silver and gold, brass, nze, or turquoise range from $25 $1,000. Stetson hats begin at $60 go on up in price, depending on quality of beaver and fanciness hatband. Hand-stitched, elaborately ged deerskin jackets are $850. newhat squawlike in tone are choker klaces ($15) and drop earrings m $15 to $30) made of feathers. the looking-glass world of fashion, e entrepreneur or other rediscovers frontier every season or so, and e treaties have been signed be- en Sun Belt, Texas chic, and the s in Saint-Tropez and Paris pad- g along in moccasins and fringe.)

he Farmer's Daughter, 960 Lex- on Avenue (70th), is a pleasant, t-filled neighborhood clothes shop makes a real effort to help cus- ers put together attractive outfits at onable prices. (After all, it is by iding courteous service and advice the smaller stores can hold their against department stores, which e wider choices but more confusion ffer.) For the Christmas season, store might suggest a jumpsuit in er black or brick tissue faille. This ong-sleeved, front-buttoned, and ic-waisted, and it has a matching merbund; $114. A very simple k silk dress (it also comes in plum urple) has a V neck, cap sleeves, red topstitching around the neck waist and along the side seams; 0.

arrington, the new decoration and ishings store, at 854 Madison Av- (70th), has some luscious lap s of hand-dyed and hand-loomed air. Each differs from all the rs, and the color harmonies are mparable. A combination of rasp- y, beige, blue, and cream and one an, blue-gray, cherry, and white gest the choices; $600. La Pro- e de Pierre Deux has opened an wn store, bringing its Souleiado ics and the styles made up in them

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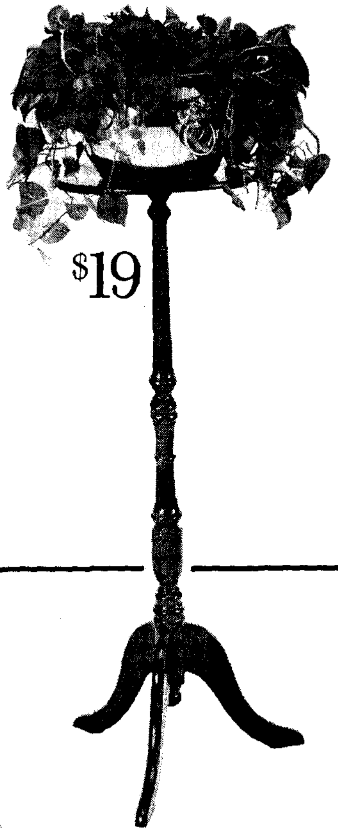

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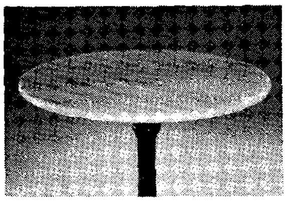

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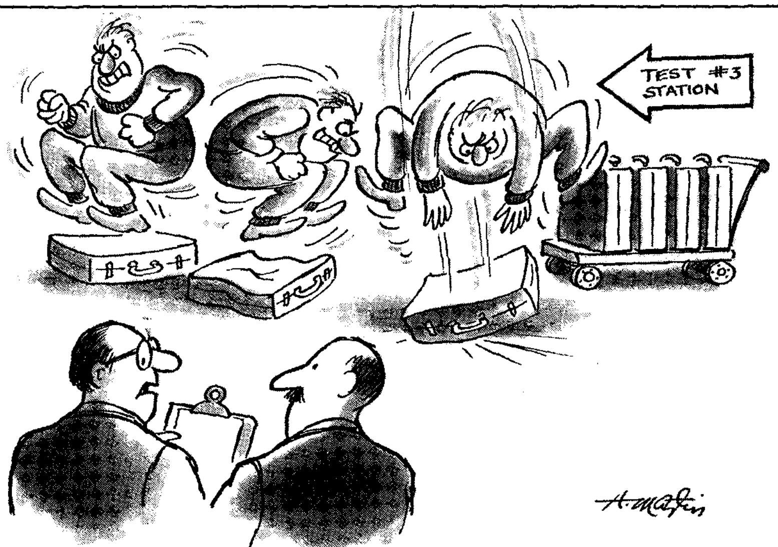

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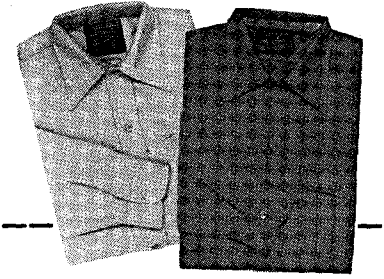

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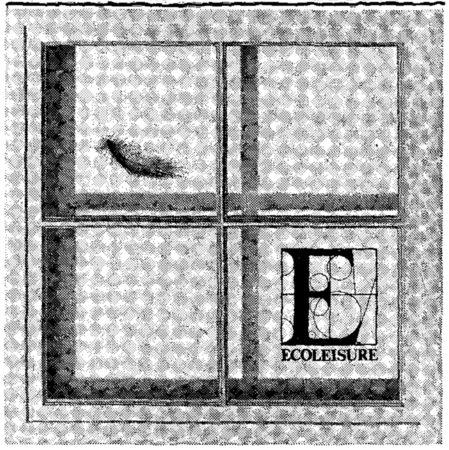

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to a most handsome new store, at 870 Madison Avenue (71st). On the ground floor, accessories and other small objects, including quilted round handbags and tote bags, are found in a setting of antique armoires and eighteenth-century-tile flooring from an old Provençal farmhouse. The second floor offers the visitor—along with a view of St. James' Church, across the street—fabric by the yard and children's clothes as well as styles for women. The women's clothes include, for that carefree-prosperous-peasant look, two-piece outfits in wool challis. Knee-length tunic dresses with pushup sleeves have braiding round the neck and sleeves, and are worn with a longer petticoat skirt underneath. The tunic comes in violet with a dotted flower print in lighter violet and green. The same color theme is followed in the skirt, but the print is more of a border design. An alternative scheme is a black background with red and gold flowers; $450 for either. Full-length bathrobes in quilted Provençal cottons are $210, and short jackets of quilted cotton with ties at the chest and the throat are $185.

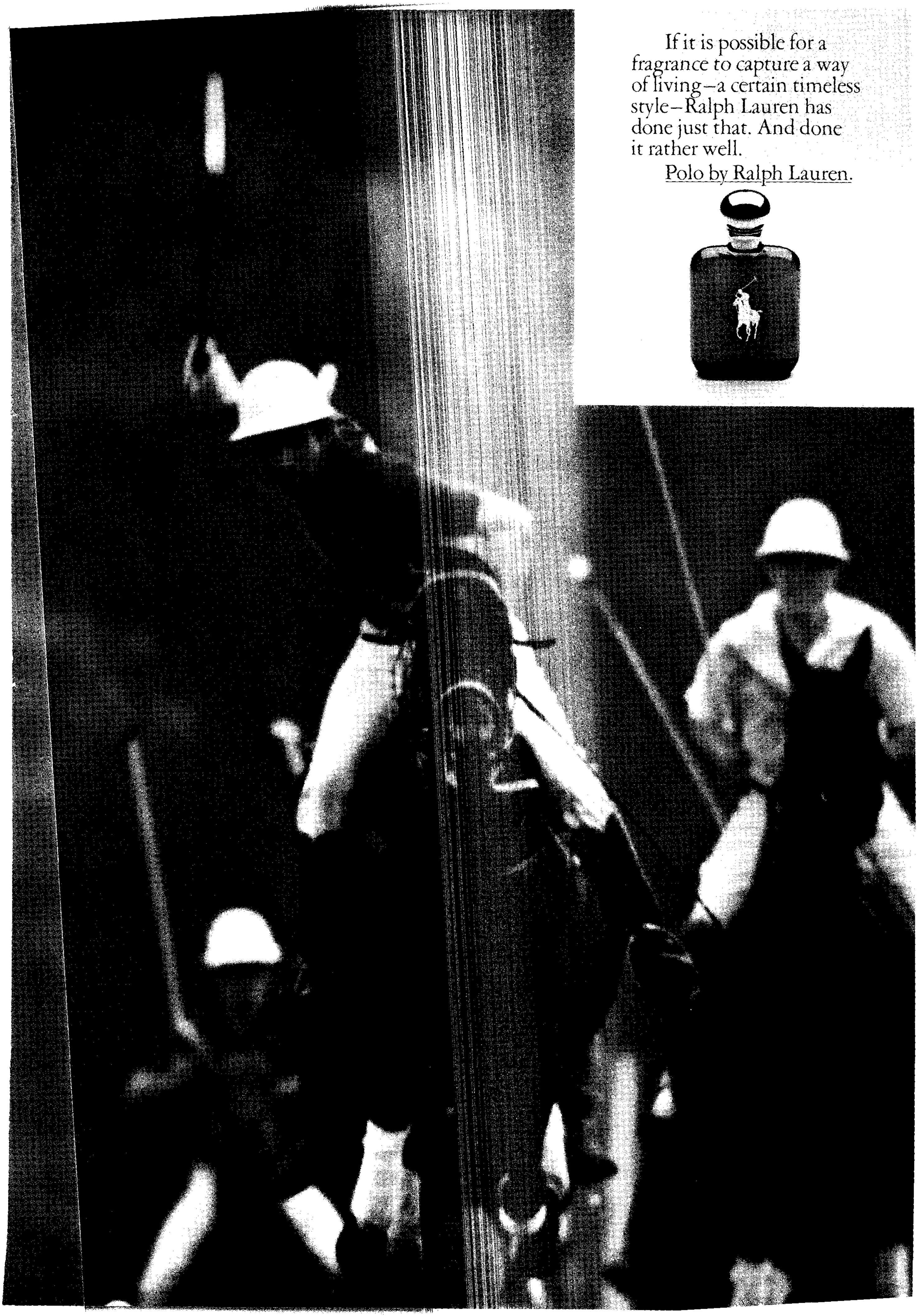
Wifemistress, 1042 Lexington Avenue (74th), has some charming nightgowns in white cotton flannel which would have been at home in Grandmother's trousseau. A camisole-topped style with a pink ribbon drawstring neckline and a handful of tucks on the chest is $38, and a flannel bed jacket with ruffles at the standup collar, the cuffs, and the hem is $28. A long-sleeved, lace-trimmed, tuck-fronted gown in white flannel printed with tiny lavender rosebuds is $56, and a matching long wrap robe is $40. Ballet slippers hand-painted with zebra stripes, leopard spots, or hearts have plastic soles (so that the wearers may sally forth onto sidewalks if they will) and are $60 and $70 (with sequins). Heavy woollen panty hose come in two of Martyn Fisher's openwork patterns—their names, Glenshee and Gleneagle, make them sound like malt whiskeys—in a choice of camel, dusty mauve, cobalt, bone, or mushroom; $30.

Pinola, 994 Madison Avenue (77th), is a closet-size shop carrying clothes for sizes 4 to 12, and it is particularly useful for those in search of small-size silk blouses or dresses. There is a nice choice of silk dresses, neat of shape and of print, for between $110 and $250. And among a collection of
pretty silk blouses is a pink jacq
with ruffling at the high collar, y
and wrists ($98); a white blouse
a Peter Pan collar and a pin-tu
front ($88); and an Edwardian s
also white, with a standup ruffled
lar, back buttoning, and inserts of
in the shoulder yoke ($90). Man-
lored silk shirts in mauve-and-blu
blue-white-and-red stripes are $10

At Model Tee, 1146 Lexin
Avenue (79th), T-shirts, nightsh
blouses, and underwear in both ad
and children's sizes become can
for fanciful and original
tik designs. These inc
butterflies and swans, w
confine themselves me
to the chest of the gar
they adorn, and alliga
dinosaurs, and drag
which creep boldly over
shoulders. Colors are dynamic, too
blue, red, orange, lavender, yellow
green, and pink are some of
choices. Short-sleeved T-shirts in
sizes are $15, long-sleeved are
Short-sleeved long nightshirts
$34 and long-sleeved ones are
union suits (adult sizes only) are

Sportsworks, 1046 Madison Av
(80th), can be counted on for frie
service and can also come up
some good-looking hand knits
sweater-jacket hand-knit in Ver
in very heavy wool and on a r
needle, the way a sock is knit, com
a choice of two ombré color schem
a springlike lavender, plum, cela
taupe, and rust, or a darker and
autumnal burgundy, olive, ta
beige, and navy. It's $400. A tu
neck sweater, also hand-knit of h
wool, has a pattern of tweedy sq
of orange, lavender, taupe, and a
gine; $150. Over this goes a kn
version—in the same colors—o
down vest; $225. La Différence,
Madison Avenue (88th), is a
shop that specializes in European
American sportswear. Here are
sically shaped corduroy jeans
France in a choice of fourteen c
($40). Lamb's-wool sweaters
crew, turtle, or V neck (all $30
cowl neck ($33), come in a choi
ten colors. A small, neat, classi
tailored jacket in very soft black
flannel ($255) looks good with
flannel pants, which are $110.
there is a jacket of wool in small
and-gray checks which has h
puffed shoulders and fastens, cos
style, with buttons over the sho
and down one side of the front; $

Pizazz is a new shop that has op



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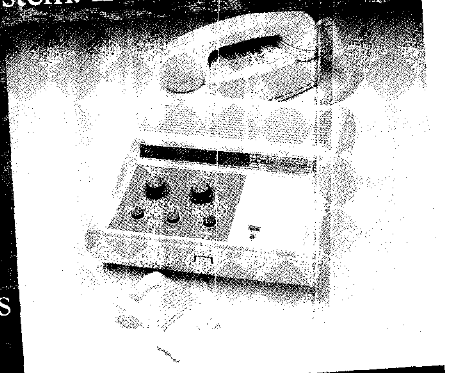

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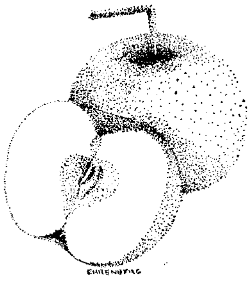
o branches this year—one at 1266 adison Avenue (90th) and the other 817 Lexington Avenue (62nd). ther is a treasure trove of stocking ffers at prices that start at fifty ts. Ankle- or knee-high brushed- ton socks with stripes or Argyle or awberry patterns are $3.45. For lding up a pair of jeans, bright- ored elastic belts are $14 and rain- w-striped suspenders are $6.50. Bow s in solid colors or foulard prints $8. Also in stock here are fabric- ered boxes, address books, recipe s, baskets (empty or filled with pot- rri), plastic barrettes and hairpins, danna-print cotton scarves, mittens l gloves, colorful stationery sold by ight, sheets of decorative stickers, kie cutters, baby-pillow cases, and ning purses.

St. John Ltd., on the second floor of 33 Madison Avenue (91st), makes attractive clothes to its own design l passes them on at attractive prices. stomers may even request modest erations in the prototype—a change the neckline or the sleeve length, example. An evening suit of silk on has Roman stripes (the widest ee-quarters of an inch) in purple, , black, and yellow. The jacket, ich fastens slightly to one side and a ruffled standup collar and cuffs a gently Gibson-girlish tone, is 29. A matching skirt with a mod- ely gathered waist is $78. The e suit may be obtained in black le for the same prices. A two-piece ss in jacquard polyes- crêpe de Chine has Victorian ruffled neck cuffs and the same of skirt; in raspberry, l blue, scarlet, or bur- dy, the top is $66 the skirt $64.

hose who are sure that t they seek is an un- l hand-knit sweater ld scarcely fare better than at a new e shop named James D. Mittens, 3 Madison Avenue (91st). Much he knitwear is imported from En- d, as are the antique ingredients— chests, quilts, long-case clocks, all hem for sale—of the country-house r. Prices of the sweaters start at and range up to $300. Unusually and pretty color schemes are found group of raglan-sleeve styles made vool dyed by hand with vegetable s. The store calls them the Water- r sweaters, because of the subtle lations in the dyes; $230. A trim e short-sleeved sweater in gray, lavender, rose, or celadon has pearl buttons on one shoulder of a yoke of openwork scallop stitch; $150. For evening, there are any number of airy-looking styles, including a symphony in grayish-plum mohair and silk. An antique button closes the neckline when this is not falling open in a soft sort of V. Instead of seams at the shoulders, there are epaulette-like patches of smocking; $290. Hand-knit helmets are $32; leg warmers with underfoot straps are $27; and James D. Mittens' hand-cabled mittens are $24.



THE West Side looks more gentrified all the time, and that some of its new prosperity arrives home in the briefcases of young professional women is indicated by the opening this year of Streets & Company, 2030 Broadway (69th). The emphasis here is on the woman in the business world and how to dress her firmly like a lady and for success. The store provides distinctive services for such women. Hours are from eleven to eight on weekdays, from ten to six on Saturdays. There are tailors on the premises for any necessary alterations. Delivery to the home or the office is available and so is advice about building or adding to a working wardrobe. On hand are tailored skirts and jackets, the blouses to add a softening touch, raincoats, handbags, attaché cases—everything, in short, that the working woman might need in the way of clothing and accessories. There is a very large selection of female business suits, among them a discreet takeoff of the pin-striped suit, the irony residing in the fact that the jacket is in navy pin-striped flannel while the skirt is in solid, unstriped navy; also available in gray or fawn stripes or all in gray flannel, it's $285. The store has a sound stock of the silk blouses that women like to wear under suit jackets. A tiny graph-paper check—royal blue on black, or black on camel—goes into a shirt with a fly front and lightly padded shoulders; $92. Pewter or ivory silk has lightly gathered shoulders and a side-tied neck bow; $70. Cashmere sweaters include one with a bow at the neck ($125) and one with a jewel neck and buttons on one shoulder ($88). Both sweaters come in wine or pale gray.

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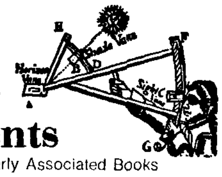

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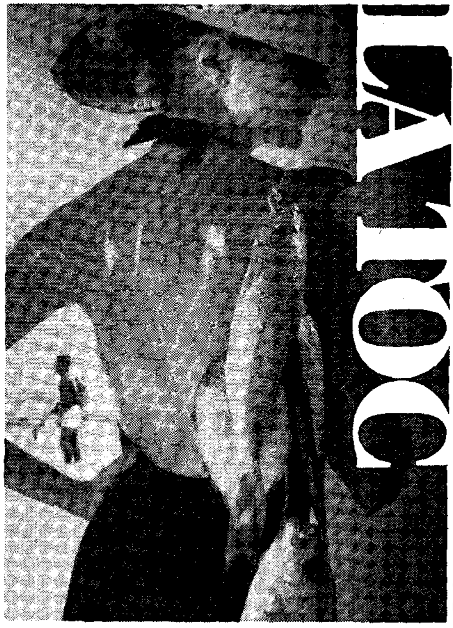

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enue (72nd), is another new West Side venture appealing to a particular audience—in this case, probably people who are already customers of the same management's To Boot shop, around the corner, which sells all kinds of Western boots. Some unusual jeans in the new shop are made to give an effect of chaps, by means of a double layer of denim across narrowish legs and extending into a three-inch flap backed with red flannel; $65. Narrow whip-snake belts in tan, pink, plum, gray, coral, or turquoise are $55, and whip-snake suspenders in a choice of Bordeaux, camel, dark brown, gray, navy, or black are $65. Western scarves are fringed triangular bibs of black, red, pink, or tan suède; $65. Tianguis, 284 Columbus Avenue (73rd), has folk art and clothing, most of it from Central and South America but some of it from this country, China, the Philippines, India, England, Sri Lanka, and Bali. A crew-neck sweater of wool spun, dyed, and knit by hand in Uruguay has a popcorn-stitch texture and can be seen in red, black, cranberry, lilac, plum, or rose; $88. Sets of watch caps ($25), mittens ($28), and scarves ($30) have Fair Isle patterns in lighthearted color combinations, such as pink with aqua, purple with coral, or raspberry with lavender. Arm warmers to wear with ponchos or with down vests are hand-knit in Peru and have Andean patterns of flowers, snowflakes, butterflies, and leaves; $18.

The West Side is dance territory—every other second-floor window on Broadway filled with figures in leotards leaping about or working at the barre, and the sidewalks around Lincoln Center filled with young girls with chignons and bulging practice bags. The Ballet Shop, 1887 Broadway (62nd), has everything for ballet buffs (and for modern-dance enthusiasts, too). Here are dance periodicals; records; antique, out-of-print, and new books; nineteenth-century lithographs of dancers; autographed photographs of ballerinas; posters both old ($25 to $1,000) and new (from $3 to $6); and Russian toe shoes in mauve or pink satin ($15).

THE SoHo fashion scene has been much enriched this year by the arrival of the Linda Hopp store, at 379 West Broadway (between Spring and Broome Streets). The clothes designed or selected by the co-owner, Linda Rodin, for this bare, bold, gray-painted gallerylike space are wonder-

fully intelligent-looking. They a
quite contemporary, and yet they a
imbued with affectionate historic
witticisms and cross-references-
"post-modern" is probably what th
are. And they are beautifully mac
of natural fabrics, and with great r
spect for detail. Just the right butto
sought out at the Tender Butto
store, and pockets or pant legs lin
with China silk exemplify this respe
Among some quite architectural s
houettes in evidence at Linda Hopp
a blouse with hugely padded should
and hugely puffy sleeves that push
above the elbow. The front has
double-breasted closing, with sets
tiny buttons. The back of the wa
is cinched in by a half belt like t
on the back of a man's vest.
either black wool crêpe or watery bl
green silk taffeta, the blouse is $2
matching slim pants are $125. H
are Amelia Bloomer mid-calf-leng
knickers, pleated at the waist and
either gray or camel wool flann
$225. A so-called "valentine ski
with Art Nouveau overtones is in f
two cashmere skirts, one shorter a
with a hemline peaking to a he
shape on top of an underskirt; in l
ender or black wool or in gray ca
mere, $200. In another outfit, an
aggerated black wool tunic with
roaring-twenties white dickey at its
neck looks almost wide enough for t
women by contrast with a narr
sunray-pleated pillar of white w
skirt; $600. And here, yet again,
see evidence of the revival of orga
—in this case, as collars. A pleat
front dress in nun's veiling of s
green has a choirboy-style collar
white organza; $430. And a vagu
Balenciaga-inspired top in fine pi
and-gray striped Italian wool wit
narrow ruffle at hip level has a puri
collar of silk organza; $200. Match
pants are $150.

Fumi, at 118 Spring Street,
jackets, square-armholed vests,
coats that are neat and flattering of
and also provide a sort of refere
collection for enthusiasts of unus
textiles. Many of the garments are
of a kind and involve combination
old Japanese obi fabrics, Sulawesi s
from Bali, Indonesian batiks, Afri
Kente cloth, and old Chinese emb
deries. Vests are from $125 to $1
jackets and coats from $225 to $6
Simple evening purses, lined with
vet and covered with embroidered
brocaded silks from China and Jap
are from $35 to $95. Pinx, at
Spring Street (near West Broadwa

rries funky designs by Diane
ilman, many of them based on the
ea of the sweatshirt, and with a fair
nount of Hi-Yo Silver fringe.
here's nothing here with a tag of
ore than $120. There *is* a very mini-
ngth sweatshirt dress of white cotton
ith hot-pink ribbing round wrists,
aist, and hem and a Mickey Mouse
int of turquoise and hot pink; $75.
nd a disco-going big-cat outfit—a
ir of baggy-topped, tight-calved wool
rsey pants with fringe down the out-
le of the legs in a leopard pattern
brown and black on beige—is $60,
ith an exiguous halter, to match, at
35.

The Bath House, 215 Thompson
reet (between Bleecker and West
d), is a soaps, oils, and bath-treats
op whose stock includes some special
ive-oil soap, called Saint-Secret, from
ance. One ten-ounce bar is $6.75,
d two of them packed in a real
ffle basket together with a beige
ry-cloth French bath mitt are $24.
rma, at 11 East 7th Street, describes
elf as the general store of the city's
avic community. This is the place
r shoppers who feel like browsing
nong potential gifts that are a little
ferent by virtue of having a Ukrain-
n slant. Very pretty Ukrainian folk
ouses (they are made in Rumania
w) of hand-sewn and hand-em-
oidered sheer cotton voile have long
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th a drawstring; from $35 to $125,
pending on the intricacy of the cross-
tch embroideries, which are in a
oice of colors.

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urces for anyone interested in hand-
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eecker Street Studio, 185 Bleecker
reet, near Macdougal (open on
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ner times by appointment: call 982-
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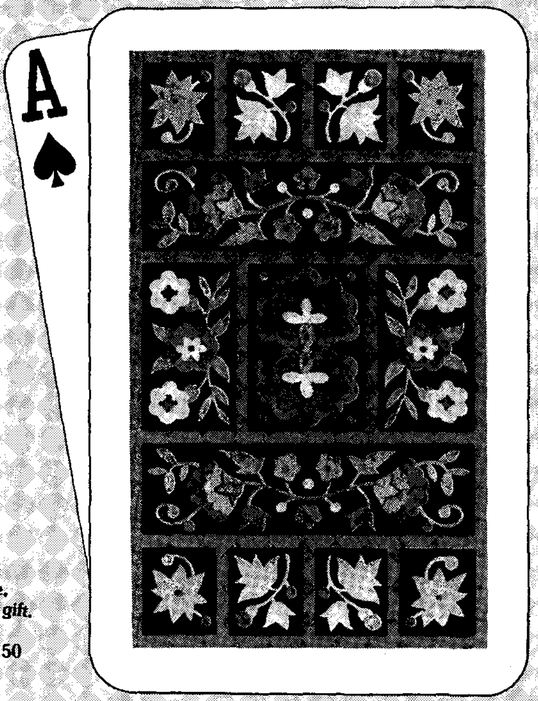
g folders, sketchbook covers, memo
ls, and photograph albums. The pa-
is hand-marbled in delicate colors,
d bookbinding cloth, for spines, is
sitively chosen to harmonize with
various color schemes. A memo-
d holder three and a half inches by
e and a half is $5; a three-panelled
iting folder with two inner enve-
es and a ribbon, nine inches by
ven and a half when closed, is
2.50; and a photograph album,
ven and a quarter inches by twelve
d a quarter, is $30. A selection of
ese hand-bound styles may be found
Wax Paper, 172 Prince Street,
ere there are also handmade can-



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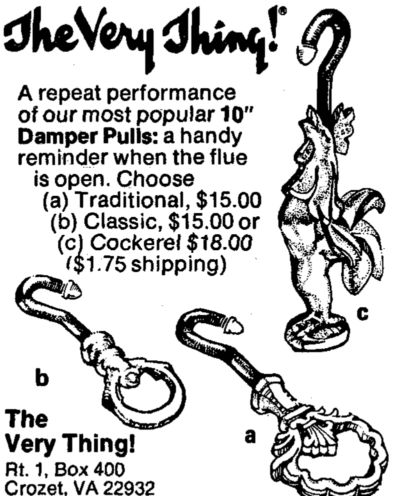

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dles, stationery, and paper. Then, there is a new nook of a paper shop at 80 Thompson Street (between Spring and Broome) called 80 Papers. (Hours are from twelve to six-thirty most of the year and from ten to ten in the weeks preceding Christmas.) File drawers are filled with a variety of unusual papers for art, for handicrafts, and even for gift wrapping of a fairly extravagant kind. Big sheets (about two feet by three feet) of handmade semi-opaque Japanese papers—with real maple and bamboo leaves, ferns, and butterfly wings set right into the paper—are $12. Hand-stencilled Japanese folk-art patternings with a batik effect, which are good for hanging on a wall, are $7 for a sheet of the same size; marbled papers from France, Italy, or Sweden are from $2.50 to $7 a sheet; Florentine gift wrap is seventy-five cents a sheet; and Bummy Huss handmade watercolor paper is $1.25 for the smallest-size (seven inches by nine) sheet. Here, too, are beautiful hand-bound albums and refillable sketchbook portfolios. These are bound with hand-painted, softly pigmented paste papers that have swirling shell or bamboo patternings; from $20 to $67.50. Boxes ($36 to $80) covered on the outside with these paste papers are lined with other paper, dark in tone and glittering like the Christmas sky at night, thanks to flecks of real gold.

•

LONDON (AP)—The Soviet Union has welded a massive naval force "far beyond the needs of defense of the Soviet sea frontiers," and is beefing up its armada with a powerful new nuclear-powered aircraft carrier and two giant battle cruisers, the authoritative "Jane's Fighting Ships" reported Thursday.

"The Soviet navy at the start of the 1980s is truly a formidable force," said the usually-truly is a unique formidable is too smoothy as the usually are lenience on truly a formidable Thursday's naives is frames analysis of the world's annual reference work, said the first frames of the world's navies in its 1980-81 edition.

"The Soviet navy at the start usually-repair-led Capt. John Moore, a retired British Royal News Services.

"The Soviet navy as the navy of the struggled started," she reportable Thursday.

"The Soviet navy at the start of the 1980s is truly a formidable force," said beef carry on the adults of defense block identical analysis 1980s is truly formidable force, said the usually-reliable of the 1980s is unusually reliable, lake his off the world's reported Thursday.—*Santa Ana* (*Calif.*) *Register*.

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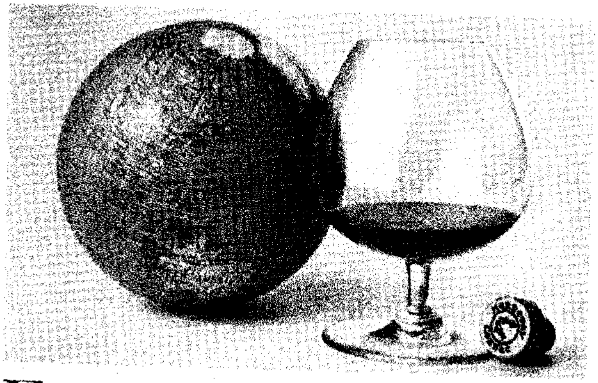

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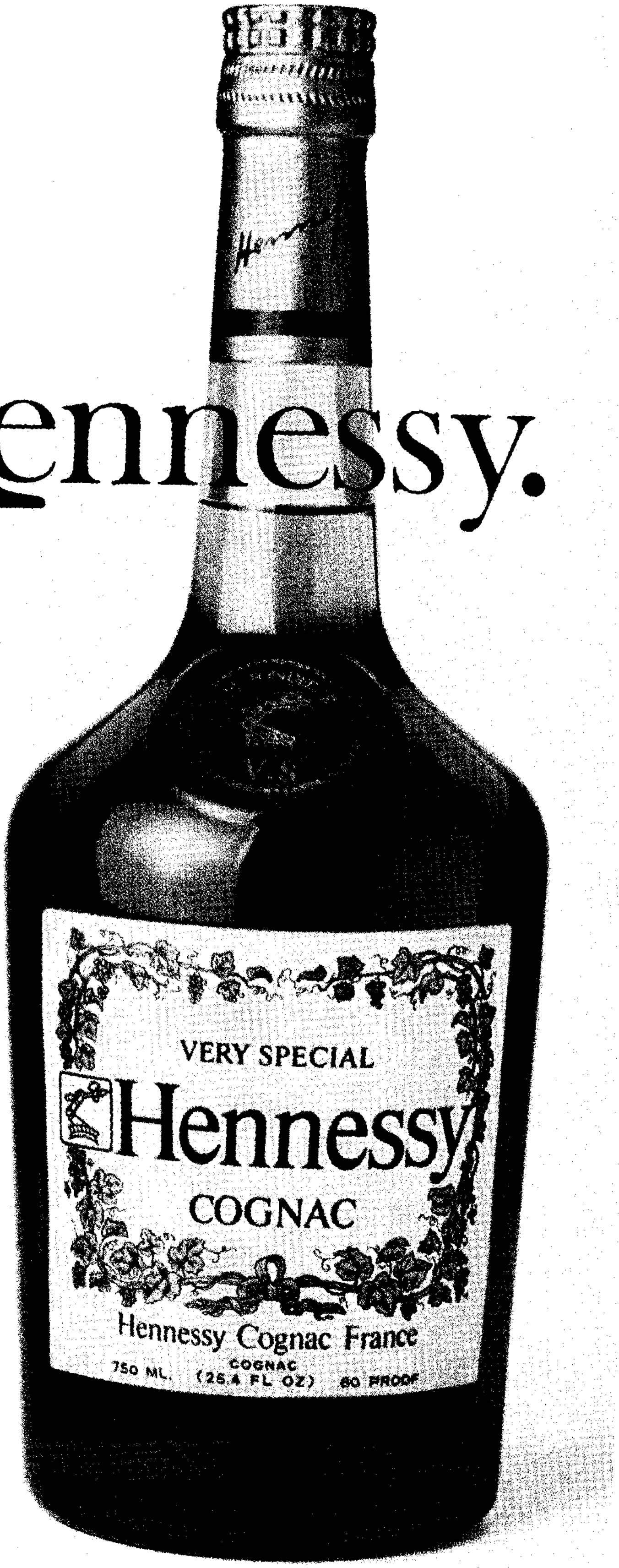
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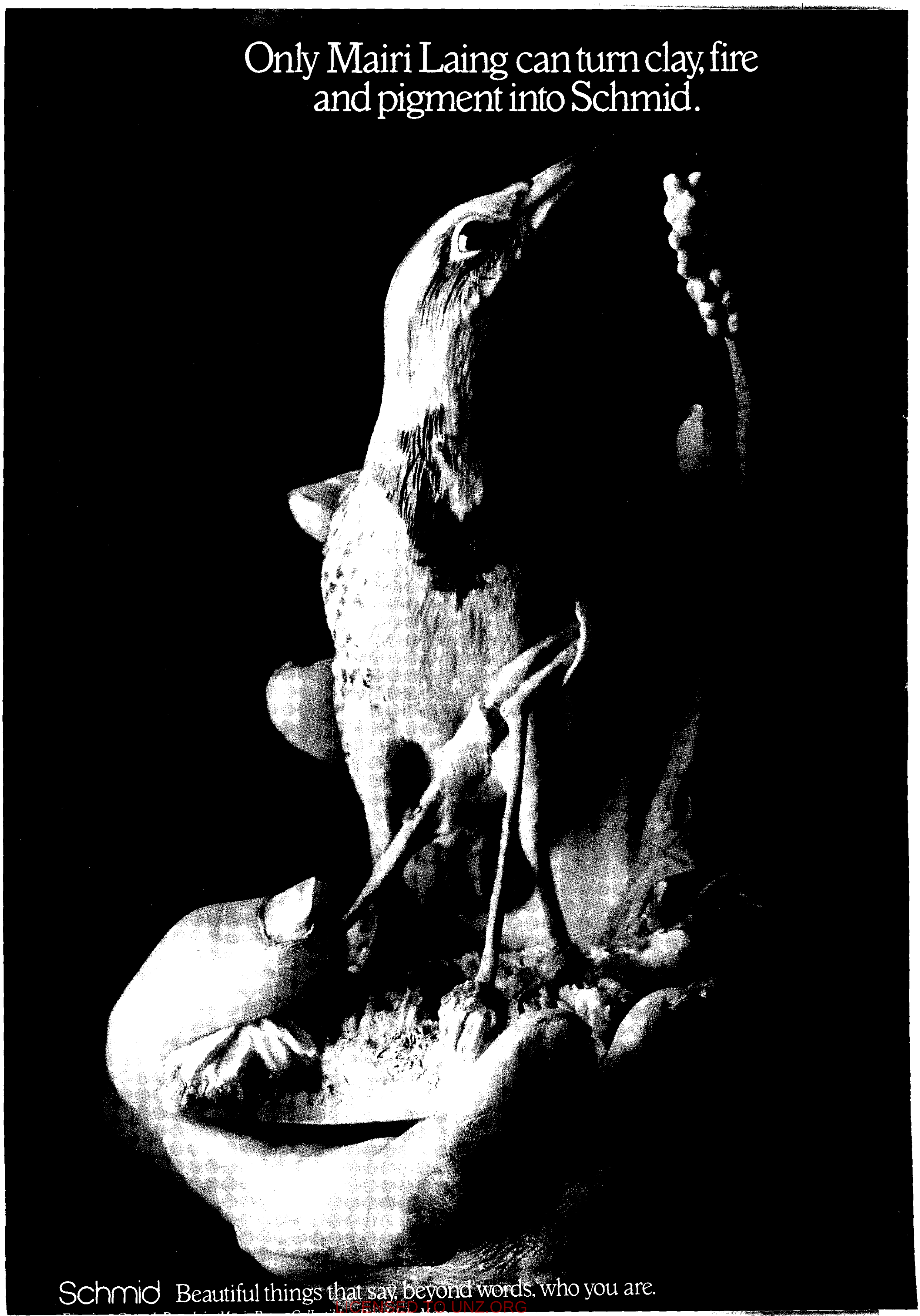
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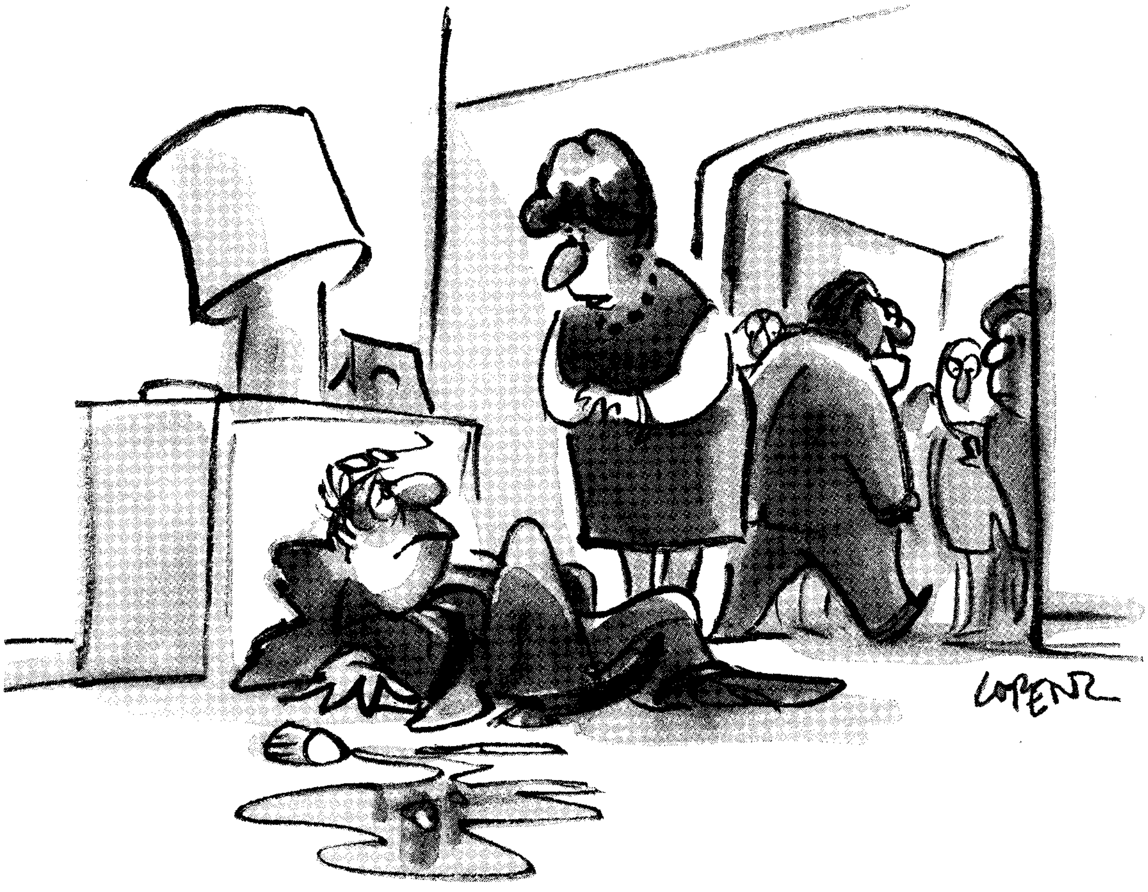
MUSICAL EVENTS

Character

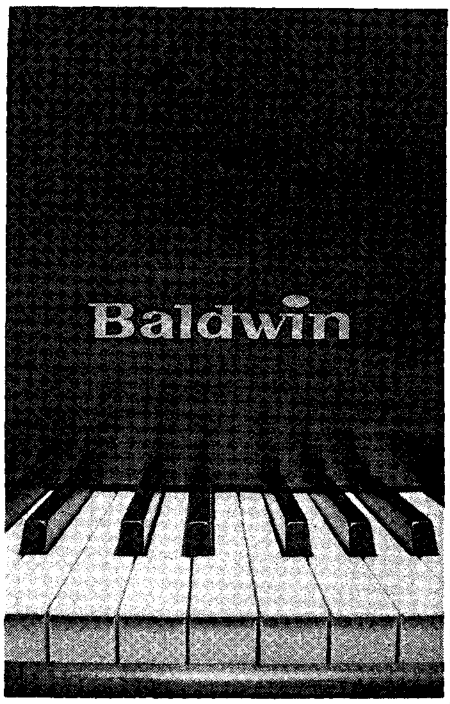
INCE I last wrote about Mahler,
two weeks ago, the Cleveland
Orchestra and Loren Maazel
played the Sixth Symphony in
iegie Hall; a tremendous perfor-
ce of the Sixth by the Chicago
phony and Claudio Abbado has
ared on record (Deutsche Gram-
hon); and, also in Carnegie, first
San Francisco Symphony and Edo
Vaart and then the London Sym-
iy and Abbado have played the
i. All Mahler's symphonies are
irbing when properly played, and
Fifth, if not one of the most "shat-
ig," can unsettle a listener as thor-
ily as any. For two movements, it
spairing, insecure, even hysterical.
second movement ("tempestuous
s motion, with the greatest vehe-
ce") at last reaches firm ground,
rent confidence, in the bravely af-
ative D-major chorale. The col-
of that confidence into terror,
ted cries of despair, and a final
er is one of the cruellest episodes
iusic. What follows? A D-major
z kaleidoscope; the passionate bliss
he Adagietto; a D-major finale
ig of a composer's
in creation as he
ines sonata, ron-
ind fugue forms in
exuberant move-
t. The chorale re-
ars, and this time
oundation is not
rmined. But, re-
ng what happened
re, can one now
t those shining
ers of sound to
d? Are they a base-
vision?

'ith unfaltering
ery, Abbado traced
faltering, uncer-
progress of the
hony. The music
ed through him.
is very nearly a
plete Mahler con-
or: emotional, ex-
le, and instinctive;
iplined, precise,
attentive to both
ing details and the
e form. Where
e interpreters go
far and others not
ly far enough, his
gment of accent, emphasis, rubato, tempo change seemed exactly right, and to be felt rather than calculated. A merit of Abbado's Mahler performances is that each one of them becomes a new, fresh adventure, and that each symphony is given its distinct character. The Fifth is a thing of paradox. The emotional content of the first two movements is irreconcilable with that of the rest; the contrast should tear the symphony apart. And yet it holds. At times, echoes of the bright, lyrical "Wunderhorn" world can be heard, but they are thrown back in the hard, spare sound of the middle-period scoring and are no longer consolatory. There are intimations of what is to come in later and perhaps deeper works. When Mahler told the conductor Willem Mengelberg that the Fifth was "very, very *difficult*," he must have been thinking as much of its matter as of technical difficulties. In each Mahler symphony, as Deryck Cooke once remarked, "we are taken into a different world," and in the Fifth this sense of a new world—and a difficult one—is especially strong. Literary programs, sung texts, picturesqueness are left behind. It is a new, strenuous beginning. In the Fifth, Bruno Walter said, Mahler "is now aiming to write music as a musician."

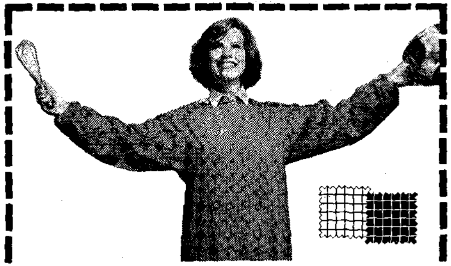
That "complete" above is qualified only because Abbado, like many modern conductors, seems to fear the full, expressive string portamento that is an essential part of Mahler's music. The composer who notated his intentions so carefully distinguished between ordinary, taken-for-granted portamento, marked by no more than a common slur, and emphatic, emotional portamento, indicated by a line drawn between the notes in question and often accompanied by a marking like "seelenvoll." When he wants to insure that a slide reaches the pitch of the new note just before the new beat, he makes that clear (as in the Adagio of the Ninth). His notation also suggests whether big upward-swooping attacks—of an octave, a tenth, then a twelfth in the central bars of the Adagietto of the Fifth—should come before or on the beat. In successive recordings of the Adagietto one can trace the gradual drying out of portamento in our century. Mengelberg, who was long associated with Mahler, recorded it in 1926, gluing the slurred notes to-



"Please forgive Edgar. He has no verbal skills."



Leonard Bernstein's Accompanist



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gether with very full portamento. Walter, also long associated with the composer, recorded it in 1938 with the Vienna Philharmonic, using slightly less portamento but still a great deal. When Walter recorded the complete symphony, in 1947, it was with the New York Philharmonic and with still less portamento—yet the rising fourths of the Adagietto melody *are* carried right through by the violins, then by the cellos, as they are not in, say, James Levine's 1978 recording and were not in the Abbado performance. This is not a minor point or just a matter of taste and fashion. When Mahler marked the cello solo over the drumroll in the second movement "klagend" and drew a portamento line up the rising seventh, he meant something specific, and the meaning is lost if the music is not played as written. Solti's later Mahler performances have become more eloquent, since he has begun to use portamento stylishly and freely.

The London Symphony at this showing was not an orchestra to set beside Chicago's, Vienna's, or Philadelphia's. It sounded good but—even though one saw names like Jack Brymer and Martin Gatt in the personnel list—slightly anonymous: there was not that sense of individual voices which marks the greatest Mahler performances. The string tone was strong, but hard and bright rather than rich. One can find excuses. The players were nearing the end of a long transcontinental tour. But a visiting orchestra should be in top form at a Carnegie appearance. The concert began with Mozart's A-Major Symphony, K. 201, in a performance lithe, elegant, and unsatisfying. The orchestra was reduced but top-heavy: the effect was firsts-with-accompaniment, winds somewhere in the background, and no crunch in the counterpoint. The finale was too fast to let the sixteenths be heard. In both works, Abbado favored the modern, lopsided platform arrangement.

ROSSINI's "La Cenerentola" is a romantic and lovely opera. The City Opera has a staging of it, new this year, by Lou Galterio, which blunts the delicate points and is mounted in garish scenery and costumes, by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, inherited from the 1953 production. Nevertheless, the work comes across: it is well sung, and Brian Salesky conducts it with love, poise, polish, and understanding. His

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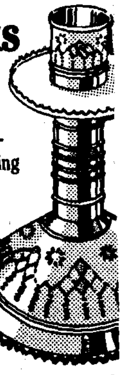

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ıgs have lightness, energy, and
e, his woodwinds the right combi-
ın of wit and lyrical beauty. His
i were consistently well set. The
c was now exhilarating, now
ing, and ever bewitching. Just
t Mr. Salesky's only failing was
to have persuaded his singers
ing recitative in lively speech
ıms.

ıtalogues of staging faults grow
ous. In brief, then: The buffo
acters were reduced to farcical
:. Cinderella's sisters, real people
ossini and his librettist, Jacopo
etti, limned them, became frumps
freaks. Clorinda was required to
her trickiest coloratura standing
ıne leg or bourréeing across the
:. Dandini was heavy, charmless—
inted caricature, not a witty ser-
. D'Oyly Carte routines turned
ensembles into "production num-
" "La Cenerentola" is a "Cinder-
without the supernatural, a com-
of human character. No pumpkin,
ice, and no fairy godmother, but
er stead a philosopher, Alidoro,
has taught his pupil prince to do
s heart directs and to rate human
h above rank and riches. That
iro falls in love with Cinders is
ı first step; his test comes when he
vers that she is, apparently, of
ı station, and it is passed when he
ses her as his bride all the same.
oro's important role, in fact, has
cruelly cut in this production: he
his aria (either "Vasto teatro è il
lo," by Luca Agolini, not Ros-
yet part of the original concep-
or "Là del ciel," which Rossini
l later) and two significant recita-
. The other big cut was of Don
nifico's third aria. Appetites are
l these days: when Marietta Al-
sang Cenerentola at Her Majesty's
349, the opera was followed by a
ion from the ballet "Fiorita," the
ct of "Norma," and "A New Bal-
n Five Tableaux, Entitled 'Elec-
" with Carlotta Grisi and the
ger Taglioni. The City Opera
ıerentola" lasted about three
s, and some twenty minutes of
was devoted to an extra inter-
on, which broke Act I into two.
ove it and the missing music
l be restored within a three-hour
. Nevertheless, I shouldn't really
omplaining; I heard more of Ros-
score than I have ever heard
e in the theatre. The great Act II
t was done in extenso; Clorinda's
(by Agolini) was included; and
: were few of those little snicks—

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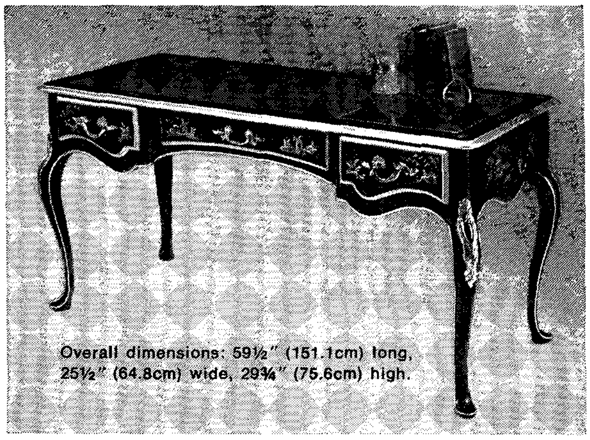

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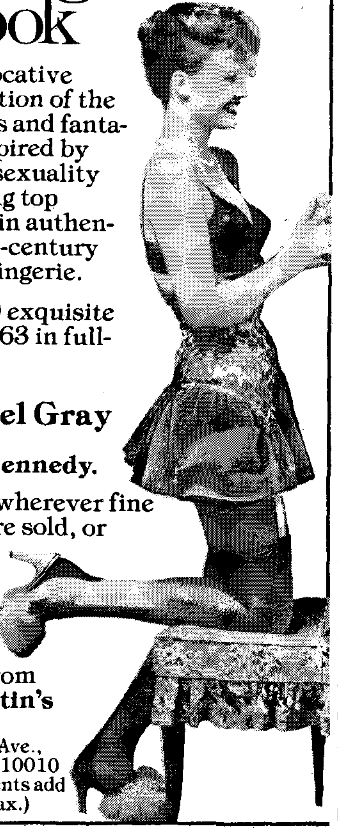

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four bars here, eight bars there—by which Rossini's balanced forms are habitually disfigured.

Susanne Marsee was a charming heroine, touching in lyric cantabile, fluent in divisions. All she missed was Cinderella's sense of humor. June Anderson sang Clorinda's aria brilliantly. Rockwell Blake, a wooden actor but a virtuoso Rossini tenor, was fleet, graceful, and astonishing in his account of Ramiro's music. The others—Alan Titus (Dandini), James Billings (Don Magnifico), Ralph Bassett (Alidoro), and Dana Krueger (Thisbe)—were clear. The ensembles were well balanced and rhythmically polished. The choral singing (male voices only) was abominable. Sometimes it faltered; sometimes individual voices could be heard bawling.

The opera was done in English; the translation, by Gimi Beni, is passable, if less witty than Arthur Jacobs'. The latter appears in the English National Opera guide to "La Cenerentola," published here by the Riverrun Press. I recommend it; it also contains several good essays on the work. Shouldn't the City Opera be publishing some guides of its own?

THE company's revival of "Giulio Cesare" can be recommended to historians of Handel performance curious to see and hear the way his operas were done in dark days, not long ago, before people took him seriously and realized that he was a great dramatic composer who meant what he wrote. Handelians can also take pleasure in the forthright, well-shaped singing of Delia Wallis, in the role of Sextus. The iniquities of the City Opera edition, prepared by Julius Rudel in 1966, have often been rehearsed (at the American Musicological Society meeting in New York last year, the Handel scholar Winton Dean cited it as the locus classicus of a great masterpiece reduced to dramatic nonsense), but perhaps the gravest charges should be briefly restated, since—surprisingly, regrettably—the show has been brought back with all its crimes broad blown.

"Giulio Cesare" is an opera Handel composed with unusual care. It has a good plot, a cast of fully drawn characters, and a heroine of infinite variety—one who in the course of eight airs, two great accompanied recitatives, and a duet develops, as Dean puts it, "from a frivolous flirt into a woman capable of profound tragic feeling," and is "comparable with Shakespeare's heroine." Handel refashioned or repla seven of those eight airs before he satisfied with the result. In Act Cleopatra, captured by her brot Ptolemy and fearing that Caesar dead, sings the poignant "Pianger But at the City Opera she sing when, disguised as her maidserv Lydia, she first meets Caesar. Wc and music become meaningless. In II, Caesar is captivated by the vol tuous vision—the nine Muses in c sort accompanying "V'adoro pupil —that Cleopatra has contrived. T (in Handel's scheme) the vision closed from view; alone in the " licious grove," Caesar carols w birdcalls from the solo violin as sings of his desire. In the City Op revival, a shard of the air is allo him; then Cleopatra—still as Lydi comes forward, and prematurely two embark on the duet with wh Handel celebrated the happy end of the action. Cleopatra's first air i tripping number in which she tau and teases her brother. Here she se to address it to her eunuch Nirer Ptolemy is not present.

"Cesare" is one of Handel's long operas—an uncut Birmingham p duction in 1977 ran four hours and minutes—but not impossibly lo Still, *some* abridgment for reper use can be forgiven. At the City era, rather more than half of the or nal (1724) score gets done. Altho twenty-one of Handel's thirty-one are represented (plus that shard Caesar, an addition since 1966), three are complete. In several of th a peculiarly unhappy form of cuttin internal snips within the main d sions—plays merry hell with Hanc balanced forms. Let me pass wit rapid shudder over the sound of clangorously amplified harpsich and the inappropriate use of an or as Cornelia's continuo instrum The production—directed by Capobianco, choreographed by Denda—requires the singers to g about gracefully, attitudinize, w their arms, and dance through ins mental introductions and ritornel Mr. Capobianco's failure to un stand the piece, to hear the dram the music, is underlined by a prog note in which he declares that H del's "heroes, his villains, his sh herdesses and his queens are not characters." His attempt to "par these courtiers . . . with the su threads of their olden elegance" is convincingly, sometimes risibly cuted. Ming Cho Lee's unit set

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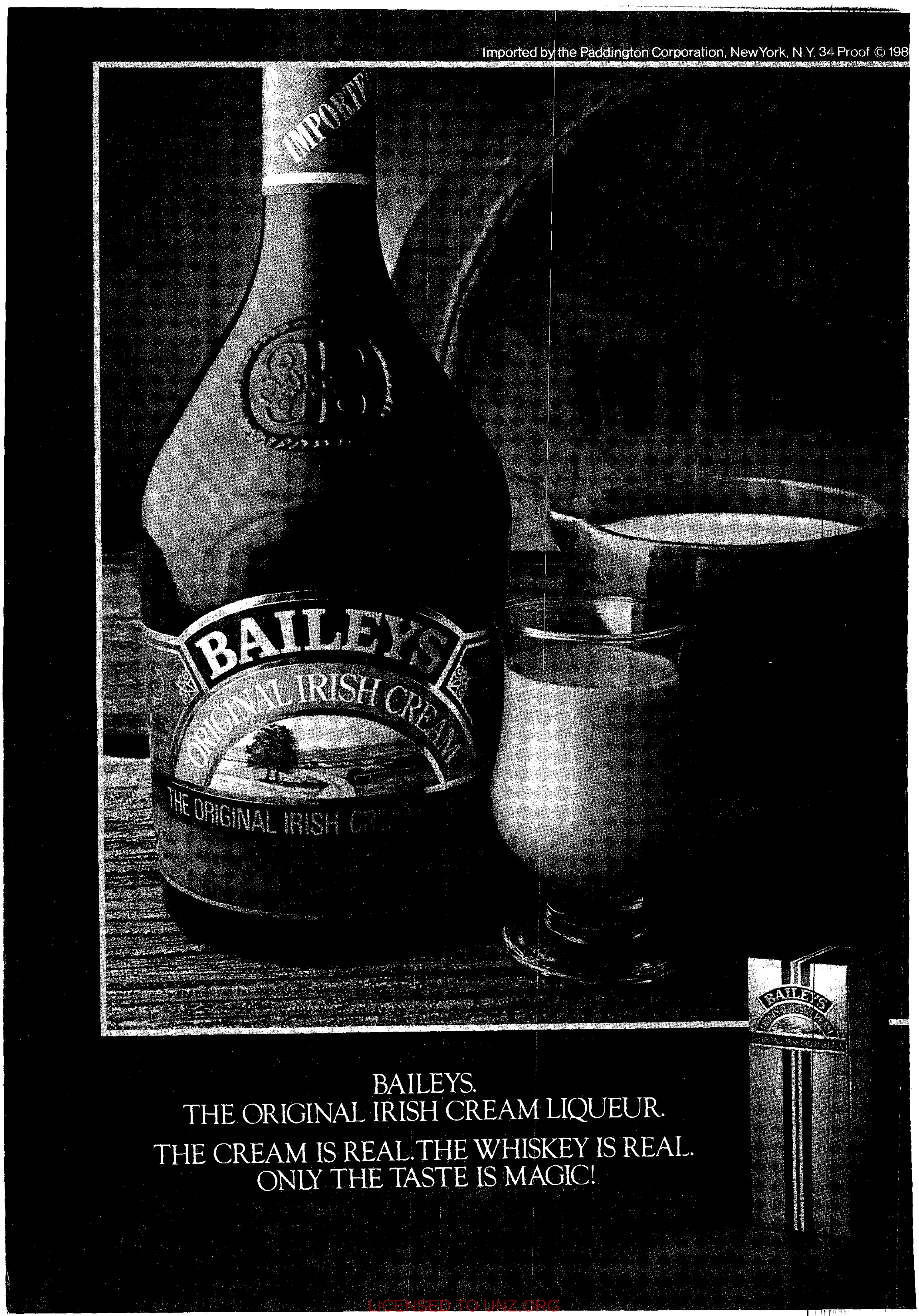
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s the sharp design of Handel's s.

1966, Beverly Sills, the Cleo- , carried the show, and it, in turn, ed her to international fame. The incumbent is Gianna Rolandi; her singing was deft, but she lacked y and steadiness of tone and ac- y of pitch. To the grand tragic of Cornelia, Diane Curry brought inkle that could not be subdued; a little encouragement, she could ilarious. Dominic Cossa was a ble Achillas. Caesar and Ptolemy lto roles; at the City Opera they ng an octave too low, in the bass er, with the customary unhappy s. Marks to Robert Hale and ie Ray Albert for trying. The rted conductor, Ralf Weikert, Frankfurt, showed no particular elian virtues.

ere are at least two English ations of "Giulio Cesare" that been proved in performance: Trowell's, used in Birmingham also in London, where Janet sings Caesar; and Richard haw's, used in San Francisco last when Carol Vaness sang Cleo- The City Opera does the work lian; there might be something said for that if the language more tellingly sung (many lines incomprehensible) and if the lights were left up, eighteenth- y fashion, so that the audience glance at its librettos.

week, I had some hard things say about the City Opera's pro- n of Nicolai's "The Merry of Windsor" but remarked that enjoyable. So I went back to it again, at the fourth perfor- , when there was a largely new , as it happened, a largely r—cast. Glenys Fowles, the ss Ford, was a *merry* wife, ng and resourceful. She and Costa-Greenspon, the Mistress reminded us—as their prede- had not—that the opera is, other things, Fiordiligi's orabella's revenge upon men- They played to and sang with other as a well-matched pair. w lovers, Carol Gutknecht and Reed, were lyrical, sweet, and age was now cast at strength in rson of Ralph Bassett, whose pure bass is bravely projected. Dickson has grown swiftly e role of Ford, which he voiced ted with the keenness and force before. Norman Large and

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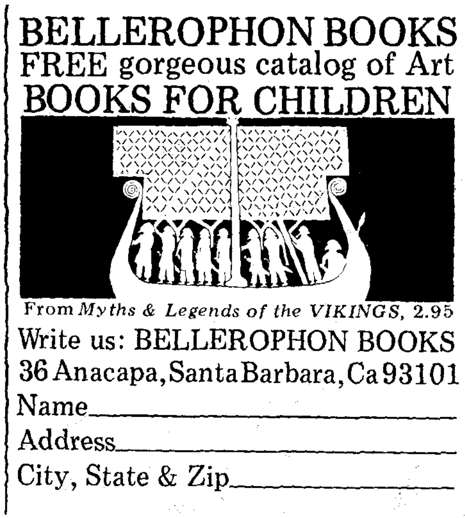
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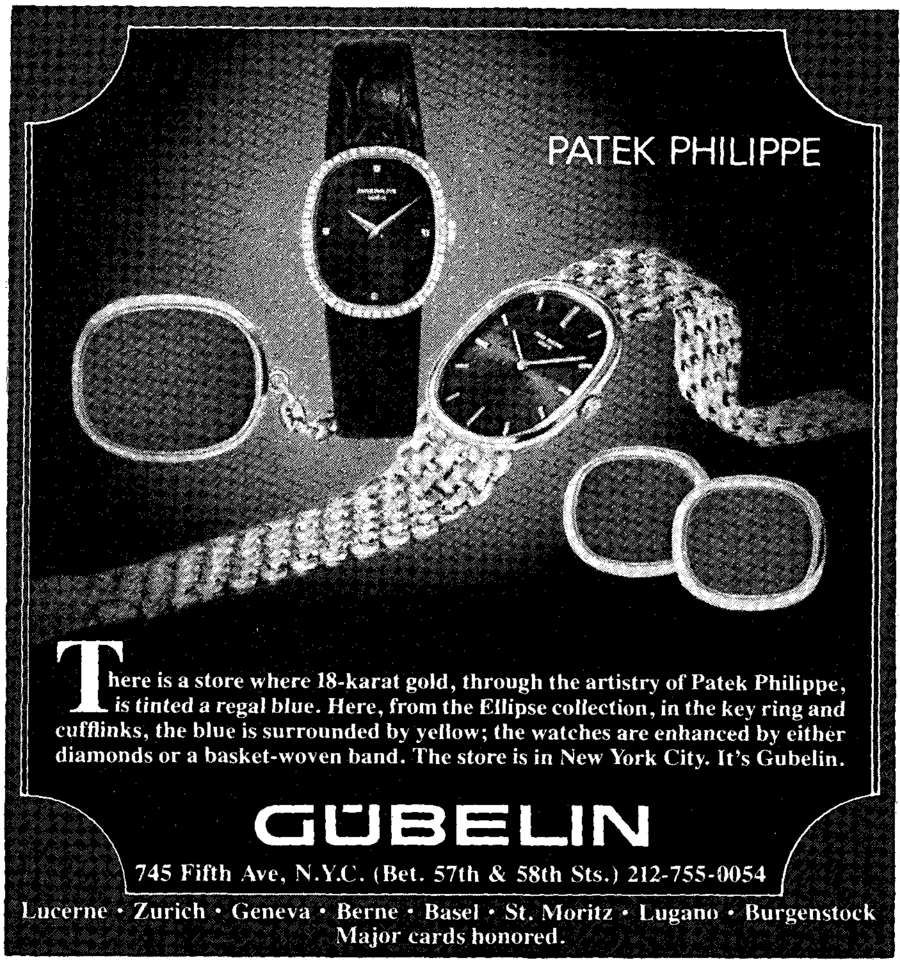

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All the text appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

Harlan Foss had polished their portrayals of Slender and Caius. new Falstaff, Herbert Beattie, even leaner than his predecessor— of voice, too, and generally lackin the knight's abundance, althoug sound and his words were clear.

An enchanting opera! If Ni had not died young—in 1849, thirty-eight, and soon after the mière of "The Merry Wives"– history of German music might been different. Who else so skill and so beguilingly combined and upon felicities of Mozart, Beethc Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Donizetti?

TWO more things for Miss to do before the City Oper turns in the spring: persuade her office staff and her ticket-take welcome, or at least be cheerful pleasant to, her guests; and check librettos the theatre sells. The "M Wives" muddle I mentioned last The "Cenerentola" is in Italian English—but not the English company sings. For "Giulio Ces the Program Publishing Com which produces all these, has two different librettos. A few before the show, when I want bone up on the text, the box offic me an English-only version (Er of a sort: the first scene is set spacious plane"); it translate original text and is unrelated t Rudel version. The edition that represent it, in Italian and En was being sold on the night—to to be useful. —ANDREW P

•

THE BUREAUCRATIC MINI AT WORK

[From the Hartford Courant]

Married students at Western Co icut State College may find then sleeping in single beds in rooms w closets if new dormitory plans a proved.

"They (college officials) didn't any closets because they felt that students wouldn't keep things clean that they would fill the closets with like dead cats," said Fran Weiszer, c design for the state Bureau of Works.

•

All this has become possible becau of the happy paradoxes of compute nology is that as it grows in comple performance, it diminishes in simpli operation.—*Sky, an in-flight magaz*

We *ought* to feel happy, but how it hasn't grabbed us.

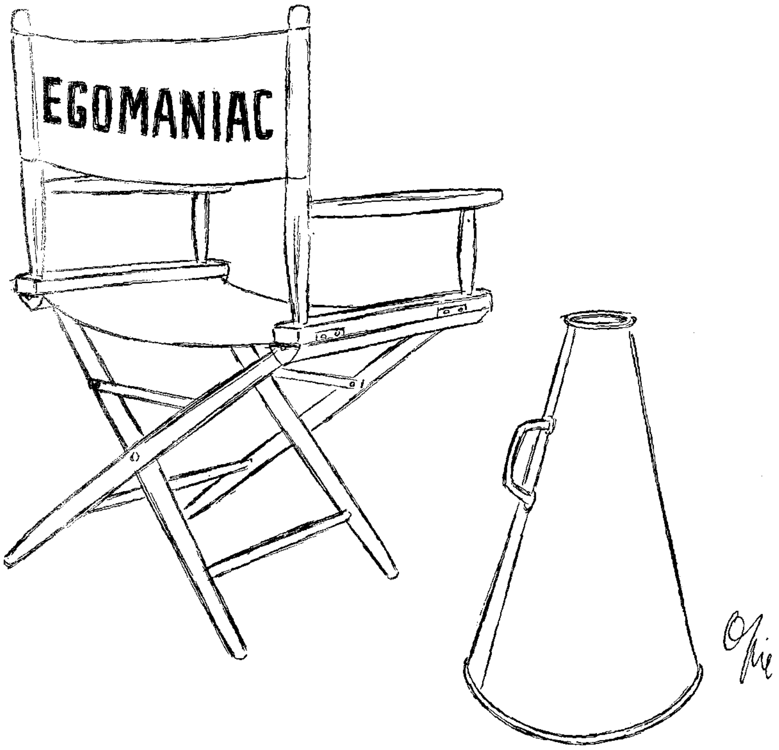
DANCING

Dancers at a Gathering

AKAROVA AND COMPANY, the
latest ballet-on-Broadway experiment, was produced by
es M. Nederlander in a four-week
at the Uris and publicized as the
ıt of a new ballet company, but it
all the earmarks of a popular
vcase. Stars drawn from the in-
ational circuit rotated in the
s of roles that stars do everywhere.
des Natalia Makarova, the balle-
; were the Italian Elisabetta Tera-
and the Canadian Karen Kain.
re were appearances by Fernan-
Bujones, Peter Schaufuss, and
ys Ganio, the French soloist. An-
y Dowell supported Makarova
ıghout the run; Cynthia Greg-
was given a ballet of her own.
:he public, they looked like ballet
rities in another of those roundups
Nederlander puts on from time
ne in his largest and least invit-
New York theatre. (At the Uris,
ılockier midtown version of the
Theatre, live music always sounds
it were on tape. Ballets take place
stage that can be dominated only
e most belligerent musicals.) But,
e Nureyev and Friends, Makaro-
ıd Company was equipped with
ps de ballet, newly commissioned
s, and specially designed sets
costumes, by Rouben Ter-Aru-
n. Impractically, it attempted
tory in a showcase format.
aquita, Act II" is
xcerpt from the
'’s Petipa reper-
which Makarova
staging in this
ry for the first
Obviously in-
ɟ as a company
.e, it contains a
ɘ deux, an inter-
:d complete pas
ɔis, and a string
ɘ solo variations.
ballet no sooner
ɔn than it suc-
:d to the normal
ıent of injuries
:placements. The
thing happened
as de Dix," Bal-
ne's condensa-
ɔf the Hungar-
ivertissement in
.nonda." When
ırova, who re-
y underwent a knee operation, failed to appear one evening, a number of people demanded their money back and were entitled to it; the ads had assured them that she would dance at every performance. The critics began to growl that ballet companies are not born on Broadway. The public, which could make no sense of the cast changes, deletions, and other eruptions in programming (a solo by Dowell came and went with mysterious irregularity all through the season), was further put off by the long intermissions and the insubstantial look of the ballets. The two Makarova-Dowell numbers—a Béjart pas de deux set to a Bach sonata (the one that was first danced here a decade ago by Suzanne Farrell and Jorge Donn), and "Ondine," a new duet by the Australian choreographer Barry Moreland—exhibited at a naked extreme the capacity of these two dancers for making something out of nothing. The fancy-dress number, Lorca Massine's "Vendetta," was about gypsy love, gypsy backbends, flared nostrils, bangles, gold teeth; Makarova swooned and fought off Ganio, Bujones, and Dowell in turn. The audience took it for comedy. And the audience took for inadequacy the eager, unseasoned trouping of the young corps de ballet. Makarova's recruits were mostly from the School of American Ballet. Many of these students were getting their first major professional experience; some got to dance big Petipa variations. But this gesture of Makarova's, so misunderstood yet so reasonable (what corps of professionals outside New York City Ballet could have shown as high a level of training and style?), was doomed by conflicts that were not foreseen.

The "Paquita" excerpt was, from a dance lover's point of view, the highlight of the season—especially when Nancy Raffa, a sixteen-year-old soloist, took over the leading role from the limited Terabust. Then there were all those American girls in their supremely difficult variations. Makarova often speaks of nurturing American dancers in the style that nurtured her. Perhaps it is pointless to repeat that one cannot carry out pilot projects in crossbreeding in the glare of a Broadway engagement. The revelation of Makarova and Company, though, is that the project itself may be misguided. In "Pas de Dix," the dancers had the Balanchine choreography right under their skin. But "Paquita" was a frail-fairy pageant, filled with perverse hope: no matter how well the dancers did, in the end it was struggle rather than triumph that one applauded. Not long ago, the Dance Theatre of Harlem gave us a "Paquita" divertissement that *was* a triumph. But Alexandra Danilova's staging is so different from Makarova's as to amount to a different work. Two Russian ballerinas from the same school forty years apart teach two different "Paquita"s.

The conflict isn't between student and professional levels of performance; it's between Petrograd and Leningrad. The way American dancers understand Russian classicism—"Petipa" for short—is the way the St. Petersburg-Petrograd generation of émigré Russians has taught it to them. With these Russians, it has always been the rule that the teachings of the academy are shaped by the findings of choreography. Of all the numberless differences between our local accent in Petipa and the current native one, I should say the greatest derives from



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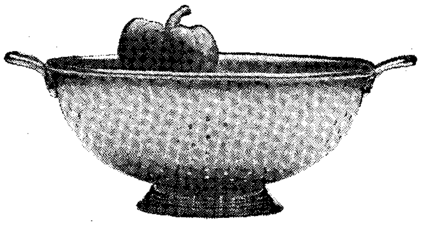

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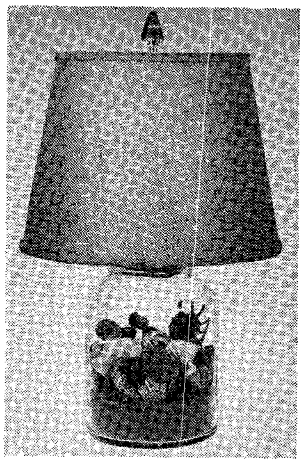
the Russian academy's loss of its choreographers—first Fokine, then Balanchine—to the West. When the choreographic succession was weakened, the academy fell under the rule of pedagogues. The most immediately striking discrepancy between the post-Imperial-style "Paquita" set by Danilova and the latter-day, Kirov-style one set by Makarova is that Makarova's has a great many more complicated and difficult steps (further complicated by difficult tempos). Danilova's version has dance architecture; Makarova's has none. Danilova's has buoyancy; Makarova's has drive. Danilova's looks choreographically bald; in Makarova's, the dancers split hairs. Danilova, who left Russia in 1924, wouldn't know about the taskmasterish accretions that became canonical Petipa; she gives us the dances of her girlhood. The dances Makarova gives us are in a kind of dotage; they're graded-exam dances, exercises from Natalia Dudinskaya's Class of Perfection (which was part of Makarova's girlhood), and the coaching of the great Dudinskaya was inspired not by choreographic precepts but by the teaching of a still greater coach, Agrippina Vaganova. So it goes, back to that moment in history when the classical tradition in Russian dancing lost its creative impetus and turned scientific. The Kirov style in Petipa, for all its slow beauty and fascination, is analytical, overscrutinized. It's a pedant's dream ballet. I couldn't help noticing, too, that Danilova's "Paquita" has a robust ballerina role, while Makarova's has a strangely reduced one. Makarova did not appear in it. And the moment in the Danilova when the swelling grand adagio is made grander still by the corps de ballet's unsupported imitations of the ballerina's supported poses isn't there in the Makarova version; the imitations come at the end and aren't sustained with emphasis. This curious non-understanding of the Petipa ballerina and the centrality of her image occurs also where one might least expect it—in the Kirov's Shades scene of "La Bayadère." Do these recensions go back to Vaganova or were they committed by a male dancer trying to make room for himself in another of these damnable historic all-girl ballets? Vakhtang Chabukiani, who was Dudinskaya's partner, altered the choreography of "La Bayadère" and may well have revised "Paquita," too.

As a Petipa ballerina, Makarova is romantic, lyrical, and exotic. She can



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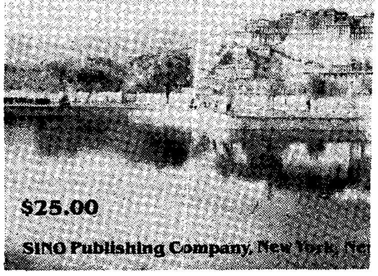

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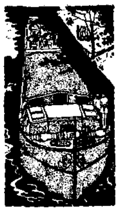

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ikiya, Odette, or Odile, but not
' is she Aurora. Her gift is the
a of character and situation; her
icity is physical histrionics. I
:d to see her in the Hungarian
:s in "Raymonda." In fact, I
already see her doing the solo:
ing the audience to attention
a handclap and a haughty stork
forward, then drifting on her
s with one arm cocked behind her
But Makarova didn't make a
ng little story out of it. She was a
y decorative Hungarian. And in
da she omitted the flashing coupés
en tournant. This jumper! Knee
le may still be affecting her per-
ance. In better form, one day
ay try again. This role apart,
icked herself a dreary reperto-
Vould it not have been possible
epare a production of Ashton's
Dream"? (Makarova has per-
d the pas de deux with Dowell
ot the full ballet.) Any of the
n pas de deux that Dowell used
ce with Antoinette Sibley would
been preferable to the wispy
: or the dull, overextended "On-
' For a dramatic vehicle, why not
Bolender's "The Still Point"?
not a new Bolender ballet? A
Ashton, for that matter? I would
ave preferred "Aleko," by Lor-
assine's father, to "Vendetta."
nice, at least, to have seen the
ll décor again instead of the
Arutunian.
e ballet that was given to Cynthia
ory and an ensemble of six
n was a heavy, mournful affair
the most funereal Chopin. The
n, in cerements, kept taking hob-
painful-looking steps on point;
lways had one foot in the grave.
end, Gregory repeated her open-
avy-limbed dance, then straight-
p into the light. She also did a
ng dance closer to the style for
she is celebrated. "Studies,"
before performed outside the
Union, is the work of an Esto-
horeographer, Maya Murdma.
ova staged it, leaving evident
of that distracted, penitential
she sometimes falls into in "Gi-
Gregory was as severe as the
f a knife. When the ballet was
he'd carved a monument to her
que in blubber. It was a little
what Fernando Bujones does
ays almost every time he per-
The subject of the performance
cution. Step by step, he over-
s you, but nothing is connected—
no plastic energy to define a step

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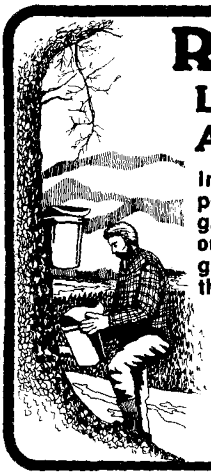

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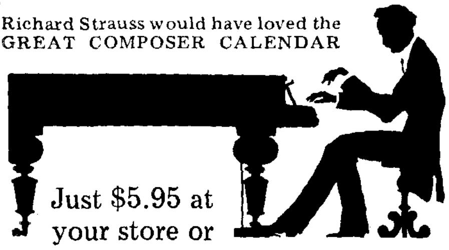

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series as a phrase. Bujones holds himself in constant tension, as if he meant the look of him to overwhelm us, too. His entrance in "Paquita," walking slowly downstage with the entire cast turned diagonally to face him, is already overbearing, without the swollen, rigid figure he makes as he walks. As Danilova stages it, the man enters downstage and walks with his back to us; that and the matadorlike arch to his back are enough to establish a formidable glamour. Does Bujones think inhumanly unnatural behavior is appropriate to classical roles? When he has some acting to do—as Basil in "Don Quixote," for example—he's more relaxed. But the artificial carrying on seems to be an extension of the boringly immaculate execution. Peter Schaufuss, who partnered Makarova in "Pas de Dix," is all execution these days, too. His variation was stuffed to the point of suffocation with fancy steps. Superdancers who are so far into technique that they are beyond dancing are like very mannered actors: they leave the impression that what they do must be art, because it's so unlike life.

Superdancing is encouraged by fame. Dancers get the idea that, like singers, they can make independent careers for themselves by appearing as guest artists with all sorts of companies around the world. But an international ballet repertory comparable to an international operatic repertory does not exist. A dancer who leaves his place in a ballet company soon finds that as an individual marketable skill classical dancing doesn't go very far; it quickly converts into a specialty act. In these circumstances, the limited dancers like Terabust and Kain and Ganio can't develop; the distinguished ones like Gregory and Bujones and Schaufuss can deteriorate. Only a few years ago, as a member of New York City Ballet, Schaufuss was wonderful dancing his "Pas de Dix" role (in the version called "Cortège Hongrois"). As another excuse for stars to parade their specialties, Makarova and Company is hardly needed. As a Nederlander attraction, it doesn't compete with its follow-up—Rudolf Nureyev and the Boston Ballet. Mr. Nureyev dances at every performance. It's his specialty.

—ARLENE CROCE

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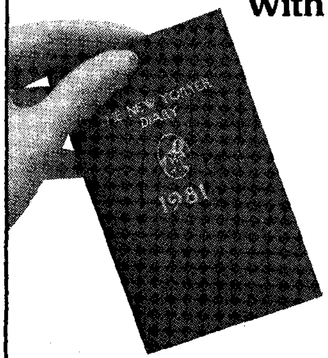
High hopes for dessert dwindled with the mouse. Pale and weak, it said nothing about chocolate's rich dark lushness.—*Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

Probably grew up in some lab.



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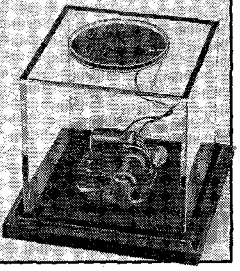

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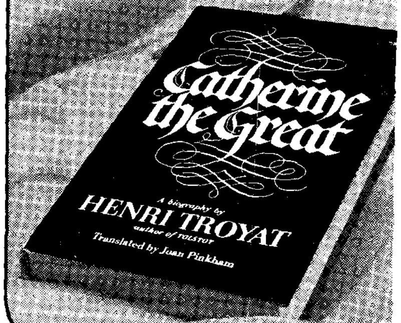

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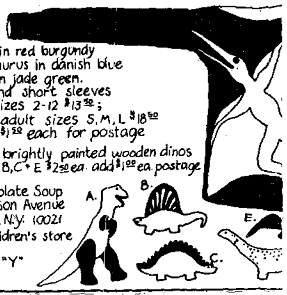

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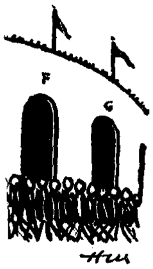
FOOTBALL

Confusion Falls, Like Rain, Upon the Just and the Unjust



EVER since Blackman, some seasons ago, came back into the Ivy League as head coach at Cornell, those of us with memories have waited to see Cornell at length begin nount an offense like the one afty, wily, intrepid, and fluent— ad mounted so long ago at Dartth. There have been spurts, but spurts. Nonetheless, when, a cou- of weeks back, a Cornell that ed like just one more in-and-outer enly took heart, and measures as and brought Dartmouth tum- down, those memories were ved from cotton batting and re- hed. The weekend before last, at nell, before a guest list of no than twenty-five hundred, Cor- underwent another of its fainting . More than ten times that quan- f guests turned up at the Bowl ting Yale, unbeaten in League this fall, to deal with Cornell as it d. But Cornell, first with reliable yan at quarter and then the less rated Schroer in his place, began re forthwith, assisted by runners as Vago and Tenuta. They d very much like other long, players who have come to Cor- since Blackman's arrival there, is time they were in real, vivid, -fire activity. A replica of the t Yale team also took the field— ica, assuredly, for it seemed to be ted in aspic, managing only a bumbling series of inactivity, or ty of the wrong sort. The final was 24–6, and now, a fortnight the League season ends, only slow runners in the ruck, Pennia and Columbia, have been ated, and there are now—press- ard on Yale, with four wins and oss—no fewer than five can- s tied for second place with three and two losses each. Moreover, must face troublesome Princeton Saturday.

t sheer power but devilry of the at Restic imparts to his Harvard graduates was in service in Bos- here Harvard—which is a whole eam now that Buckley is firmly in position at quarter—was en- ning William & Mary, which lives in a big, tough world and knows all about it. William & Mary had picked off Rutgers, which had very nearly picked off Alabama. The doings at Soldiers Field remained matter-of-fact until, late in the day, some of the devilry aforementioned manifested itself. One ingenious Restic offensive formation has the team strung across the field more or less single file, except that there are two slots en route—one occupied by two ends, and the other by a flanker and another wide receiver. Behind this array stands the quarterback, all by himself. The legality of this skirmish line has, all hands will be pleased to know, been approved without resort to the Supreme Court. Buckley threw for two touchdowns, and William & Mary lost, 24–13.

Army, always resilient after a few defeats, was resilient once again on Saturday, this time against Air Force. Flying today is definitely a young man's trade. The roster at Michie Stadium on Saturday counted only ten seniors on the squad and nineteen freshmen. Bennett, Army's fine little quarter, did precisely what was expected of him. He ran a fine game against the enemy, but he got himself hurt in the process—his second disability this fall. So a freshman, Allem, stepped in and began throwing in Bennett's stead. Both of the first two series of downs he ran off ended in touchdowns, and the final count was a sturdy 47–24.

Footnote: Cuccia, the Harvard quarter whose warp-and-woof running has amused any number of us, was not allowed into the William & Mary match. He's being saved for sterner duty within the next fortnight. Harvard journeys to Philadelphia next Saturday, hoping to knock off Pennsylvania, and then, of course, there is The Game, which may settle it all.

—J. W. L.

•

THE PUBLISHING LIFE

[*From an article in Publishers Weekly by Richard Cohen, an English fiction editor, on visiting New York*]

My first appointment is at 9 A.M., with Maxine Groffsky. I have yet to buy a book from her, but she has excellent taste in serious fiction, and is anyway a delight to meet. We talk about books, until Maxine somehow learns that I have a tear in the seat of my trousers. Out comes patch and needle, and soon I am talking about the New American Novel in my underpants.

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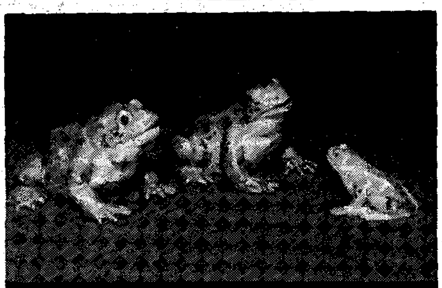

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FICTION

HORN OF AFRICA, by Philip Caputo (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). A capable first novel by the author of "A Rumor of War," one of the most impressive combat memoirs about Vietnam. This time, the fighting occurs in Africa, as a result of a C.I.A. man's scheme to arm one of several warring factions in a small, poor, arid nation somewhere south of the Sudan. The narrator, an unemployed American newspaperman, joins two mercenaries, one English and one American, to carry out this crackbrained scheme. The novel, a philosophical adventure story—Conrad comes to mind—tells how they fare while it deals with every variety of violence: innocent (tribesmen whose way of life is battle), Machiavellian (the dirty tricks of espionage), aberrant (for pleasure), and, most agonizingly, the violence that ostensibly civilized men commit when uncontrolled. Caputo has a sense of humor and a talent for mimicry, and his theme is all too timely.

GENERAL

TENNYSON: THE UNQUIET HEART, by Robert Bernard Martin (Oxford; $25). Alfred Tennyson (1809-92) came from a family of great means and huge afflictions—drug addiction, epilepsy, insanity—and he grew up amid feuds, social climbing, lavish spending, terror of penury, long-lived resentments, and sudden reconciliations. He himself never suffered more than depression and mild alcoholism, possibly because he discovered very early that poetry could serve as a refuge from the insecurity and hysterics with which he was surrounded. Tennyson remained childishly self-absorbed all his life; wealth, adulation, marriage, and parenthood merely accentuated his oddities. Professor Martin reveals the poet's comic side—the nearsighted, absent-minded drunk, for instance—but he never forgets that the man was also a genius. The critical comments are keen, pointing out what is distinctive in Tennyson's art but also showing that his passions and peculiarities were far from uncommon among the Victorians. This biography, the first of its kind in thirty years, is solid tertaining, and of very high lit quality.

NOTE: "Journey Around My Ro a selection of Louise Bogan's st poems, and criticism, as well a cerpts from her letters, workb journals, and the like, has been piled by Ruth Limmer and lished by Viking ($13.95). Mu the contents originally appear *The New Yorker* in conside different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE OLD DIE YOUNG, by Ri Lockridge (Lippincott & Cr $9.95). Mr. Lockridge is ei two years old and this is his ei third book, and the news—th traordinary news—is that it s him to be still in full possessi his powers. It has to do wit murder (by barbiturates) of a ing actor miscast in a Broa comedy, and it is as bright and ly, as well bred, as neatly po and plotted, and as lightly taining as most of its predecess

THE SECRET SERVANT, by Gavin (Viking; $9.95). Mr. Lyall's and superior entertainment with the suicide of an appa blameless English civil servan then meet a Cambridge don a pert on nuclear strategy w scheduled to represent his cour a delicate Franco-German c ence in Luxembourg, but the hints that the suicide's widov possess a letter (threatening? mailing?) that contains som creditable reference to the Second World War past. N tough, bright Army major principal player—appears and up duties as a security invest at No. 10 Downing Street. T at once begins to stir. The re intelligent excitement, enlive wit and good, easy, pictorial ing.

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THE DEATH OF THE DINOSAURS
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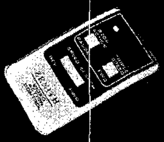

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